

Modern Screen

A DELL MAGAZINE
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MAGAZINE
JUL 1 1946
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NE ALLYSON



CAUGHT in a Wave of Desire

You need not be a beauty to win the man you love. For exotic perfume—like a magic net—can capture his heart. So be temptingly sweet all over with Lander's Lilacs and Roses Talc. This fragrance is sheer madness! It sweeps over the senses in a tempestuous wave of desire. He will want to crush you in his arms . . . kiss you . . . claim you for his own. Or try the *wicked* enchantment of Spicy Apple Blossom Talc. It's so-o-o seductive—yet refined! At your 10¢ store.

To be completely ravishing, get exquisite Lander's Cologne in the same fragrance as your Talc.

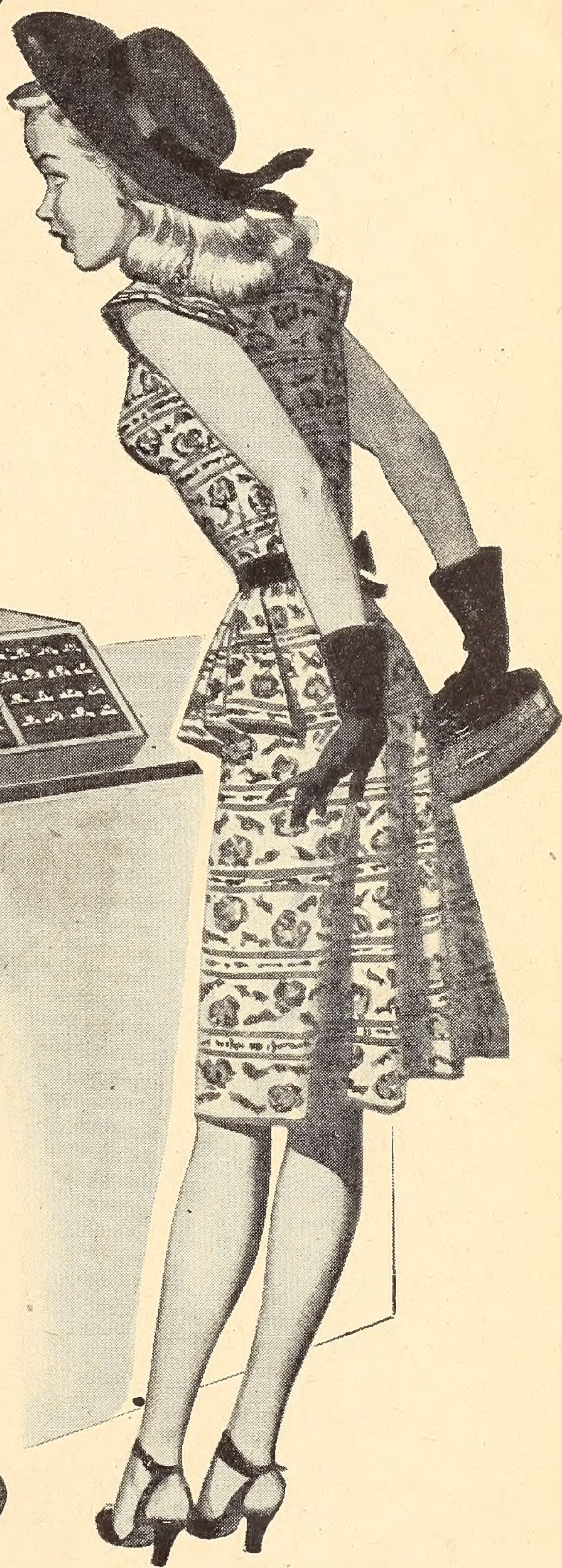
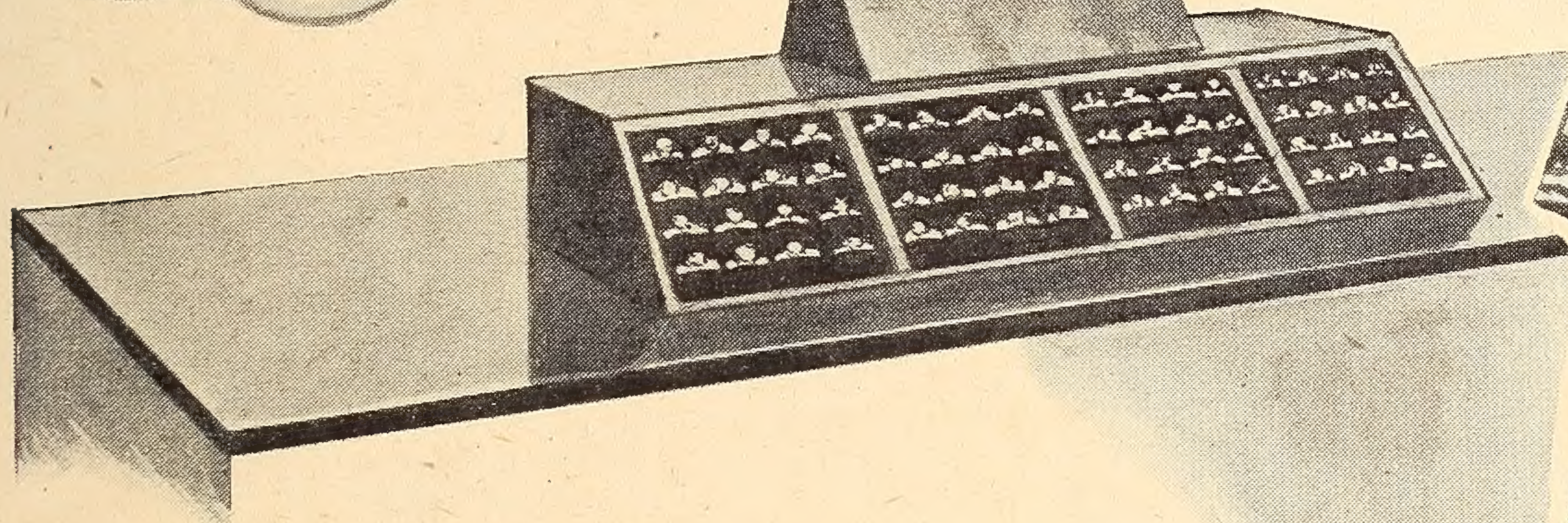
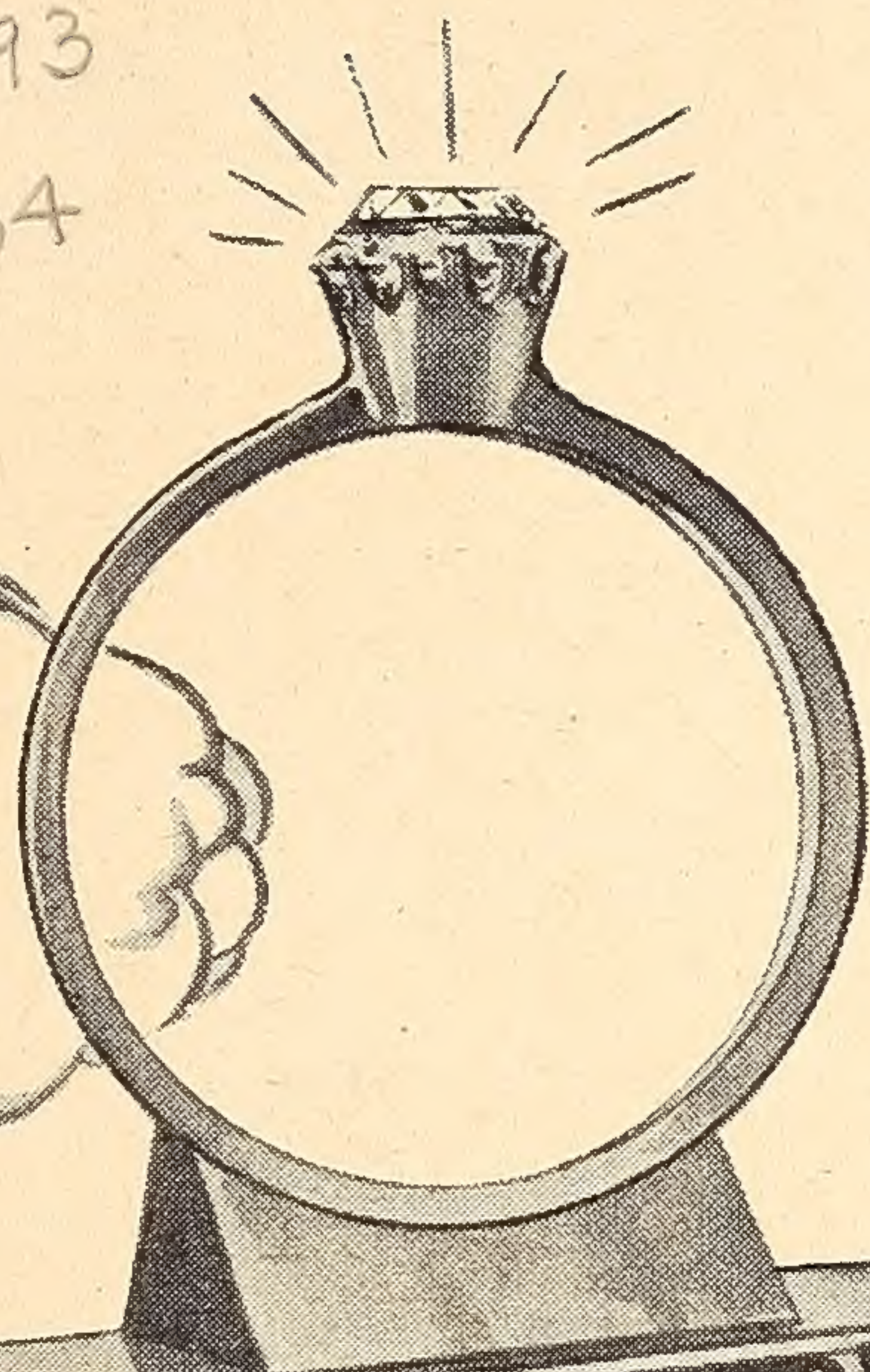
Look for other Lander Toiletries at your 10¢ store. Every one gives you wonderful quality...amazing value!



LANDER'S

EACH 10¢
TALCS

"What're you looking at, Sis?"



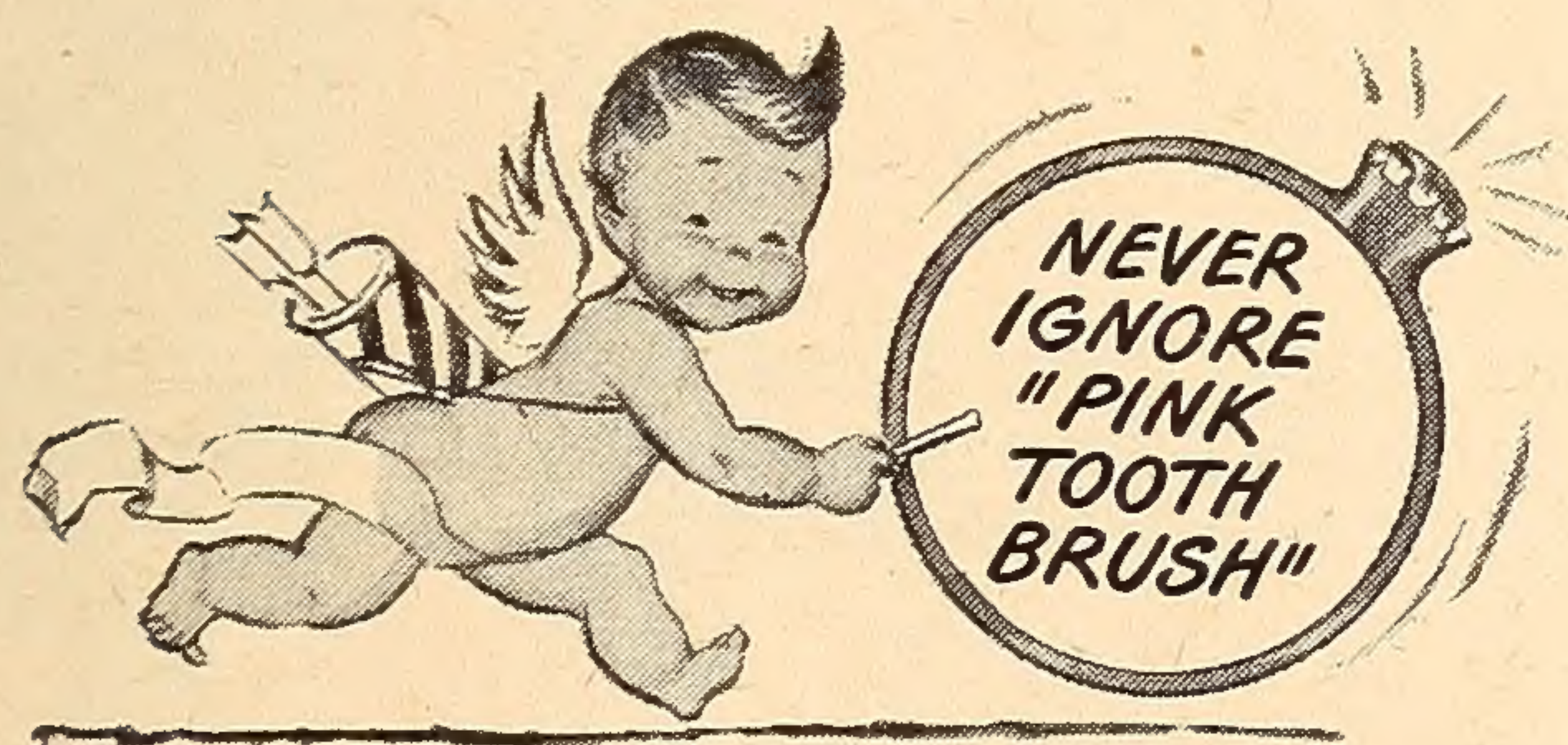
GIRL: Gal can dream, can't she? Look at engagement rings, can't she?

CUPID: Sure. But what's the good when she looks like you?

GIRL: Why you little—! Listen, I may be a plain girl—

CUPID: But, Baby, you wouldn't look it if you'd just sparkle at people once in a while. Smile at 'em. *Gleam!*

GIRL: With my dull teeth, I should *gleam*? I brush 'em but all I get is no gleam. And lately, "pink tooth brush."



CUPID: And your dentist . . . ?

GIRL: What dentist?

CUPID: What dentist? Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to see your dentist? He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Pygmy, are you talking about my dentist my smile, or what?

CUPID: The works, Sis. Because a sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. And Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you're on the way to a sparkling smile . . . one that'll put a gleam in the eye of every lad who sees you!

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**
Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

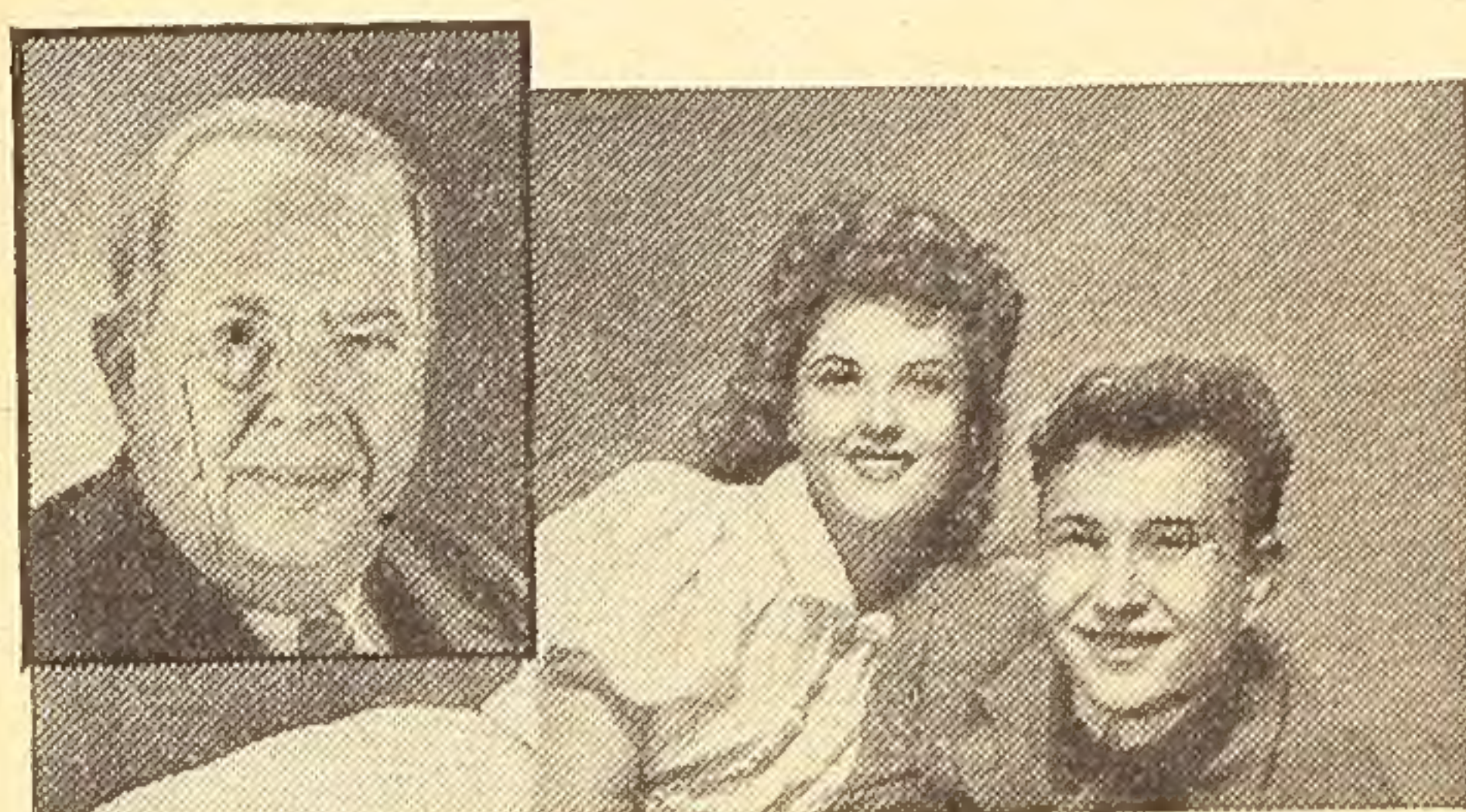
Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Last month, we said "The Green Years" was a wonderful motion picture.

We used such words as "magnificent" about the M-G-M picturization of A. J. Cronin's brilliant new book. (Mr. Cronin, you will remember, also authored "The Citadel" and "The Keys of the Kingdom".)



We roared applause for Charles Coburn's fine characterization. We raved about Tom Drake's winning performance. We glowed over lovely young Beverly Tyler's beautifully acted role.

And, if we were the crowing kind, this month we'd be saying: "We told you so!"

Because our claims have been confirmed by the most show-wise audience you could possibly get together.

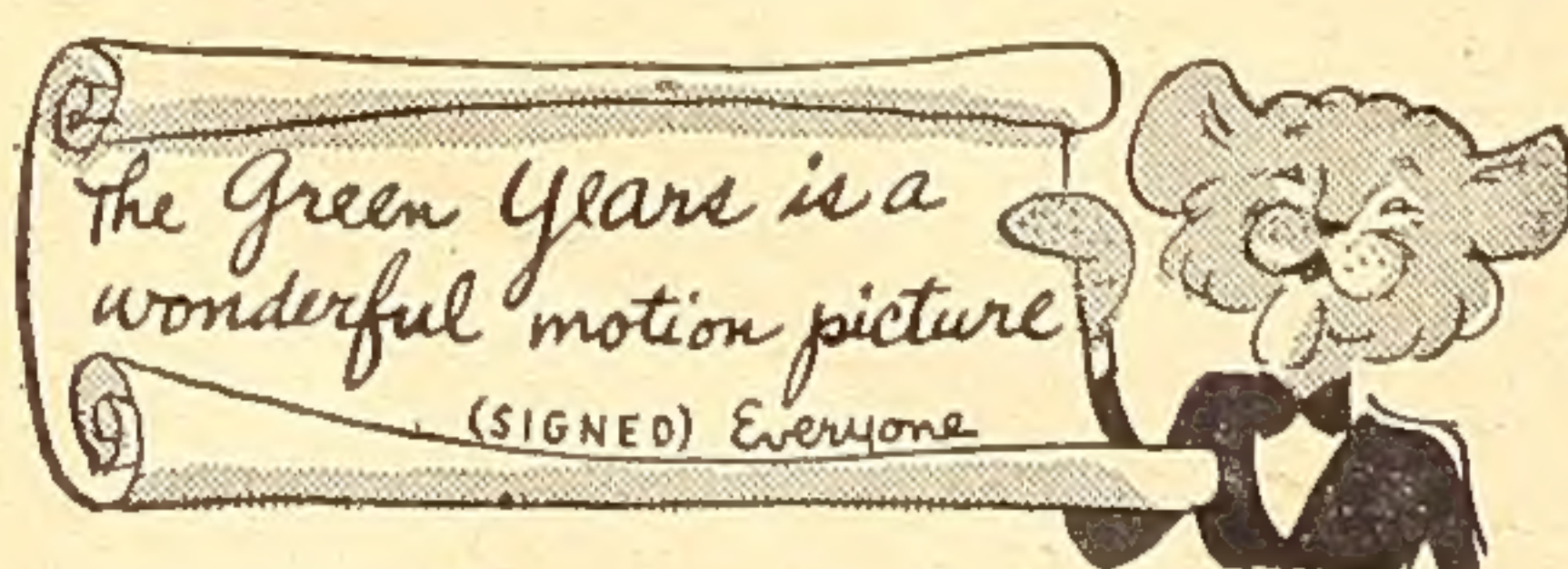
Kate Smith says "The Green Years" is a wonderful motion picture. Frank Sinatra says so. Judy Garland says so. Louella Parsons says so.

And Jack Benny says so. Jimmy Durante says so. Greer Garson says so. Eddie Cantor says so. Hedda Hopper says so. Ed Sullivan says so.

And June Allyson says so. Gregory Peck says so. Rudy Vallee says so. Dinah Shore says so. Louis Sobol says so. But why go on? Everyone says so!

Our congratulations to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon. To a perfect supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Richard Haydn, Selena Royle and Jessica Tandy. To those fine screenplay writers, Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien.

They all contributed so much toward making "The Green Years" what it is:



Next month, we'll tell you all about "Easy To Wed". If we may go into our role of oracle again, it's great—and we're telling you so. How could it miss with Van Johnson (singing and dancing!), lovely Esther Williams, gorgeous Lucille Ball, and uproarious Keenan Wynn? Technicolor, too. Mmmmm!

—Leo

modern screen

JULY, 1946

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Van!

dances and romances with
gorgeous Esther Williams
IN TECHNICOLOR



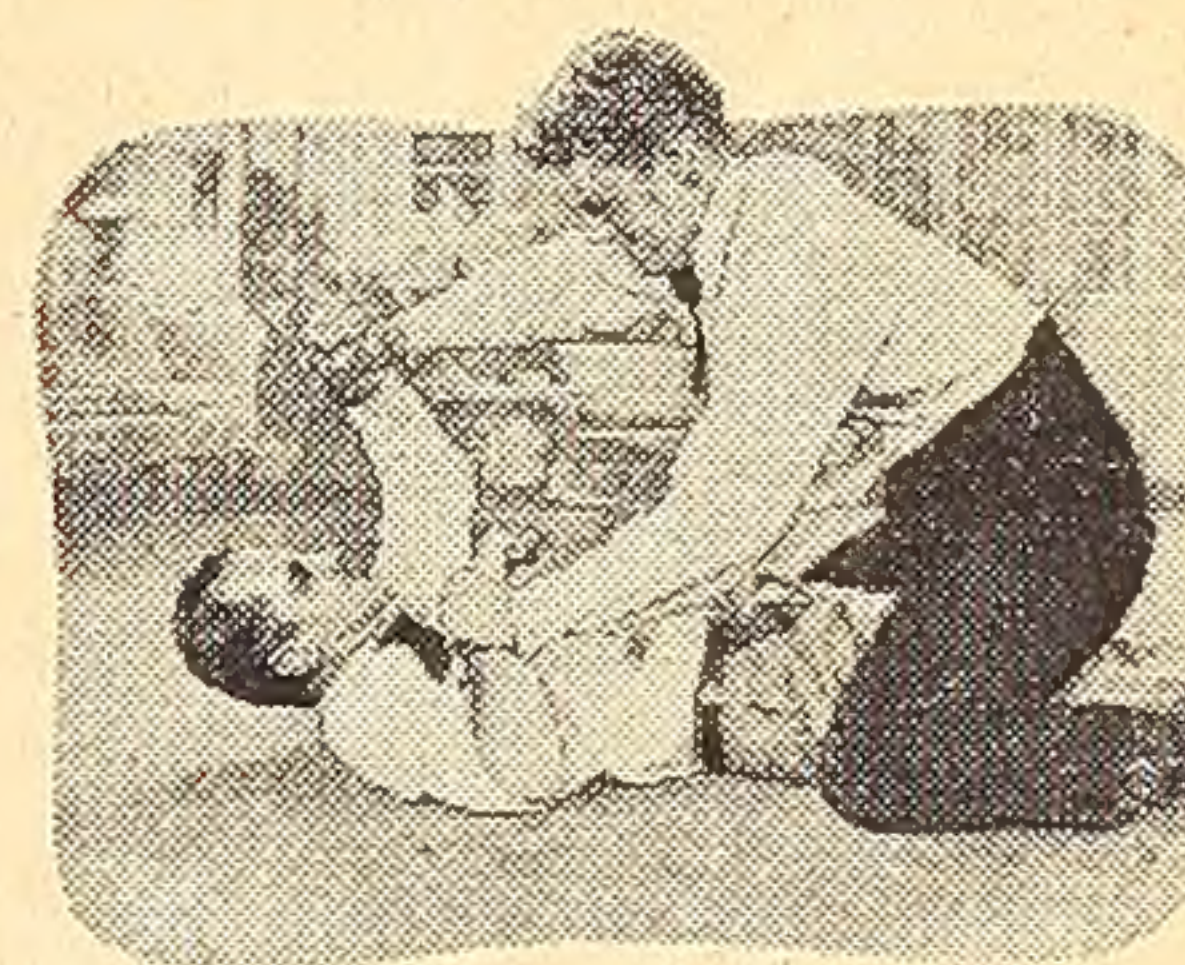
Van!

sings love songs...and so
does Lucille Ball
IN TECHNICOLOR



Van!

fight and frolics with
funny-man Keenan Wynn
IN TECHNICOLOR



M-G-M's whirlwind musical romance **IN TECHNICOLOR**
VAN JOHNSON • ESTHER WILLIAMS
LUCILLE BALL • KEENAN WYNN

CECIL KELLAWAY
CARLOS RAMIREZ • BEN BLUE
ETHEL SMITH
AT THE ORGAN

"Easy to Wed"

Adapted by Dorothy Kingsley • From the Screenplay
"Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard
Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer
Directed by
EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by
JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

*Wash away
Unightly Hair!*

ZIP
CREAM
Hair Remover



You can have satin-smooth arms and legs—free from unsightly hair, with ZIP. Simply spread on, rinse off. Hair disappears instantly. Your skin emerges petal-smooth.

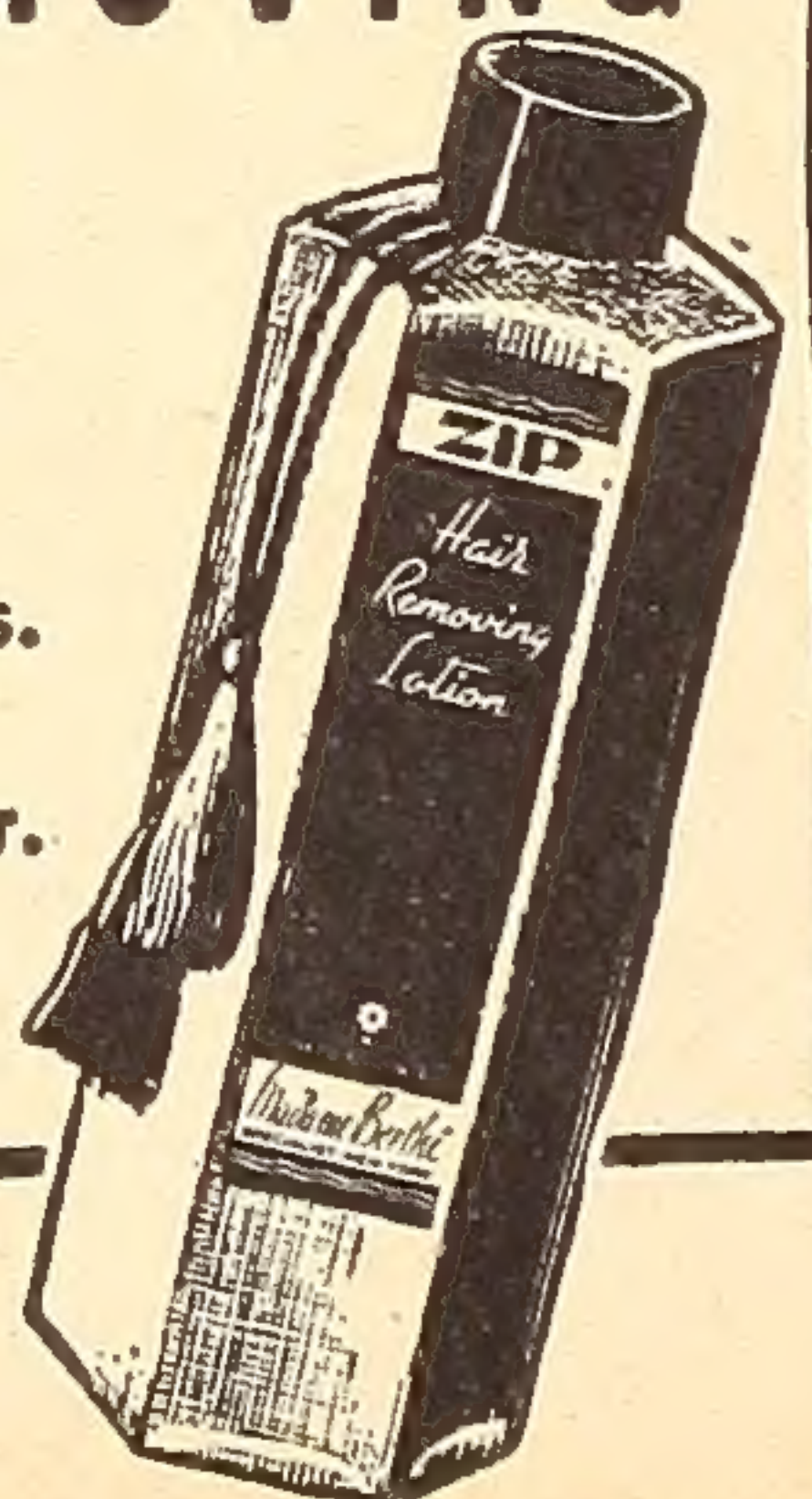
3 Sizes—28c 55c \$1.10

Many Women Prefer
ZIP
HAIR REMOVING
Lotion

No ugly cuts or scratches.
No stubble or shadow.
Keeps skin lovely longer.

QUICK!
EFFECTIVE!

At drug and cosmetic
counters everywhere.



Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon
Madame Berthé, Specialist, 608 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

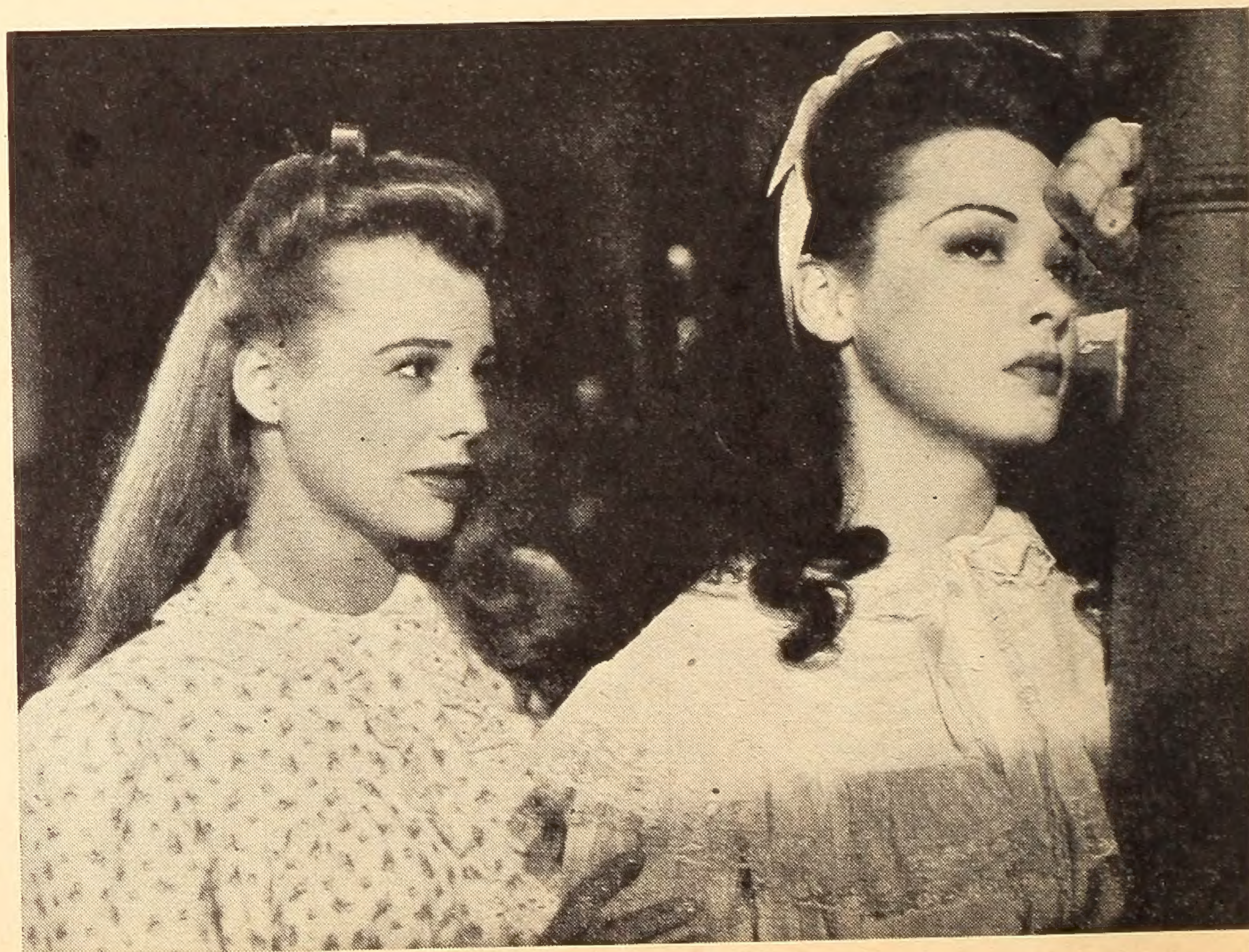
Two Sisters From Boston

■ Here, folks, is where you really have a fine and fancy time for yourself. Just the line-up is enough to tell you why. You like Kathryn Grayson, don't you—remember "Anchors Aweigh?" You howl with laughter at Jimmy Durante. You love June Allyson and Lauritz Melchior and Peter Lawford . . . I guess that did it. You'll be there.

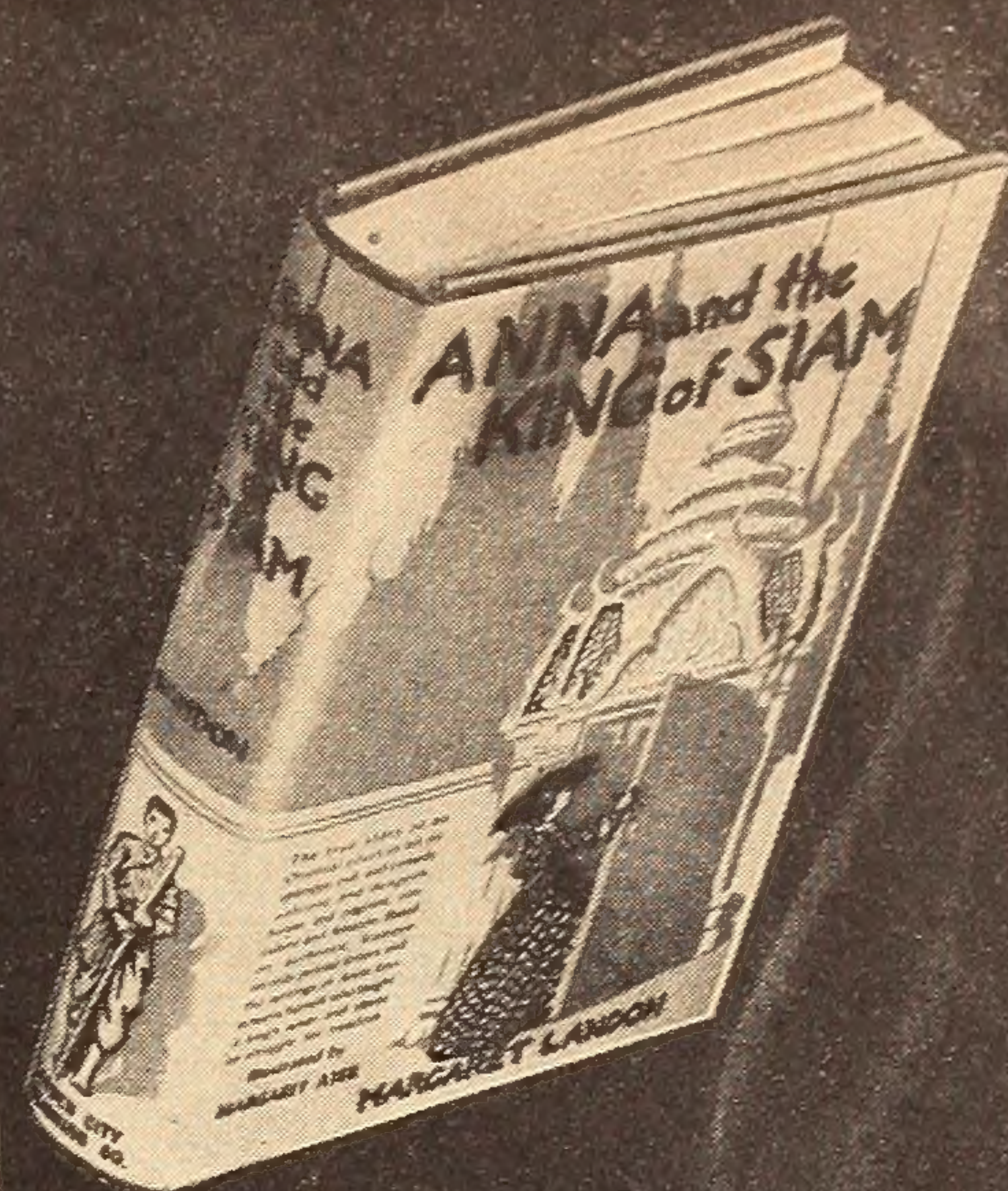
The first thing you'll see will be June Allyson, decked out as a Boston debutante in the year 1903. As Martha Chandler, she is playing the piano at a Back Bay musicale. It's a pretty dull party, until a couple of old gossips just back from wicked New York, pass the word around that Martha's sister has been seen singing and dancing at a Bowery cafe! The Chandler family refuse to believe it. They're sure dear Abigail (Kathryn Grayson) has been quietly taking voice lessons and spending her spare time at museums, just as she's written them. But—well—maybe just in case, they'd better go to New York and see.

Martha sends Abigail a letter about their impending arrival. It's bad news for Abigail, who, as "High C Susie," has been doing fine at the Golden Rooster in the Bowery. She needs the money she makes there so she can have an extra-special voice teacher, because some day she hopes to sing at the Met. But now her family will make her go back to Boston and that will be the end of her career. She tells her troubles to Spike (Jimmy Durante), her piano player. "There's nuttin' to it," he announces. "I won't let dem bums take ya home. I'll get ya into opera poissonally. Tonight."

He actually does accomplish this feat, by his own unique methods. Come evening, Abigail is in the front row of the opera chorus. In a desperate effort to make sure her family, which is present, is sufficiently impressed, she sings a duet with the surprised tenor, Olstrom (Lauritz Melchior). This, plus the story Spike has told to get her in, leads to more trouble than she had before. It also leads to Lawrence Patterson, (Continued on page 10)



The Chandler sisters (J. Allyson, K. Grayson) bewail their lost careers—and loves.



From the top of every
best-seller list it
comes...to top all
screen entertainment
with its warmth
and splendor!

Darryl F. Zanuck
PRESENTS

IRENE DUNNE
REX HARRISON
LINDA DARNELL
IN

Into his strange, Exotic Kingdom came Anna...
Bringing the wonder of her western beauty...
The flame of her courage...the weapon of her wit!

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM

20th
CENTURY-FOX

with
LEE J. COBB • GALE SONDERGAARD • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
DENNIS HOEY • TITO RENALDO • RICHARD LYON
Directed by JOHN CROMWELL • Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON
Screen Play by Talbot Jennings and Sally Benson
Based upon the Biography by Margaret Landon



1946 — 6 Academy Awards including best picture, "The Lost Weekend," and best male performance, Ray Milland!




*Paramount
the
Academy
Award
Company
Brings You
Two great
new hits!*



1945 — 8 Academy Awards including best picture, "Going My Way," and best male performance, Bing Crosby!





OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND...AND THE MOST
DYNAMIC MALE STAR DISCOVERY OF OUR TIME...
BRING YOU A STORY THAT RANKS WITH THE
TWO UNFORGETTABLE ROMANCES IN SCREEN HISTORY!


Olivia DeHavilland
in
"To Each His Own"

with Mary Anderson • Roland Culver
Virginia Welles • Phillip Terry • Bill Goodwin
and introducing John Lund

A Mitchell Leisen

Production

Produced by Charles Brackett • Directed by Mitchell Leisen
Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Jacques Thery



THEIR "HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY"...
AND NOW THEY'RE HAVING TWICE AS MUCH FUN
WITH A COLLEGEFUL OF MEN...TAKING OVER A
PRINCETON HOUSE-PARTY, LOCK, STOCK, AND BARITONES!

*"Our Hearts Were
Growing Up"*

Starring

GAIL RUSSELL • DIANA LYNN
and BRIAN DONLEVY

with BILLY DE WOLFE • WILLIAM DEMAREST

James Brown • Bill Edwards

Produced by Daniel Dare • Directed by William D. Russell

Screen Play by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank

Based on a story by Frank Waldman

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

Jr. (Peter Lawford), who doesn't think much of Abigail, but does approve of sister Martha, who can speak Greek!—M-G-M

P. S.

Peter Lawford stood on the set one day, watching Ben Blue give out with a short dance routine. Peter imitated the steps perfectly. Ben smiled, did a more complicated step. Peter surprised him by repeating perfectly. Ben figures that Peter is potential dancing material, says he has the grace and the knack for it. . . . June Allyson married Dick Powell while the picture was in production. The day before the wedding, she was called into the studio early in the morning. Seems a brass hat wanted to see her. Completely on the defensive, Junie walked into his office—and was told that the studio was giving her ten days off for a honeymoon. She left, melting all over the place.

A STOLEN LIFE

If you're a Bette Davis fan, this picture is going to make you happy. Because Bette plays a dual role—twin sisters—one very, very bad, one very, very good. As a foil to Bette's double charms, there is Glenn Ford, looking very he-mannish in dungarees, a pipe and a motor boat. Dane Clark has a field day as the rudest character ever to appear on the screen.

The good sister, Kate Bosworth, is an artist. She comes up to the Island, a tiny isle off the New England coast, to visit her cousin Freddie (Charles Ruggles). When she misses the steamer to the Island, she gets a ride with Bill Emerson (Glenn Ford). He does repair work at the lighthouse. Kate thinks she'd like to see him again, but being a shy type, goes about it very indirectly. She makes arrangements to sketch Eben Folger (Walter Brennan), the lighthouse keeper.

She's doing all right both with the sketch and with Bill, when he meets her sister, Pat. Now Pat looks so much like Kate that no one can tell them apart, but she's quite a different type underneath. When Pat gets a load of Bill, she goes to work on him immediately. Love to Pat is like a soap bubble, fun to toss around for awhile and never mind when it bursts. Love to Kate is as enduring as life itself. But men are easily dazzled, and Bill marries Pat. He soon regrets it. She is selfish and unfaithful, and makes him give up the work he likes, in order to make more money.

Then comes the sailing accident where Pat is drowned and Kate is saved. Only, by a curious quirk of fate, Kate is wearing her sister's wedding ring when she is found, and everyone believes she is Pat. This, Kate thinks crazily, is her chance to win Bill's love, to be his wife. She soon finds that she couldn't have picked a worse way, for he and Pat had been ready for divorce when Pat went sailing that day. Still, there might be something she could do . . . —War.

P. S.

Miss Davis was overjoyed with her role, once a starring vehicle for Elizabeth Bergner on the English stage. It allowed her to get out of period costumes and into 24 changes of gay and modern clothes . . . All was not sweetness and light, though. Miss Davis suffered a sprained ankle, acute laryngitis, a touch of seasickness brought on by the storm sequences, and finally a head-on collision with a balky door that

failed to open for a hasty exit. The collision knocked her unconscious . . . While working in the film, his first since his discharge from the Marine Corps, Glenn Ford became a father with the advent of Peter Newton Ford . . . Glenn continued with his cinema superstitions, wearing the same brown necktie given him by Margaret Sullavan during the filming of his "break" picture, "So Ends Our Night." He also insisted on wearing his wedding band, and though he was playing a single man in the picture, wore the ring suspended from his neck inside his shirt.

ONE MORE TOMORROW

Here is a new version of "The Animal Kingdom" with Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan and Alexis Smith playing the famous triangle. Jack Carson is cast as a butler named Pat, and he takes a great personal interest in his boss, Tom Collier (Dennis Morgan).

Tom is a millionaire's son, and he's led a pleasant, easy-going existence till he meets Christie Sage (Ann Sheridan). Christie is a working girl—a photographer, to be exact, but she treats Tom and his millions with equal indifference. There's no real reason why that should bother him. After all, she's just a girl who came to take pictures of his birthday party, and here is luscious Cecelia

AUGUST ISSUE

Long and lanky Gregory P.
Adorns our August cover—
July 12th's the newsstand day
To buy your M. S. right away!

Henry (Alexis Smith) at his elbow to keep him happy. So why is it that Tom walks out on the party and drives home with Christie? He isn't sure himself, especially when he gets there and finds her apartment full of the kind of people he has always been taught to regard as "radicals."

Tom's ideas change a lot in the next few months. He goes to work on a progressive magazine and puts up money for it, too, because he believes in its principles. He falls in love with Christie, but she won't marry him because "I couldn't live the way you've been brought up, Tom. Country estates and town houses and not caring what happens to the world as long as your little corner of it is comfortable."

So Christie goes to Mexico, and Tom marries Cecelia Henry. She pulls him back with velvet relentlessness into the social whirl she loves. She even makes him fire Pat, which is okay with that young man. "I don't like it around here anyway now," he says. "Things have changed." Then Christie comes back from Mexico, and the plot speeds up considerably.

You'll find Jané Wyman, John Loder and Thurston Hall agreeably in the cast.—War.

P. S.

When not before the camera, Miss Sheridan devoted considerable time to knitting—a habit she established when "Bundles for Britain" were being made up. . . . The only arguments that went on day after day

were between Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson and it always dealt with technique in playing golf. These two are ardent golfers, and even during the noon hour they'd dash over to the nearby Lakeside course. . . . During the length of the production, Miss Smith received—by actual count—1143 fan letters. More than 1000 were from men in the service, and half of these asked for photographs of the pin-up variety. . . . In their spare time on the set, Sheridan and Wyman and Morgan and Carson perfected an act consisting of gags, dances and jokes, designed to entertain service men stationed in Southern California.

THE STRANGER

Charles Rankin (Orson Welles) is a newcomer to the village of Harper. He has been there long enough, however, to establish himself as a professor of history at the school and as the fiancé of Mary Longstreet (Loretta Young). He has done both things deliberately, as he does everything, for the time when they will be useful to him. When he and others like him can re-weld the power which not long ago almost defeated civilization.

There are obstacles in his path of which he is not yet aware. One of them lands in South America from England. He is a big, slow-moving detective named Wilson (Edward G. Robinson) who is following a neurotic, escaped German prisoner. The prisoner, Meinike (Konstantin Shayne) was deliberately allowed to escape. Allowed to get in touch with his contacts in South America. Allowed to take a boat from there to New York and a train to Harper, Connecticut. But when he tells Rankin, whom he knew in Germany as Fritz Krindler, about these escapes, Rankin knows it's a trap. Fortunately, no one has seen Meinike come to his house—no one but Mary Longstreet, who is to be his bride that night.

So Meinike disappears. Wilson is suspicious, but he has no proof. He asks as many questions as he can about Charles Rankin, who is now away on his honeymoon. When Rankin comes back, he finds Wilson established as an authority on clocks, which are Rankin's own hobby. The men are thrown together constantly. They talk over the 200-year-old clock in the Harper church tower, but neither of them knows the part it is to play in their tragedy.—RKO

P. S.

. . . For the death jump of more than sixty feet, Orson Welles hired a stunt man, Paul Stader, who was overjoyed at the prospect, claiming he'd break the record (if not his neck) for stunt jumping for films. After piling up a heap of cardboard boxes at the foot of the steeple, Stader was dismayed to find that the front office thought it would be better to use a dummy than to take a chance with his life. Stader went home that night practically in tears. . . . Orson Welles was also a mighty dejected man when Rita Hayworth left him right in the middle of the production. He spent days on the set hiding from the ever-curious press, who mobbed the studio for a few words with Welles.

TO EACH HIS OWN

Girls fell in love just as suddenly and

WOW!

WHAT A LESSON IN CARESSIN'!

THE SCREEN'S
FULL OF
STARS WITH
THEIR ARMS
FULL OF
LOVE!



JACK CARSON
A weed in their garden of love!



OH, WHAT ANNIE DID TO THE "XMAS IN CONNECTICUT" KID!
ANN SHERIDAN and DENNIS MORGAN



ALEXIS SMITH
Everybody's sweetheart—all at once!

JANE WYMAN
She's been around so much
she's dizzy!



IT'S THE BIG LOVE AND LOVE-IT SHOW FROM WARNERS!

ONE MORE TOMORROW

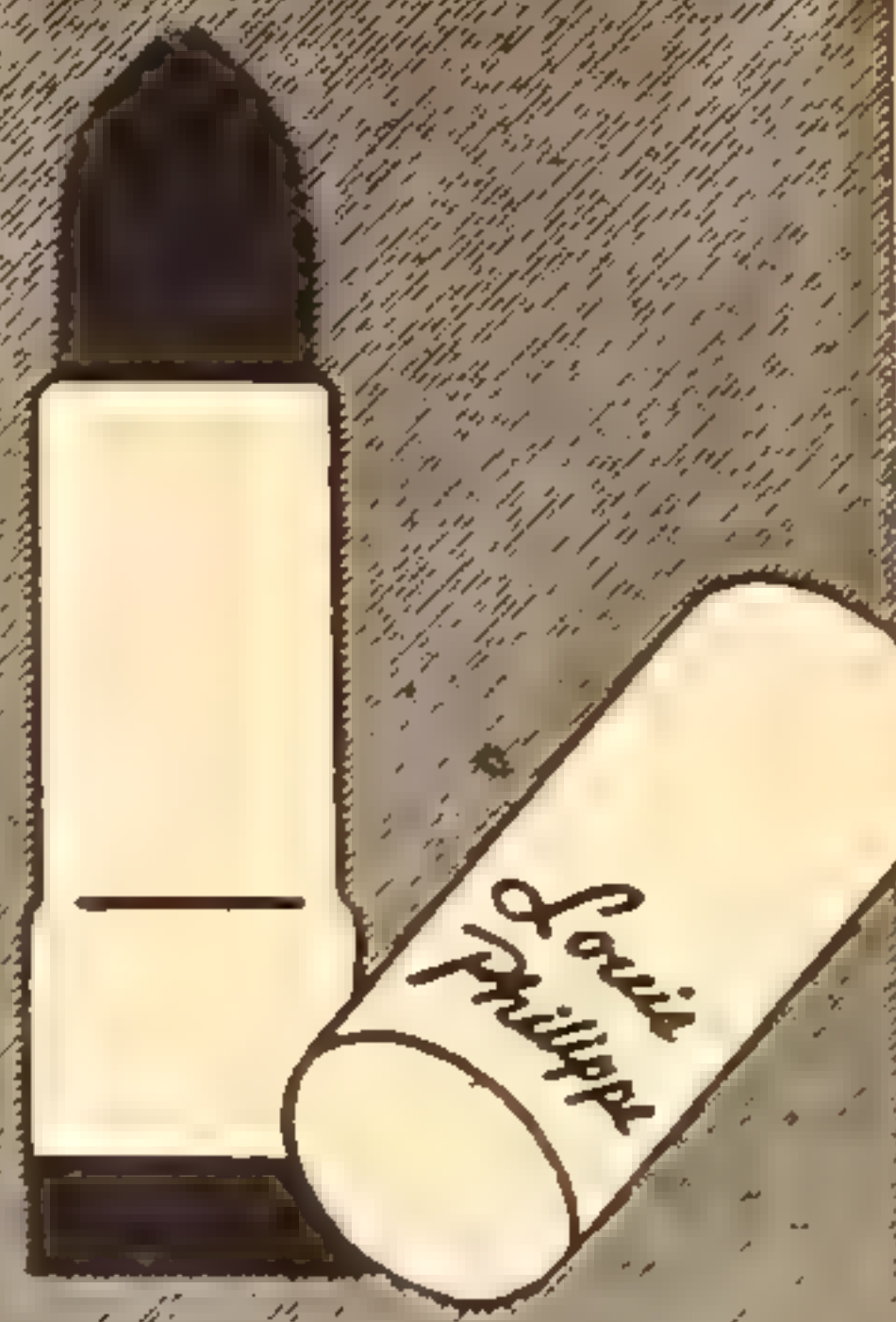
The hit with the
Hit Parade tune
"ONE MORE TOMORROW"

with REGINALD GARDINER • Screen Play by Charles Hoffman & Catherine Turney • Additional Dialogue by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein • Based on the Play by Philip Barry • Music by Max Steiner • DIRECTED BY PETER GODFREY • PRODUCED BY BENJAMIN GLAZER

SunBird,

For the song in your heart.

Louis Philippe's new lipstick shade



Sing of new love this happy summer
—and wear your heart upon your lips!

Sunbird, Louis Philippe's dreamy
new lipstick shade comes in a golden-
colored metal case of jeweler
design. The smartest color in cap-
tivity. Matching lure for cheeks

in Sunbird rouge, feather-
light creme or cake.

Lipstick, \$1., Rouge, 49c.

(Plus tax.)



recklessly during the first World War as they did during this last one. One day they were heart whole and fancy free, and the next, in love. That's what happens to Jody Norris (Olivia De Havilland). Captain Cosgrove (John Lund) comes through her home town on a bond selling tour. He's only there one night, but one night is enough. Jody falls in love with a terrific smash. Three months later, when she hears that Cosgrove has been killed in France, she already knows that she is to bear his child. She goes to New York when the time comes, and young Griggysy is born in a hospital there. Jody has figured out a way by which she can adopt him without anyone at home knowing he's really hers.

But Jody's plans go astray. Griggysy is adopted instead by her neighbors, a rich young couple. Alex (Philip Terry) and Corinne (Mary Anderson) are devoted to the boy. Jody spends as much time at their home as she can—so much that Corinne gets jealous and finally demands that she stay away. Even when Jody desperately tells her the truth about Griggysy's birth, Corinne refuses to give him up. The next years are hell for Jody. She goes to New York and becomes phenomenally successful in business, but it's a lonely life. For a few short months, she has Griggysy with her, but even that doesn't work. He is homesick and wants his "mother." So Jody goes to England to open a branch of her business. She is still there when World War II breaks out, with unexpected consequences.—Par.

P. S.

Prepared for a big crowd scene supposed to have taken place about 1920, Director Mitchell Leiser groaned when the extras appeared on the set. Their hair was done up strictly in 1946 fashion, which clashed with their long waistlines and French heels. "Good lord," he said, "you girls can certainly remember how you used to do your hair in those days. You're not that young!" "Oh, I remember!" howled one woman, and immediately began to spangle her hair with frenzied hands. Others regained their memories and followed suit. "That's it! That's it!" said the delighted director . . . John Lund comes to the scene from the Broadway play, "The Hasty Heart," and promises to be a sensational success with moviegoers. Supposed to play only the part of Olivia De Havilland's lover in the early sequences, his performance was so fine that producer Charles Brackett and Leisen decided to give him a dual role and have him portray Olivia's son at the end of the film. For the latter sequences, Lund's blond hair was dyed brown.

SUSPENSE

Barry Sullivan plays a very tough guy named Joe Morgan, who makes love and commits murder with the same deadpan expression. When we first encounter Joe, he's looking for a job. He soon gets one from Dan Leonard (Albert Dekker), who owns a huge ice show and is married to its star, Roberta (Belita). It isn't much of a job at first, but he has a hunch he'll get a better one soon.

For a while, Roberta is conscious of Joe only as a fresh guy who ought to be put in his place. Then he comes through with a startling idea for her skating act. An idea that scares the daylights out of everybody but Roberta. She likes it, and she isn't afraid of the risk involved. So, a few nights later, clad in a scanty and altogether alluring costume, she does this "death defying leap through a ring of knives." Something more dangerous than knives is confronting

her at this point, however. She has begun to feel Joe's strange and rather sinister fascination. She isn't very much in love with her husband, and their relationship has been more like a business partnership than a marriage. Leonard begins to suspect what's going on. He takes Roberta off to their hunting lodge in the mountains. When Joe turns up there, Leonard is sure. He decides to shoot this interloper. Joe is saved by a sudden snowslide, which kills Leonard. Or does it? His body isn't found, and in the next few months some strange things happen. Joe determines that if Leonard is alive he won't stay that way long.—Mon.

P. S.

The first time the producers saw Belita take a spill during rehearsal, they jumped onto the ice and nearly broke their own necks trying to reach the star. They had her carried off the ice and insisted she go home for the day. Belita couldn't convince them that spills are a common occurrence in her life . . . During rehearsals for the "Cabildo" number, Miguelito Valdes stood on a huge drum in the middle of the arena, clad in earmuffs, muffler and lumpy gloves, in addition to a few sweaters, etc. Out came Belita, wearing little more than a few spangles. Valdes beckoned to her, handed down a cigarette lighter. "Here," he said, "warm yourself up!" . . . Eugene Pallette, ex-butcher, spent spare time off the set at the store of a friend in the valley, merrily hacking away at cuts of meat.

DO YOU LOVE ME?

In the Hilliard School of Music, nothing but the classics are taught. There has always been a Hilliard at the head of the school, and there still is—Miss Katherine Hilliard (Maureen O'Hara). Look at her now as she addresses the board of trustees. She's wearing tweeds, low heeled shoes, and eyeglasses. "I'm leaving for New York today," she announces. "While there I'll consult with Deems Taylor about a classical and symphonic program for our Spring Music Festival. I'll be back in three days."

That's what she thinks. On the train she runs into Barry Clayton (Harry James) and his hot band. Barry tries out his latest song on her, and loses fifty fast bucks to Dilly, his clarinetist, because she doesn't react. "Aw, she's not normal, you can't count her," Barry complains. "Look at the way she dresses. She has no more sex appeal than a turnip." Katherine, over-hearing, is furious. No girl likes to hear that she has no sex appeal! Then when she meets Deems Taylor in New York, he gives her a polite brush-off in favor of a singer in a super-feminine hat. That does it. Katherine gets the works—she becomes a blonde, she buys a whole new wardrobe, she discards the eyeglasses entirely. Glamor, Incorporated. Now all she needs is a man, to take her to the night club where Barry is playing.

She picks one up on the street and he turns out (this could only happen in the movies) to be Jimmy Hale (Dick Haymes), the town's favorite crooner. He introduces her to Barry who hasn't the faintest idea that she's the girl of the train. Jimmy thinks she's in love with Barry, when actually she is only trying to prove to herself that she does so too have more sex appeal than a turnip! It doesn't take her long. Both men are soon in love with her. Even Deems Taylor asks her for a date. But something outrageous happens. Katherine develops a taste for swing music, and wait till the trustees of the Hilliard School hear about that!—20th-Fox.

P. S.

The Haymes-James combination got



It isn't your necklace
they'll notice, Pet!

No one overlooks underarm odor—
so look to Mum for protection

IT'S A GIFT—the way you wear jewels for
smart effect.

But, honey, can't you see? Even the loveliest of trinkets fails to be effective when charm itself fades away.

So don't stop at washing away past perspiration. But do guard against risk of future underarm odor. Let Mum give un-

derarms the special care they need.

Mum smooths on in half a minute. Keeps you bath-fresh and sweet—safe from offending underarm odor all day or evening long.

Mum is harmless to skin and clothing. Creamy, snow-white Mum is so quick and easy to use—before or after dressing. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar of Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.

An exquisitely fair complexion accents charming Mrs. Gould's lovely dark hair and brown eyes. Like so many other society favorites, she is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. "After the Mask, my skin feels different—so beautifully soft and 'unruffled'!" she says.

1-Minute Mask

"Most effective
complexion
'pick-up' I know!"



Mrs. Gould has a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream three or four times weekly

Give your face this quick glamour refresher!

Mask your face—all but eyes—with a fragrant, snowy coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Right away, what skin specialists call "keratolytic action" goes to work. The Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens and dissolves ruffly bits of dead skin and embedded dirt particles. Gets them ready to tissue off!

After one minute—tissue off the Mask. See how much brighter and smoother your complexion looks! You'll be thrilled by the soft, even way make-up goes on—to stay!

Grand powder base, too!

"My make-up base is Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothed on lightly—and left on! Keeps my make-up fresh for hours!" says Mrs. Gould.



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

cn extremely well during the production; no small wonder, since Dick used to sing with Harry's band. Dick laughed when he was told he would sing in the picture one of Harry's tunes, "As If I Didn't Have Enough on My Mind." "Ye gods," said Dick, "this is irony. Years ago, I showed Harry the tunes I had written, and he turned them all down. Now here I am, plugging one of his" . . . When you hear Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony played in the picture, one of the trumpets in the brass section is played by Harry. He just wanted to get in there and blow out some good music . . . James says the GIs aren't too keen on him now, just because he married Betty Grable, but says they'd really hate him if they knew he was the guy who recorded "Reveille" for use in army camps both in the United States and overseas.

LOVER COME BACK

Kay Williams (Lucille Ball) is a top dress designer. She is also a very beautiful girl, and men can't be blamed too much for wanting to console her for her husband's absence. However, they get no encouragement from Kay. She is true to Bill (George Brent) just as she's sure he is to her. The fact that as a war correspondent he is doing the rounds of Europe with a charming femme photographer, Madeline (Vera Zorina), doesn't alter her viewpoint at all. Just the same, she's pretty glad to get Bill's cable that he's arriving in New York.

Kay goes out in the press boat to meet him, and finds that Madeline is on the ship—in the next room to Bill, as a matter of fact. Just coincidence, of course, and Kay determinedly ignores it. They are all three invited to a cocktail party, and there things get really tough. It is full of alluring damsels, all of whom seem to have known Bill when they were overseas on U.S.O. tours and things. Kay is going to be a good sport about that too, until one of these dizzy babes whips out a recording Bill has sent her. It's his own voice telling her just how much he misses her, and so forth, and so forth. The fact that he has sent Kay one just like it doesn't help. She decides to give Bill something to worry about. The something is Paul (Carl Esmond) who has been in love with her for some time, in a wolfish sort of way. Maybe she'd better get a divorce and marry him, and let Bill go on chasing blondes with that Harpo Marx gleam in his eye. Maybe—and maybe not.—Univ.

P. S.

When Lucille Ball read the script of "Lover Come Back" and learned she was to wear 15 exclusive costumes designed by Travis Banton, she accepted the part that quick. She portrays a character described as "the best dressed woman in America," and Banton worked day and night perfecting Miss Ball's \$75,000 wardrobe. That he succeeded beyond his dreams is testified by the star's purchase of all the clothes she wears in the film. . . . George Brent lost 20 pounds before the picture started, in order to better portray a man who had been overseas for three years. Vera Zorina arrived from New York to play her role, and her luggage was so late in arriving that she had to borrow clothing from the studio wardrobe and players on the lot until her trunks came through. This is the first time Zorina has ever played a role in which she does not dance.

THE DARK CORNER

You've been chloroformed, and when you come to you have a poker in your hand

and there's a dead man beside you. His name is Jardine and he's a man you hated. The doorbell is ringing like crazy—probably the police. Tough!

Only, as it happens, it isn't the police at the door. It's your beautiful red haired secretary, Kathleen (Lucille Ball). And she is willing, even anxious, to help you out of the mess you're in. A mess that started three years ago in San Francisco when you had a partner, Arthur Jardine (Kurt Kreuger). You, of course, were a private detective then, as now. You were Bradford Galt (Mark Stevens) and you objected to having a crooked partner—one who was blackmailing all your feminine clients. You told Jardine so, the night you caught him stealing some of the firm's money. He said, "Very well, Brad, you have me cold. Drive me out to my house and I'll give you back what I've stolen." You fell for it, like a dope. On the way, he hit you over the head, doused you with Scotch, and started the car down a hill. It hit a truck and killed the driver and you went to jail for two years. When you got out, you came to New York, to start over. You would forget about Jardine.

But he won't let you forget him. You go out to do the town with your gorgeous secretary and you spot a guy tailing you. A big guy in a white suit (William Bendix). You get him up to your office and give him the works and find out the name of the man who hired him. Jardine. It's a lot more complicated than it seems on the surface, too. You find that out later. Right now you've never heard of Mr. Cathcart (Clifton Webb) who owns the famous art gallery. Or his lovely wife, Mari (Cathy Downs). If you had, you might not be so baffled when you wake up and find Jardine dead beside you.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

After his performance in "The Dark Corner," Mark Stevens was acclaimed as one of the top movie finds of 1946. And less than three years ago, he had to walk twelve miles to his first film test for lack of carfare . . . During the film's making, Mark learned that his wife, Annette, would make him a father in September . . . Kurt Kreuger's home life was disrupted during the shooting of the picture when his address and phone number appeared in print. His home was deluged by fans, and his studio couldn't reach him by phone. "If you don't believe it," Kurt told the phone company, "listen in on my wire some time." The phone company did, agreed with their customer, and gave him a new phone number. . . Lucille Ball is one star who doesn't fake her typing and shorthand in movie scenes. An ex-stenographer, she can bat out a letter with ease, although she admits she's no expert. . . .

THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

When columnist Gilbert Archer (Lee Bowman) was a boy, Father Walsh kept him out of reform school. They've been friends ever since, so it's natural that the good Father should come to Archer with the puzzle of the two Bibles and the painting "The Walls of Jericho." That night, Father Walsh is found hanging in his living room. The police call it suicide, but Archer is sure it's murder. He starts an investigation of his own, and the first person he comes across is a pretty girl who calls herself "Patricia Foster" (Marguerite Chapman). Archer finds out that her real name is Laura Browning, and that she is a granddaughter of the man who owned the painting.

Archer's connection with Father Walsh
(Continued on page 18)



7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE USERS SAY

**"Of all brands
I like Kleenex
best"**



Now!
MORE KLEENEX
being made than ever before.
So keep asking for it!

One tissue stands far ahead of *all* other brands in public preference . . . and that one tissue is Kleenex!

In a certified nation-wide poll of thousands of tissue users, 7 out of every 10 went on record to say: "*Of all tissues, I like Kleenex best!*"

7 out of 10. Such overwhelming preference shows there must be a real difference between Kleenex Tissues and other brands. A special process used only for Kleenex keeps this tissue luxuriously soft, dependably strong. That's why others *can't be* "just like Kleenex."

And only Kleenex of all tissues gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box. Yes,

only with Kleenex can you pull a tissue and have the next one pop up ready for use.

So keep asking for Kleenex—America's favorite tissue. Each and every month there'll be more and more Kleenex Tissues for you.

**There's only
one Kleenex***
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Smart Headwork



To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for . . . They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to there...



Once you use DeLong Bob Pins you'll wonder how you ever lived and breathed without them. Their Stronger Grip solves your head-work problems now and forever more. Remember . . .

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



Ghost stories aren't
scarey in the daytime, and
emotional problems lose
their punch when you
talk 'em out.

So speak up, sister!

CO-ED LETTERBOX

My older sister is much more popular than I am, and it annoys me terribly. We're about equally attractive, but somehow wherever we go, she's the one they fall for. What can the matter be? (With me.) H. S., Lake Forest, Ill.

The stiff competition may have one of two effects on you. It may drive you into your shell so that you just don't sparkle at all, or it may make you loud and boisterous in an effort to distract the lads' attention from her. Strive for a middle course, somewhere between those extremes. Next, stop trying to imitate her, and work out your own line, your own technique. Also, confide in your sister that you wish awfully you could be as attractive as she, and get her to give you some pointers and maybe even a plug or two with the boys.

What is your opinion about unchaperoned vacations? We are two gals, aged 17 and 18, and we'd like to take a motor trip through New England in September. One of our mothers approves. One doesn't. What do you say? J. J., Madison, Conn.
(Continued on page 112)

We did some investigating this month to discover what goes on under that cute, fresh exterior of yours, and—after talking to dozens of teen-agers—we've learned that underneath the wisecracks and jive you're not always as sure of yourself as you let on; not always as happy as you'd have people think. The worst dragon you have to tussle with, you told us, is fear. Oh, you can cope with the quick, clean fear of a roller coaster or a fast horse or a tremendous flash of lightning; it's the slow, crawly fear of intangible things that gets you down. You're scared of being stuck at the prom, scared of saying the wrong thing in class. You're afraid you'll be laughed at if your clothes aren't beautiful, if your parents speak broken English, if your ideas are a little bit different from the gang's. Half your precious hours are literally destroyed by fear. And that's not good. Please, *please* let us help.

You're Scared of Guys: Maybe you do all right with the gals (proving that you're no jerk, as you've been thinking), but you freeze when the group is co-ed. Why? Because you've gotten the idea into your head somehow that boys don't like you, and you're afraid that anything you say will make them like you just that much less. That is strictly hooey. Look. As of now, you're beau-less. What have you got to lose? Start relaxing when they're around, give them the same gay patter that panics the gals, the same big smile, the same easy-going sort of kidding. Give them a chance to see what sort of babe you are. You're not going to be every guy's idea of a Large Charge, natch. Even Grable's not that good. But there'll be boys who'll think you're wonderful. Nice, friendly kids who'll want to take you to the movies or bowling or to the doings at school. There'll even be a guy or two who'll want you to go steady. Cross our heart, once (Continued on page 124)



JEAN
KINKEAD

No Risk Too Great for Love so Enticing!

CARY GRANT
INGRID BERGMAN
in **ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S**
Notorious!

with
CLAUDE RAINS

LOUIS CALHERN • LENORE ULRIC
MADAME LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN

Directed by **ALFRED HITCHCOCK**

Written by **BEN HECHT**



Give Springtime Beauty TO YOUR HAIR



What a thrill you'll get when your own hair rivals the beauty of a bright spring day.



It can, you know, when you use Nestle Colorinse. For this wonder-rinse gives your hair more color, highlights and sheen than you've ever dreamed possible.



See for yourself how bright, sparkling hair reflects lovely color tones in your complexion. Try Nestle Colorinse today! You'll be thrilled with the softness and sheen it gives.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE



Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair.

2½ oz. bottle 25¢

Nestle HAIRLAC

comes out in the newspaper accounts of the priest's death. He soon has a somber and threatening caller—a Mr. Stoker, who is convinced that Archer knows the whereabouts of the two Bibles. When the columnist tells him, quite truthfully, that he has no idea where either of them are, Stoker has him beaten up. Archer's next caller is a nervous, weird little man named Helms. He insists that he is the father of "Patricia Foster," and he is willing to pay a large sum for the two Bibles.

Everybody, at this point, is searching madly for the Bibles, and things get a little rough. Especially when Archer discovers that one of the Bibles was buried with the body of Laura's grandfather. A spot of grave-robbing seems indicated, and that gets complicated.—Col.

P. S.

Lee Bowman, by the time the film was half finished, vowed that fate was against him. In the first place, he broke two bones in his right hand during a fight sequence. He was no sooner back in front of the cameras than he found himself in a rain sequence that went on for fourteen days. "I used to take more punishment in the days I played villains on the screen," he said. To top it all, his wife turned interior decorator and flew to Canada to "do" the house of director Victor Fleming. Mrs. Bowman's absence left Lee alone with his household and when the cook came down with the flu, the actor spent extra hours cooking breakfast for his two children. And of course he had to burn his hand in the process. . . Marguerite Chapman, who would rather eat spaghetti than anything else she can think of, had her fill of the dish during the film's shooting. On a set representing an Italian restaurant, she ate spaghetti for three days running.

A SCANDAL IN PARIS

"A Scandal In Paris" is based upon the life of Eugene Francois Vidocq, who seems to have offered plenty of cause for scandal.

George Sanders, as Vidocq, makes it all plausible and amusing. The story begins with him in jail. His cellmate at the moment is Emile (Akim Tamiroff) who comes from a long line of thieves. One of them kindly sends him a file in a birthday cake. Nothing like a file for a happy birthday. They are soon out of jail, and Vidocq celebrates by making love to a vivacious entertainer, Loretta (Carole Landis). In the course of the evening, he also steals her ruby-studded garter, and he and Emile get out of Paris for a while.

The next year passes in a series of what come to be known to the police as the "Casanova" robberies. Eventually Vidocq and Emile encounter the elderly Marquise de Pierremont (Alma Kruger) who, like all women, takes a vast liking to Vidocq. She invites him to visit her, and he brings Emile along as his servant. They discover, to their considerable consternation, that her son is the Minister of Police. It takes more than that to deter Vidocq. He and Emile steal the Marquise's diamonds. Emile wants to head straight for Paris with them, but Vidocq, instead, hides them in the shrubbery outside the castle. Then when the Minister has discharged his Chief of Police for not finding them, Vidocq discovers a series of "clues" which lead directly to the jewels. So who is the next Chief of Police? Naturally—Vidocq! —U. A.

P. S.

Ever since he read the memoirs of Eugene Francois Vidocq, in the original French, George Sanders has wanted to

play the swash-buckling Frenchman on the screen. He had only one regret during the filming of the picture when, fully clad in a suit of armor, he was thrown from a horse who objected to the medieval burden. . . Akim Tamiroff, always a lover of character makeup, complained for the first time on this movie. As Emile, he wears a false nose and false ears. Especially molded of plastic makeup, the nose could be used only once, which meant that summed up, Tamiroff wore 56 different noses, each one of which was extremely uncomfortable to wear. "No civilian could stand it!" he griped, and threw the company into hysterics. . . All the costumes, for both men and women, were created by Norma, a twenty-three-year-old girl. This was the first job she did on her own.

LADY LUCK

Lady Luck may be fickle, but she's gay and fun to have around. The same may be said of this picture, which stars Robert Young, Barbara Hale and Frank Morgan. One of my favorite characters, James Gleason, gives one of my favorite performances of the year. There is a hilarious scene with a little guy (Teddy Hart) in his first crap game, which will appeal to anyone who ever rolled dice.

The story concerns the Audrey family, who have always been gamblers. Gramp (Frank Morgan), only surviving male Audrey, is no exception. But his granddaughter, Mary (Barbara Hale), won't even buy cigarettes from a machine because it reminds her of slot machines. She runs a bookstore in Beverly Hills and spends her spare time trying to keep Gramp from playing the races—definitely a losing battle. One day she leaves Gramp to look after the store while she goes to the bank. Larry Scott (Robert Young), one of the sporting men about town, drops in in search of a racing form. He and Gramp get into conversation, and Gramp offers to book his bet, thinking it won't be more than ten bucks or so. It's two hundred, and the darn horse wins. Gramp decides to leave town, but Larry gets a quick look at Mary and offers to settle the debt for an invitation to dinner.

When he finds out how she feels about gambling, he is at first incredulous. Gradually, as he falls in love, he thinks maybe she's got something there. Maybe he ought to start being a respectable, law-abiding citizen. So he reforms, and they go to Las Vegas and get married. But on the wedding night, Larry gets involved, quite innocently, in a crap game. Mary is furious. "Once a gambler, always a gambler," she says, and starts divorce proceedings instead of the honeymoon. That's when Sam (James Gleason), one of Larry's pals, has a brainstorm. If he could only get Mary to gamble once herself, she might understand how Larry feels. But he doesn't know about the Audrey gambling blood, or he would never have done what he did.

That Barbara Hale is going places very fast indeed. Keep an eye on her.—RKO.

STEAM ON THE BEAM

—That's our Jean and her teens. We mean Jean Kinkead, of course. Her "Glamor For The Teens" is one chart you teen-agers agree no gal should be without. You particularly like the way it tackles ALL those little take-the-joy-out-of-living problems like (sh-h-h!) blackheads, pimples, oily skin, protruding tummy. Jean's just revised the whole works, adding two completely new sections. See Super Coupon, page 24, to get your free copy.

*He'll steal
anything!*

Women lose their heads...their hearts...
their treasures when master-thief, master-
tempter Vidocq comes calling. What a
vandal! What a scandal!

Arnold Pressburger presents

**GEORGE SANDERS
SIGNE HASSO
CAROLE LANDIS**

in

**"A
Scandal
in Paris"**



Oh, that sensational
Flame Dance! It's torrid!

with
**AKIM TAMIROFF
GENE LOCKHART**

Alma Kruger · Alan Napier · Jo Ann Marlowe
Vladimir Sokoloff · Directed by **DOUGLAS SIRK**
Screenplay by **ELLIS ST. JOSEPH**
Produced by **ARNOLD PRESSBURGER**
Released thru United Artists



By **LEONARD FEATHER**

■ Last time I started in by saying this was Feather-Sticks-His-Neck-Out Month in the Sweet and Hot department. This time it's Feather-Sticks-His-Chest-Out, or Personal Plugs Month. All the records in the Hot Jazz section feature my own music and/or lyrics; I played piano on some of them, got the bands together and supervised the recordings on seven of them. Therefore, they're recommended with reservations.

I'd modestly been avoiding mentioning most of my own records for a long time, but a thought has occurred to me. Sure, I have thoughts. All the *other* reviewers either ignore or pan my records, since no critic likes to see a rival critic trying to be a musician at the same time. So why shouldn't they (my records, not the critics) get a mention from the one writer who's ready, willing and simply delighted to give you some inside stories on them? Therefore, without a by-your-leave to Editors Al or Henry, I've gone and disposed of the subject of Records by Feather in one large dose and I promise to be a good boy and not plug myself again for a long, long time. A couple of months, anyway.

Oh, before I forget: Best *popular* record of the month: "Legalize My Name" (Pearl Bailey), *not* sweet.

Woody Herman's got "The Band Of The Year" and Lynne Stevens, singer.



Best hot jazz: Esquire All-Star Album (with reservations)!

BEST POPULAR

CEMENT MIXER—Alvino Rey (Capitol), Slim Gaillard (Cadet), Wingie Manone (Four Star), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo)—The latest novelty tune, and, depending upon whether you go for novelty tunes, guaranteed to either make you drunk with joy, or drive you raging insane. If you're a Mairzy Doats hater, this may just be the straw that cracks your back. However . . .

It was originated by Slim Gaillard, formerly of Slim and Slam. (Slam Stewart.) Slim and Slam first got famous when, back in 1938, they came up with "Flat Foot Floogie." They were on the road for a while, and then Slam went with Benny Goodman, and now he's a big name on his own. Slim was in the Army, then drifted out to the West Coast and stayed there, making records by the bushel with different combinations. This "Cement Mixer" puts him right up there with Slam as a big name now. It's a real crazy thing, goes along something like: "Cement mixer, put-ti put-ti, puddle de voot, puddle de root," etc. Voot is Slim's favorite word, anyway, and he's got a whole language of his own. Including "oreenee" which he sticks on the end of practically everything. Vootoreenee, for instance. And he's really a very talented guy. Plays guitar, piano, vibes, trumpet and tenor saxoreenee.

DON'T BE A BABY, BABY —Trummy Young (G.I.), Tommy Dorsey (*Continued on page 22*)



"Stick to the script!" warned "Supper Club" maestro. But Perry Como had such a good time with Carole Landis when she appeared on his show they had to smother the giggles.

The RED MILL

ENJOY THE ENTIRE STAGE SHOW

★ in RCA Victor's exciting new "Two on the Aisle" album ★

FROM THE PAULA STONE—HUNT STROMBERG, JR. PRODUCTION

Book revisions by MILTON LAZARUS

AL GOODMAN



AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Earl Wrightson Mary Martha Briney

Donald Dame The Mullen Sisters

Mixed Chorus



YOU'LL HEAR eight sparkling Victor Herbert hits from "The Red Mill" . . . recorded by this scintillating cast!

YOU'LL READ the story of the whole show in eleven exciting pages bound right into the album! You'll follow actual dialog of the Broadway hit that has thrilled 2½ million!

YOU'LL SEE gorgeous, full-color pictures of the important scenes! You'll see portraits of the stars of the Broadway production! Pictures of the recording cast!

YOU'LL FEEL as if you were seeing the show from the best seat in the house! Don't miss it—ask for RCA Victor Album K-1. Price \$4.00, exclusive of taxes. Get yours today.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR RECORDS



"IN OLD NEW YORK"

"MOON BEAMS"

"I WANT YOU TO MARRY ME"

"BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU"

"THE ISLE OF OUR DREAMS"

"EVERY DAY IS LADIES DAY WITH ME"

"WEDDING BELLS"

"WHEN YOU'RE PRETTY AND THE WORLD IS FAIR"



Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST way

- Made on a face cream base. Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.
- Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a gentle deodorant. Try it—feel the wonderful difference!



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER

now also contains DDT

Kills the fleas QUICKLY!
Keeps others off for days!
Still 25¢ and 50¢

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Glamour-Eyes
with
LASH-KOTE

Applies easily,
dries quickly.
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SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 20)

(Victor), Benny Goodman Sextet (Columbia)—The Trummy Young version of this is out under a new label—GI Records. It's an outfit owned and operated entirely by ex-GIs. Principally Justin Stone. (As a band leader, he played at the Lincoln Hotel, if you remember.) Justin really assembled this band, which recorded under Trummy Young's name. Trummy, who used to be with Goodman, and who plays trombone and sings very well here, is the only non-ex-GI connected with the proceedings.

On the Dorsey "Don't Be a Baby, Baby," the label reads "Tommy Dorsey's Clambake Seven." It's the first time T.D.'s used that name in about seven years. And there's an ex-GI connected with his version, too: Sy Oliver, who does the vocal. Sy was recently appointed musical director of the Mutual Network program, "Endorsed by Dorsey." He's the first Negro ever to get a job of that kind with a big network.

The Benny Goodman waxing of "Don't Be a Baby, Baby," has its patriotic angle, too. Its ex-GI is Art Lund, who sang with Benny in 1941, before going into service. He was calling himself Art London, then. Right now, he's having a big success with the band, has been offered jobs by four, count 'em, four, movie companies. You think that's bad? Don't be a baby, baby.

LEGALIZE MY NAME—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)—Pardon your friend Feather while he sits back and swells up. Do you happen to recall the very first L. Feather column in this splendid magazine? The one where I did a little raving about a girl called Pearl Bailey? Watch her, I said in some excitement. And now I feel very smug, because she's gone and swiped the new show, "St. Louis Woman," right out from under the feet of the other performers, and all Broadway's singing her praises. Although why anybody else should sing, when Miss Bailey's around, I don't know.

Anyhow, in case you're a long, long way from Broadway, you can still hear the terrific Miss B. tearing off "Legalize My Name," from "St. Louis Woman," on a Columbia disc. She's also recorded another hit song from the show—the one called "A Woman's Prerogative." Funny sidelight is that Johnny Mercer, who owns Capitol, wrote the lyrics for "St. Louis Woman," so he was able to borrow Pearl from Columbia, this time for the Capitol album called "St. Louis Woman!" But no matter how you label it, it's still Pearl Bailey.

HOT JAZZ

AMATEUR NIGHT IN HARLEM—Willie Bryant (Apollo)—Willie Bryant's a very (Continued on page 26)

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Riddle: What's the difference between a pair of nylons and MODERN SCREEN? Easy. For nylons, you stand in line. For M.S., you've got 500 additional chances this month to sit back and let us send you a three months' subscription ABSOLUTELY FREE! Here's how you do it: Simply fill in the Questionnaire below, clip this coupon and send it to us IMMEDIATELY. If you're one of the first 500, you'll receive the AUGUST, SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER issues FREE.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Rendezvous with Lana
by Earl Wilson ☐

That Hopper Party ☐

East Side, West Side (Guy
Madison and Jan Clayton) ☐

Peter Lawford Life Story
(Part One) ☐

Full House—Full Heart
(Paul Henreid) ☐

"Bloomer Girl" (Margaret O'Brien) . ☐

Peace, It's Wonderful!
(Wyman-Reagan) ☐

For the Love of "Mike!"
(Payne-DeHaven) ☐

Molly and Me (Johnny Coy) ☐

He Sings for Your Supper
(Perry Como) ☐

Ball of Fire (Cornel Wilde) ☐

Cutest Per-son-al-i-ty! (Ross
Hunter) ☐

"My Hobby Is You" (Allyson-
Powell) ☐

Good News by Louella Parsons . ☐

Ed Sullivan Speaking ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

.....

.....

My name is.....

My address is..... City..... Zone..... State.....

I am years old.

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She goes "Wolfie" ... to show him
the kind of Kissing he's Missing!

... so for every blonde he
fondled—she went out and
found 6 feet of man ...

Oh, Man!



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BRENT BALL
Vera ZORINA

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New CHARTS THIS MONTH

SUPER STAR INFORMATION—1946-'47 (10c)—Hot off the presses is this new super-duper Info Chart. Crammed with exclusive, advance data on lives, loves, hobbies, latest pics, little known facts about all your old favorites, PLUS 100 NEW STARS NEVER BEFORE LISTED! Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope. ☐

✓ **PLEASE BEHAVE!**—Rusty manners sometimes make you wish the ground would open up and swallow you. Here are common sense, practical rules of etiquette that will make you sure of yourself in any social situation. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

FOR FANS

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Brand-new, re-edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs for all your favorites—Frank Sinatra, June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Alan Ladd, etc. Learn about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION. Also, how to write good fan letters. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope ☐

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and their movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the film you saw last night, see column on page 92 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

GLAMOR FOR THE TEENS—by Jean Kinkead—This teen-agers' beauty bible has been revised and enlarged to include new sections on Body Beautiful, Grooming, Clothes, Jewelry, Accessories, etc. PLUS up-to-date advice on complexion, hairdos, makeup, nails, exercise and diet. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope ☐

HOW TO USE MAKEUP (10c)—Makeup CAN make you more lovely, if you know how to apply it properly. Here are step-by-step directions, with diagrams, that tell you how to blend your cosmetics to bring out your own natural beauty; minimize your defects. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope. ☐

✓ **SKIN CARE FOR TEENS**—Teen beauty depends on care, diet, grooming. Here's a chart that tells you all about skin care, facials, PROBLEM skin. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer ☐

✓ **HAIR DO'S AND DON'TS FOR TEEN-AGERS**—This is the last word on hair glamor. It's got everything—hair grooming directions, charts for facial types, new hair style ideas! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. . . ☐

✓ **YOU CAN BE CHARMING!**—says Jean Kinkead—It isn't always the gal with the smoothest chassis and prettiest face who's perfect date-bait. It's a warm, friendly spirit and that glow from within that really count. Here's how to develop your person-al-i-ty. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

FOR ROMANCE

✓ **HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS**—by Jean Kinkead—Be dated, re-dated, but never superannuated! The secret of making the right kind of impression on the nice boys you know. Hold-your-man tactics that WORK! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

✓ **BE A BETTER DANCER!**—by Arthur Murray—Easy to follow directions on all the turns and tricks that will make you a honey on the dance floor. Plus dance floor etiquette—what to wear, how to be popular with the stags. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. . . ☐

✓ **GUIDE FOR BRIDES**—Complete wedding etiquette for the girl who'll be a bride this year—and every girl who ever hopes to be one. Covers invitations, announcements, showers, trousseau, reception, flowers, music, expenses for formal and informal affairs. FREE, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it's cagey to be "hard to get"? Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She'll answer all your vital heart-problems in a personal letter. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR THE FASHION WISE

✓ **DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—New-as-tomorrow ideas about dressing for dates. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

✓ **SPORTSWEAR FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—Now that sport clothes are worn from sun-up to dancing-in-the-dark, here's how to look your best in them. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

✓ **ACCESSORIES FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—It's accessories that make your outfit! How to glamor up your clothes with those little touches that mean everything! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

FOR HOME SWEET HOME

HOW TO THROW A PARTY—How to make your shindig a sure-fire success, whether it's an orchids-and-tails gala, or Sunday supper for the gang. Sound advice on good hostessing, refreshments, decorations, entertainment, etc., and charted Party Index for all occasions. FREE, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

✓ **DESSERTS FRANKIE LOVES**—by Nancy Sinatra—Here are recipes for making Frankie's Favorite Lemon Pie, Apples Delicious, Sigh-Guy Gingerbread, and many more that are high on the Sinatra Dessert Parade. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer ☐

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FOR CAREER

HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT JOB—Career Chart No. 1—Select the job that's right for you—on the basis of your hobbies, natural abilities, personal desires. Private secretary, model, nurse, interior decorator, statistician—whatever your choice—here's how to decide whether you'd fit in. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope (see Career Chart No. 2) ☐

JOBS AND HOW TO GET THEM—Career Chart No. 2—Once you decide which job is for you, you'll want to know how to go about getting it. Here's the straight low-down on scores of career jobs—how to be interviewed, salaries to be expected, even your chances of marrying the boss. The same envelope that brings you Career Chart No. 1 will take care of this one, too, if you check here ☐

SPECIAL THREE-IN-ONE OFFER

Save postage! Select any three of the checked (✓) charts and enclose ONE large envelope (6c postage) for all three. Enclose additional envelopes (6c postage on each) for additional choices of three checked charts, four envelopes (6c stamps on each) for entire series of 12 charts.



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WOMAN HE MARRIED ...
INTO THE ARMS OF THE
WOMAN HE LOVED!

*Three minds—helping to mold the
history of an entire world... three
hearts—helpless to solve the con-
flict that threatened their souls!*

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"The Searching Wind"

FROM THE SUCCESSFUL BROADWAY PLAY BY LILLIAN HELLMAN

STARRING **ROBERT YOUNG • SYLVIA SIDNEY • ANN RICHARDS**

with **DUDLEY DIGGES** and Introducing **DOUGLAS DICK**

Directed by **WILLIAM DIETERLE** • Screen Play by **LILLIAN HELLMAN**

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Your skin must meet the punishing demands of busy days and still have that alluring look. Skin needs special care to measure up to these requirements. Let that care be Mercolized Wax Cream which will help to obtain a lovelier, more youthful looking complexion. It gives an appearance of new skin beauty aglow with natural loveliness. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream tonight. It will aid in retaining the firmness and freshness of your complexion beyond your fondest dreams. Mercolized Wax Cream will help to make your skin look as young and lovely as your skin can look.

Use only as directed.

OILY SKIN? USE SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT. Just dissolve Saxolite Powder in one-half pint witch hazel and pat it on the skin several times a day. It subdues excess surface oil, tightens soft skin tissue by temporary contraction, and leaves the skin feeling delightfully refreshed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.



YOUR EYES CAN WHISPER

Romance

Bring out the teasing lights in your eyes with KURLASH, the easy-to-use eyelash curler. Curls lashes upwards—makes eyes appear larger, more alluring and lashes longer, darker. Absolutely safe—lashes are gently curled against protective cushion. At drug and dept. stores. KURLASH . . . \$1.00

KURLENE—beneficial pomade—dresses up eyebrows and lashes, aids curling, gives a dewy look to eyelids. KURLENE . . . 50¢-\$1.00*

TWISSORS—scissor-handle tweezers. Easy grip—clear vision and precision plucking of eyebrows and unwanted hair. TWISSORS . . . 50¢*PLUS TAX

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clever, very funny, very popular guy. Among other things, he's m.c.-ed the show, "Amateur Night in Harlem" (broadcast from the Apollo Theater Wednesday nights over WMCA) off and on for a good many years. When I came to America, eleven years ago, very young, very thrilled, very impressionable, I met Willie up at the Apollo. He was swell to me, introduced me right in the middle of the show. It was my first time on the radio, and I was so excited it's a wonder I didn't eat the microphone. It would probably have tasted like a ham sandwich to me at the time.

Anyhow, I never forgot that night. And eleven years later, I wrote this tune in memory of the first time I met Willie Bryant. I helped Willie round up the men for this date, and I think the record's a lot of fun. You can hear Willie talking on it, just the way he does at the amateur shows.

ESQUIRE ALL-STAR ALBUM—Leonard Feather (Victor)—I've been a little premature in announcing this one before, but honest, kids, it's on sale now. And I'm terrifically proud of the results. I think the records are wonderful. We tried something new on the first side ("Long, Long Journey"). Duke Ellington speaks a few words, before the music begins, about how glad he is to be here with the All-Stars, etc. "Long, Long Journey" is my own song, and one of the two sides Louis Armstrong plays on. The other side with Louis is "Snafu," also my tune. "The One That Got Away" (yep, another Feather opus) features Red Norvo, and the fourth and last side in the album is "Gone With The Wind" (not a Feather touch) and has Johnny Hodges on alto sax and Don Byas on tenor sax.

PANACEA—Woody Herman (Columbia)—I was sitting there thinking about how the Herman bunch used to be known as the band that played the blues, and it occurred to me that Woody hadn't sung any new blues in a long time. A sad state of stuff. So I wrote this tune about a girl named Panacea—you know, on account of she was a cure for all this guy's ills—and I turned it over to Woody. Woody turned it over to Ralph Burns, who did a perfectly sensational blues arrangement—double-timed and double-double-timed so that it builds up a terrific tension—and it looks like a hit. Woody's already done it at his Carnegie Hall Concert, and believe me, he's just the guy who can.

D. D. T.—Mary Lou Williams (Continental)—An instrumental number by yours truly featuring the three girls I named last month as my favorite lady musicians. Mary Lou Williams at the piano (she's Cafe Society Uptown's pride and joy), Mary Osborne, guitar, and Margie Hyams (who used to be with Woody), vibraphone. The other side of this is "He's Funny That Way," and has a nice vocal by Mary Osborne, who sings as well as she plays the guitar. Yeah, some people have all the luck.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

SPELLBOUND—Spellbound—Vido Musso (Savoy)—"Spellbound," from the picture of the same name, has been made into an instrumental number, just like "Laura" and the "Warsaw Concerto." This recording background music from films is getting to be a habit. Leo Reisman's done "Spellbound," too, for Decca, but I think the Vido Musso (he's the sax man from Stan Kenton's outfit) version is more interesting. The other side of the Reisman record is "Amado Mio" from "Gilda." Dr. Miklos Rozsa, who wrote the so-called psychological musical score of "The Lost Weekend," did the very original and rather

spine chilling score for "Spellbound."

LOVE STORY—Cornish Rhapsody—Henri René (Victor)—Here's another movie theme, from a Gainsborough picture called "Love Story." This recording features some amazing piano work by Vladimir Sokoloff. The melody was written by Hubert Bath, and I think you'll enjoy bathing yourselves in it. All right, all right, I'm going. Just one more thing . . .

TALK ABOUT A LADY—Avocado—Andrews Sisters (Decca)—This "Avocado" number is one of those semi-calypsos like "Rum and Coca-Cola." And it's by the same composers as the aforementioned "Amado Mio"—Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher. A fantastically successful team, they have written about five million songs this year, and made about five billion dollars. I've told you about them before, and I'll undoubtedly be telling you about them again. The way it looks now, they're only just beginning.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH Selected by Leonard Feather BEST POPULAR

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD—Mildred Bailey (Majestic), Tony Pastor (Cosmo), Dinah Shore (Columbia)
CEMENT MIXER—Alvino Rey (Capitol), Slim Gaillard (Cadet), Wingie Manone (Four Star), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo)
COME RAIN OR COME SHINE—Orrin Tucker (Musicraft), Dinah Shore (Columbia), Louis Prima (Majestic)
DON'T BE A BABY, BABY—Trummy Young (GI), Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Benny Goodman Sextet (Columbia)
THE GYPSY—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Jan Garber (Black and White), Gail Meredith (Manor)
IT COULDN'T BE TRUE (OR COULD IT?)—Judy Canova (ARA), Buddy Rich (Mercury), Tex Beneke (Victor)
JOSEPHINE PLEASE NO LEAN ON THE BELL—Eddie Cantor (Pan-American), Vaughn Monroe (Victor)
LEGALIZE MY NAME—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)
PICKLE IN THE MIDDLE AND THE MUSTARD ON TOP—Louis Prima (Majestic)
SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES—Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Thelma Carpenter (Majestic), Kate Smith (Columbia)

HOT JAZZ

CLYDE BERNHARDT—The Lady In Debt (Musicraft)
WILLIE BRYANT—Amateur Night In Harlem (Apollo)
"COUSIN JOE"—Post-War Future Blues (Aladdin)
LEONARD FEATHER—Esquire All-Star Album (Victor)
WOODY HERMAN—Panacea (Columbia)
HELEN HUMES—Unlucky Woman (Aladdin)
ETTA JONES—PETE JOHNSON—I May Be Wonderful (But I Think You're Wrong) (National)
SLAM STEWART—On The Upside Looking Down (Continental)
SARA VAUGHN—Signing Off (Continental)
MARY LOU WILLIAMS—D.D.T. (Continental)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—As If I Didn't Have Enough On My Mind—Martha Tilton (Capitol), Harry James (Columbia)
GILDA—Amado Mio—Leo Reisman (Decca)
HOODLUM SAINT—Sweetheart—Connee Boswell (Decca)
KID FROM BROOKLYN—I Love an Old-Fashioned Song—Freddy Martin (Victor)
LOST WEEKEND—Lost Weekend—Al Goodman (Victor)
LOVE STORY—Cornish Rhapsody—Henri René (Victor)
MAKE MINE MUSIC—All The Cats Join In—Benny Goodman (Columbia), Roy Eldridge (Decca)
RHAPSODY IN BLUE—The Man I Love—Eddie Haywood (Decca), Barney Kessel (Atomic)
SPELLBOUND—Spellbound—Vido Musso (Savoy)
TALK ABOUT A LADY—AVOCADO—Andrews Sisters (Decca)

"Tell them we'll have Schlitz"

When you serve SCHLITZ to your guests, it says more plainly than words, "We want you to have the

best." Where friendly glassware filled with Schlitz beams a cordial greeting, even the tick of the clock seems to say "You're welcome."



JUST
THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Where Beauty "reigns"

**No other shampoo leaves your
hair so lustrous, yet
so easy to manage**



IT'S SHINING BRIGHT! It's beautiful behaved! It's Drene-lovely hair! Yes, you bring out all the natural beauty of your hair with all its alluring highlights... when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

"I always use Drene," says glamorous fashion model and Cover Girl Lisa Fong, "because it reveals far more sheen than any soap or soap shampoo." As much as 33 percent more lustre! Drene is not a soap shampoo. It never leaves any dulling film on your hair as all soaps do. And the very first time you use Drene, you completely remove unsightly dandruff.

Here you see Lisa at the shore with her gleaming hair in a practical, fetching twist knot. Below she shows you another favorite hair-do you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use the wonderful improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



▲ **AT THE SUMMER PLAYHOUSE**, you'll be the evening's star with lovely, lustrous hair. "This dramatic hair-do is so easy to fix," Lisa says, "right after shampooing with Drene with Hair Conditioning action." Just comb all hair back to point below crown, tie firmly and form three large buns. Don't forget the rosebuds!



Drene
Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action

THIS IS IT! THE
ONLY INTERVIEW LANA TURNER
GAVE OUT WHILE SHE
WAS VISITING IN NEW YORK—AND
COLUMNIST EARL WILSON GOT
IT FOR MODERN SCREEN!

Rendezvous With Lana

BY EARL WILSON

My editorial page was all written and ready to go this month, when along came a chance to get a scoop story on Lana Turner by Earl Wilson, that witty and widely-read Broadway columnist. With no place else in this issue to put it, I had to move out and make room. Please forgive me; I'll see you next month.

—Al Delacorte

■ Lana Turner walked into the huge living room of her suite at the Sherry Netherland, said "Hello, Earl," and put out her hand. We shook hands.

She walked over to the divan and sat down.

With a gesture, she invited me over.

I sat down on the divan, two or three feet away.

For the next hour I sat on the divan with Lana Turner, interviewing her, taking down all she said in my notebook. A representative of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sat across from us, but Miss Turner did most of (Continued on page 109)



Over 100 reporters, photogs and newsreel men attended the shindig at the Quitandinha Hotel's "Boite" nightclub in Brazil to celebrate Lana's 25th birthday. That's Samba Queen Linda Batista hostessing in The Hat.

The girls bet Hedda she didn't own a hat *without* fruit or flowers, so H. unearthed her sailor-son's hat. As "ex-Emperor of China," Prince Mike Romanoff borrowed Oriental lid.



(EDITOR'S NOTE: Gather 'round, you party-loving readers, because here's your own Hedda Hopper telling you all about the big shindig she threw. Honored guests included all previous Gruen Watch Award Winners, as well as Frank Latimore, Hedda's choice for this month's Star-of-the-Month award.)

■ 'Twas a gala night at ye Hopper household the other eve. The cream of the young Hollywood crop was there with their gals and pals to say "howdy" to Frank Latimore and to initiate him into the Royal Order of Gruen Wrist-Watch Winners as MODERN SCREEN'S Star-of-This-Month.

There was plenty of "Time On Their Hands" (that's a pun, son) as all our merry-making Gruen-ites trooped in with their time. (Continued on page 118)



A lotta applesauce," grumbled Gruen Award winners at apple-peeling contest. That's Liz Scott in back, lagging behind J. Coy, B. Williams, F. Latimore, P. Lawford. Front row has B. Hale vying with Guy Madison, Mark Stevens. Hedda announced prizes for all contestants: A peeled apple!



Lucky Frank Latimore! He won the Gruen Award for the month, *and* got hugged by Hedda, B. Hale, G. Russell, J. Haver, Liz Scott.

THAT HOPPER PARTY!

YOU THINK IT WAS TEXAS AT HEDDA'S SHINDIG THE STARS WERE THAT BIG AND BRIGHT. THE JOINT JUMPED WITH TETSUO'S ROUTINES, CHARADES, AND JUST THE JOY OF LIVING.



Heading Hopper Hat Parade is Bill Williams (of "A Likely Story") with Mark Stevens ("Dark Corner"), F. Latimore, P. Lawford. One look in mirror and boys agreed that on Hedda, hats looked better!

Guy vowed he'd hold on "Till The End Of Time," (his next pic) but just to make sure, Pete got a firm grip, too. Frank didn't mind being blindfolded for initiation . . . not with Liz at work!



Gail Russell put watch on Frank's wrist, blindfold was removed—and replaced by lipsticky kisses! Marilyn Maxwell (of "The Show-Off") wiped 'em off, soothed F. by singing "Pass That Peacepipe!"



Johnny ("Ladies' Man") Coy admired Lizabeth's Gruen watch then whipped out his own! Liz and other gals groaned delicious pastry Hedda served, but ate it just the same!

Now P. Lawford's "The Knee," so Hedda couldn't resist hugging Pete, ostrich plumes 'n' all. Mark Stevens liked pink rose creation better, modelled it for wife Annelle, who sat quietly in a corner, beaming about Mark's bonnet—and the baby they're expectinal!



**THAT
HOPPER
PARTY!**



◀ Lots of excitement in this Double Charades game, with Johnny Coy helping by leaping high into the air, as Liz Scott rocked away. You guessed it! "Springtime In The Rockies!"



▲ Barbara and Bill hardly had to act out charade for "Now's the Time To Fall In Love;" they *looked* the part! They'll be married when studio schedules allow honeymoon time.



High kicks at the Bal Tabarin when Jan Clayton joined the night club's famous Can Can girls, with Guy Madison supervising.

■ Once upon a time a shy country boy timidly poked his head into the big, bad city of New York, looking for a sophisticated city gal. You know the rest—you think? But what about when Guy Madison's the country cousin and Jan Clayton's the city slicker? Guy's pal, Henry Willson, had asked his friend, Jan, to show Guy the town. So Jan proudly pointed out the Main Post Office, and Guy raised a blond eyebrow and said he hadn't heard they were running trains through post offices these days . . . (seems it was Penn Station)! And when the city gal showed a decided weakness for penny arcades 'n chocolate cake, and measures only 5 feet, 3 inches in heels, well! What can a 6 foot Guy do but feel protective as all get-out, do the town up brown, and go home to Hollywood, with huzzahs for Henry's pals?
(More pictures on following page)



The Twenty One Club's one of New York's most exclusive dine spots, admits only a few carefully selected guests. Laughter—and champagne—bubbled when wine steward brought over a bottle for Guy's approval. Steward's French was fast, Guy's was rusty



Acres and acres of Copacabana beauties—but no Jan! Guy got nervous waiting, spilled some food, rushed to his hotel and changed suits, rushed back—and still no Jan! She finally arrived, spotted the surrounded Guy, remarked, "Once a sailor, always a sailor!"

OH, EAST WAS EAST AND
WEST WAS WEST, AND NEVER
THE TWAIN COULD
MEET . . . TILL CLAYTON AND
MADISON MET IN
NEW YORK ON FORTY-
SECOND STREET!

East side, west side...

Going up! Jan (the New Yorker) craned her neck to find the Empire State Bldg. for Guy (the Californian), who grinned knowingly, pointed out *east* was over *that* way. And anyway, he'd rather look at Jan!



Let 'em eat cake! So Jan plied the hungry Guy with chocolate layer special. Gay informality of Leon and Eddie's restaurant fascinated Guy, who had to give tiny Jan a boost so's she could read titles under pics



Pennyland, on Broadway, tempted Guy's love of adventure. Fortune-telling machine labelled Guy "strong and handsome," but Jan, watching him punch, murmured, "Well, he is handsome . . ."

TAKE
• OU
PHO
Already
15

East side, west side...

"Hasten, Jason, bring the basin," mourns Jan, who lost her enthusiasm for planes in the pilot trainer. Seems she hit the wrong pedal, and the plane went 'round 'n' round.



They *tried* to hold still, but the light flashed on suddenly, Guy clutched Jan as she perched on the stool, so they got the giggles—and a blurred pic!

Still dizzy from the pilot trainer ride, Jan had trouble with chopsticks and shrimp chow mein at Ruby Foo's. Guy stowed away gobs of delicious Chinese food, assured her the shrimp were *not* moving!



PETER LAWFORD LIFE STORY

■ One day, three years ago, Peter Lawford sat in a dusty day coach and popped aspirins periodically into his dry mouth. The sun burned hot through the windows as he crossed the desert from Phoenix, Arizona, to Hollywood. But Peter was a lot hotter. He had a temperature of 103. He was burning up with flu.

He shouldn't have been riding a train at all; he should have been in bed. Instead, he was making the gamble of his young life and he was so excited he forgot he had fever.

A few days before he'd ditched his job as usher at the Westwood Village Theater to sign on for a six-weeks' location extra job in the desert. He'd banked on the money he'd make, and vitally needed to make—but that day he had tossed the bankroll—\$600 for six weeks—to the winds. There was an acting chance back in Hollywood for an English boy in an M-G-M picture, "A Yank at Eton"—just a chance, but Peter Lawford was taking it. He'd fast-talked his way out of the (Continued on page 94)

Even at six, Pete went in for acting. His parents took him to London parties, where he'd go into pantomime routines.



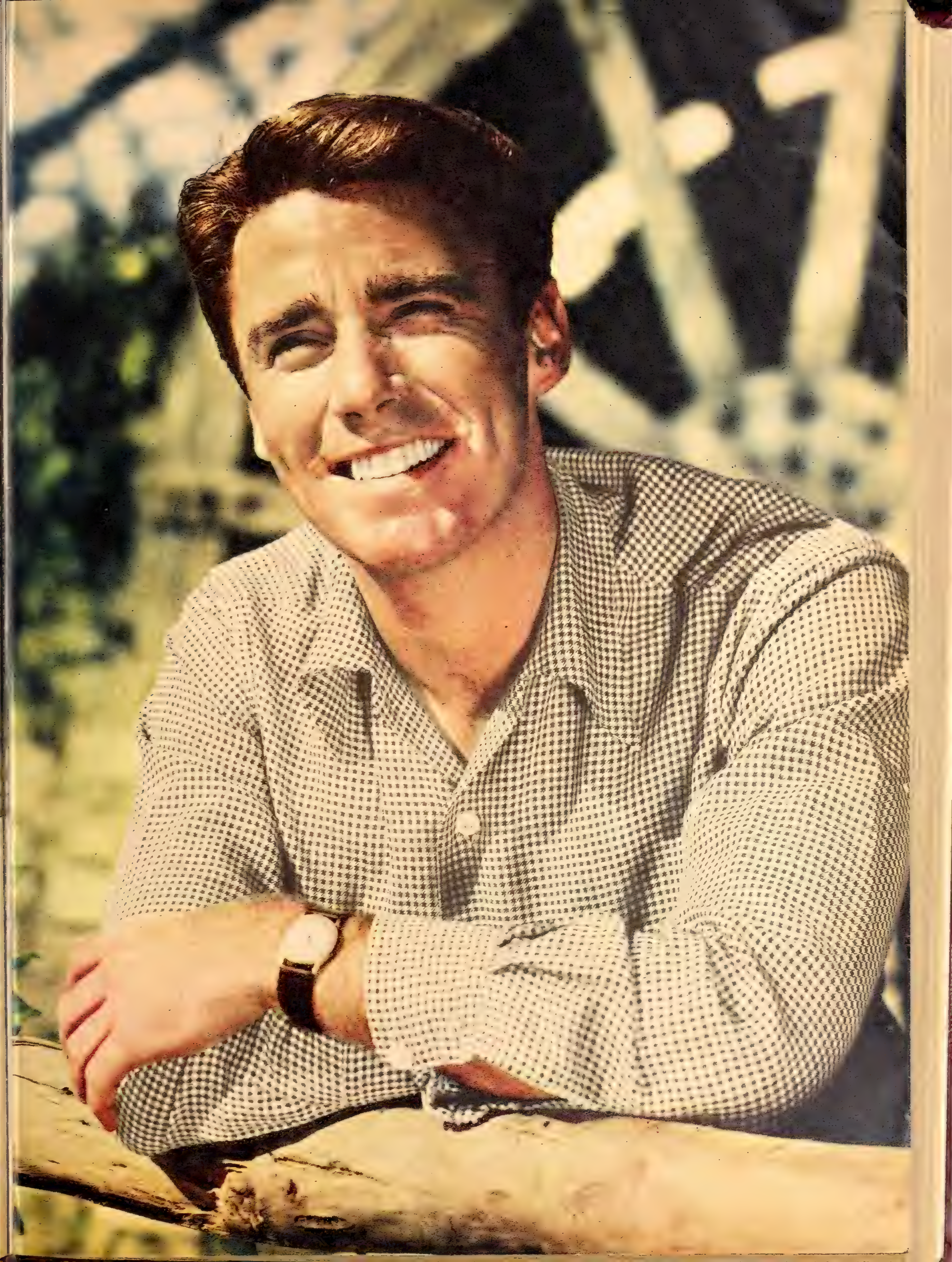
India tascinated young Peter, who played with local kids, fell in love with an elephant. He dreams wistfully of returning one day!



Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford traveled all over—even to Tahiti, where Pete ran wild, looked like a native.

"WARMER CLIMATES IF YOU WANT THIS BOY TO LIVE,"

WARNED THE DOCTOR. SO SIR SIDNEY AND LADY LAWFORD TOOK PETER 'ROUND THE WORLD—TO HOLLYWOOD AND FAME. (PART I) • by Kirtley Baskette



Full House- Full Heart



Monica Henreid, who's all of three, speaks English, French, German, but would rather play carpenter. Paul (in "Of Human Bondage"), has a small workshop where he repairs his daughters' toys, keeps them freshly painted.

HOME'S WHERE THE HEART IS—AND PAUL HENREID'S

HEART IS HOPELESSLY ENTANGLED WITH THOSE

THREE WOMEN OF HIS . . .

■ When a fan of Paul Henreid's recently sent him four miniature hats—for daughter Monica's dolls—Monica's face was a study in bliss as she examined the toys with her delicate fingers. One hat was white straw with an upturned brim in front, and a cloche effect in back. Within the upturned brim lay a cluster of brown and orange velvet flowers, and a tiny green veil completed the effect. The second hat was done in the "Spanish Main" effect and consisted of blocked blue felt finished with a swashbuckling pink feather. A blue felt hand embroidered bonnet, and a straw number completed the collection of millinery.

After having examined them minutely, Monica announced, "Now, I need a box for them."

Paul's wife, Lisl, produced a transparent corsage box in which Paul had recently presented to her an orchid. She has a good many of these, neatly stacked in cupboards, because Paul is the sort of husband who believes that a bouquet never broke a bride's heart, and that the road to Reno is NOT paved with roses.

Monica's essential neatness has occasionally caused trouble between her and her sister, Mimi. There is a two-year difference in (Continued on page 69)

By FREDDA DUDLEY



Lisl and Paul hang on to one-year-old Mimi, who's a natural comedienne. She greets all the Henreid visitors with "Go away!" which she says with great feeling. Seems she thinks it means "Hello!"

Studying cello for new pic, Paul waxed strings so only a squeak comes out. Lisl says it's to soothe his prof's nerves! P.'s a real fan, reads all books on cellists.



Paul's a "saver," collects scripts of pictures he's appeared in, as well as autographs of the casts. An excellent chess player, Paul enjoys playing by himself, taking part of opponent, too. He always wins!

Monica looks blonde and fragile, but she's really a beruffled ruffian. Absolutely fearless, she's always scampering up ladders or dashing around the water. Gives her parents gooseflesh to watch her from the window.





SUCH AN OLD-FASHIONED

SWEETHEART, THAT MAGGIE O'BRIEN,

WITH A YEN FOR HOOP

SKIRTS, CAMEO BROOCHES—

AND WICKED BLACK STOCKINGS!

by Cynthia Miller

"BLOOMER GIRL"

Margaret's a domestic type, much more impressed with her ability as a laundress than the fact that she's the youngest person ever to be listed in the new "Who's Who."



■ Miss Margaret O'Brien, the actress, is currently working in a picture entitled "Tenth Avenue Angel." Miss O'Brien is enjoying this production very much for two reasons: 1. She is working with Mr. George Murphy, whom she admires with an extravagant enthusiasm. 2. She is wearing a pair of long black stockings.

On several occasions, Maggie's upturned smile has persuaded the wardrobe department to allow her to wear the black stockings home. Of course, she hops into a car at the studio gate, and doesn't hop out until she reaches her own home or Aunt Marissa's. So her exotic underpinnings are never viewed by the public. However, wearing the stockings at dinner is in keeping with Margaret's current habit of dressing for dinner.

Margaret, at nine, is deep in the Dress-Up-Lady era of development. Deep—and almost lost in outsize hand-me-downs from Mom and Auntie. She owns a long black evening skirt, several fancy blouses and hats galore. Come dinner time, Maggie really goes to town!

The family suffers all this high fashion with admirable dignity—except on occasions like the night Marissa came home and found Miss Margaret seated at table, innocently drinking milk in Auntie's new Easter bonnet. Seems (Continued on page 88)



Miss Margaret O'Brien (which is how Metro's ordered she be billed in the future), sold dolls at Bob Hope's gala Charity Fair with Aunt Marissa taking care of the cash.



PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL

■ The phone rang, and Ronnie jumped.

"Relax," said Jane. "You're *Mr.* Reagan now, remember? The Captain went bye-bye—"

"Yeah, but he haunts me," muttered Ronnie, returning to his book.

That was last October. Three-and-a-half years after greeting him, Uncle Sam told this particular nephew goodbye. But for weeks, whenever the phone rang, something inside him snapped to the salute.

Maureen was disappointed that first night. "You don't *look* any different, daddy—"

"Wait," he promised, "till you get a load of me tomorrow—"

He could hardly wait himself. Like the rest of the Army, he itched to climb into civvies and the loudest tie he could get his hands on—

"Unlike some," he observed smugly, "I don't *have* to wait. Got all those nice '41 models lined up for duty—"

In this he reckoned without the military life, which had added three inches across his back and chest. "Holy cow, they don't fit! I'll have to get me some new clothes—"

"Try and get 'em," cooed his wife.

Eventually, he did. Meantime, he wore the ones that didn't fit—with dark ties, mostly. The first time he dressed, he changed his tie six times. (Continued on page 114)



Jane Wyman Reagan's a sissie, prefers Ronnie's boat modelling to gun-collecting. Firearms over the mantel are never taken down in her presence; they give her the willies! But they *both* love horses.

God's in his heaven, all's right with the world—'cause Reagan's back, and Wyman's got him! • By Abigail Putnam

He sings for your supper

HOLLYWOOD TALENT

SCOUTS SHRUGGED WHEN THEY
HEARD ABOUT THE CROONER
WHO SOLD A MILLION RECORDS—
AND THEN THEY SAW
PERRY COMO'S PICTURE.

By Edward Herron

■ "I'm Perry Como."

The little man at the desk looked up with an air of infinite boredom. He didn't say so, but underneath his bald head you could see the thoughts creeping like termites. Okay, you're Perry Como. Maybe you're Christopher Columbus, so what? Then the name jelled in his skull, and he thumbed through a file. "I'll get the girl to bring in the script. Wait over there."

Como walked over to the water cooler and leaned his weight on it. Five days flying in from New York, bumped off the plane at every stop by every priority known to the War Department, air sick, no sleep, and Hollywood definitely not excited about his arrival. He should've stayed in New York.

A girl came in and the bored little Caesar threw the script at Perry, looking at his red-rimmed eyes and spotting the guy for a wastrel who'd just come off a binge. "Take this home and study it. Come back here tomorrow morning and we'll run the test. So long, Como."

He was exhausted and so excited he couldn't hold (Continued on page 76)



Don't be fooled; milk is for son Ronnie! Perry drinks coffee from breakfast to bedtime. Wife Roselle doesn't try to reform him, simply keeps the stuff brewing. Movies (like "Doll Face") keep him in Calif., but he prefers N.Y.

Groceries arrive regularly at the Comos' because Roselle and Perry prefer home cooking to the swankiest restaurant. Favorite dishes are spaghetti and corned beef, which Roselle cooks herself. R. loved recent N. Y. trip, would've stayed longer, but Perry got lonesome!



Perry's the original CCC boy (calm, cool, collected). Only time he loses temper is when Roselle tries to move heavy furniture. Then he bellows, "Hey, take it easy!"

Ronnie's seven, likes to tell tales about his dad. Like the time Perry dove into a pool, came up yelling "Sharks!" Some joker had slipped Oscar, a tame seal, into the water.





Johnny's a crumb in the kitchen, only consented—tearfully—to this onion peeling stint with sister Molly Ogilvie because "hamburgers and" are one of his pet non-fattening midnight gorges. "Ladies' Man" is his next dance hit.

Molly and Me



At one time Dorothy Babbs kept him guessing with this "Loves me, loves me not" routine, but soon they'll Be One. Dotty started out as one of the Jivin' Jacks and Jills, just signed a Para. contract.

■ The Hollywood hotel clerk whirled the desk register around under Johnny Coy's bewildered face.

"I asked you down, Mr. Coy," he snapped, "to explain *this*!" He pointed his pen to the scribbled names.

"The young—er—lady who is sharing your suite is Miss Ogilvie?"

"Yes."

"And you're John Coy?"

"Sure."

"Mis-ter Coy," barked the clerk. "This is a respectable hotel. We simply cannot have . . ."

"Wait a minute," broke in Johnny, light dawning at last. "Molly Ogilvie's my sister."

"H-m-m-m."

"You see," explained Johnny, "Coy's just my *professional* name. My real name's Ogilvie, too. Show business—you understand."

"I'm not sure I do," huffed the clerk. "But I'll have to take your word, I suppose. These show business people!" he sniffed under (Continued on page 90)



**DANCE CRITICS RAVE, BUT
JOHNNY COY'S SISTER JUST LOOKS
SMUG. HADN'T SHE HEARD HIM TAPPING ON
THE BATHROOM TILES ALL HER LIFE?
By James Carson**

"Makie" owes Molly and Dot a million bucks in gin rummy losses, reads he can't pay up 'cause he's always sending flowers to hostesses or being late! First watch he ever owned was M.S.'s Gruen Award.



JOHN PAYNE BOUGHT HIM BASE-

BALLS, GLORIA CALLED HIM "MIKE."

SO ALONG CAME KATHLEEN

—AND WHO WANTED A BOY, ANYWAY?

By Kaaren Pieck

■ Miss Julie Payne, now six, was quickly taken into the family secret. Devoted as she is to Gloria de Haven Payne, Miss Julie studies—and studied—everything her new mother did. She commented on the way Gloria wore her hair; she had favorite outfits from among Gloria's wardrobe.

Gloria knew that those bright eyes and that quick young mind would notice the gradual change in Gloria's figure as the months passed and the time drew near for the Paynes to start keeping vigil for the stork.

Gloria and John talked it over and decided that Julie must share their secret. Since Julie's favorite playmates are Bill Wellman's five children, the youngest of whom is two, the introductory buildup was easy. Gloria said one day, "How would you like to have a baby brother?"

"I'd rather have a baby sister," announced Julie without an instant's hesitation. "I like little girls much better." And she cited the attractions of the youngest Wellman child.

Having discovered that an addition to the family was a popular idea in Julie's mind, Gloria kept the subject unobtrusively alive until she could bring the announcement into a casual conversation. "You mean *we're* going to have a baby!" squealed Julie. "How wonderful." She disappeared at once, and afterward Mrs. Wellman called to say that Julie had announced triumphantly that "we" were thinking up names for a little sister.

"It might be a little boy," Gloria said to Julie as the sister-to-be was put to bed that night.

"If it is, they can just keep it at the hospital," ruled (*Continued on page 71*)

At six months of age, Kathleen Hope Payne isn't too well thatched, has sparkling saucer eyes, a merry gurgle—and a solid gold identification bracelet! Pop, who "sweated out" the period before her birth, is now in "Razor's Edge."



One of the sweetest surprises Gloria got in the hospital was Johnny's gift of 2 bed jackets—one satin and lace, the other velvet with jeweled buttons—"So you'll feel glamorous again, honey." That's daughter Julie Ann with hair posies

For the Love of "Mike"!

Not even to pop, who's the official slack switcher, is young Kathy a "Payne-in-the-neck." She'll never reach same fame as mom, though, whose birth was announced in first column Walter Winchell ever wrote.



The old man" is relaxing, ruins his eyes squinting at their sunny new beach lot. History Notes: One of J.'s ancestors signed Dec. of Independence, another wrote "Home, Sweet Home."



Ball of Fire

ROBINS SET THEIR WATCHES

BY CORNEL WILDE—THE GUY WHO'S

UP AT DAWN, WITH NARY

A DULL MOMENT TILL MIDNIGHT

By Nancy Winslow Squire

The Wildes got so enthused over a Beverly Hills home, they borrowed money for a down payment. Three days later, Pat received an inheritance from her grandfather's estate—enough to pay the debt twice over!



Wendy's just past 3, can count to 15, and thinks daddy (of "Centennial Summer") is "wunnerful." Tussles with Punch, the huge Wilde dog, are daily events, end in tie score!



The new house was built by Norma Talmadge, bought from George Jessel—and boasts a billiard room lined with oak and suede drapes! Only drawback is the dog haunting the swimming pool, forcing Cornel to follow bellowing "Watch out!"



... sports—including spear fishing—fascinate Cornel. He beats Pat at tennis, then comes running to her for sympathy when the callouses pile up.

■ The bidding for the baby buggy was getting red hot. Cornel Wilde versus the field at the auction—a lone male surrounded by a crowd of expectant mothers. He felt a little silly topping every bid as the mob of madonnas shot him dirty looks.

"Twelve dollars—am I bid thirteen?"

"Thirteen!" yelled Cornel.

"Thirteen-and-a-half!"

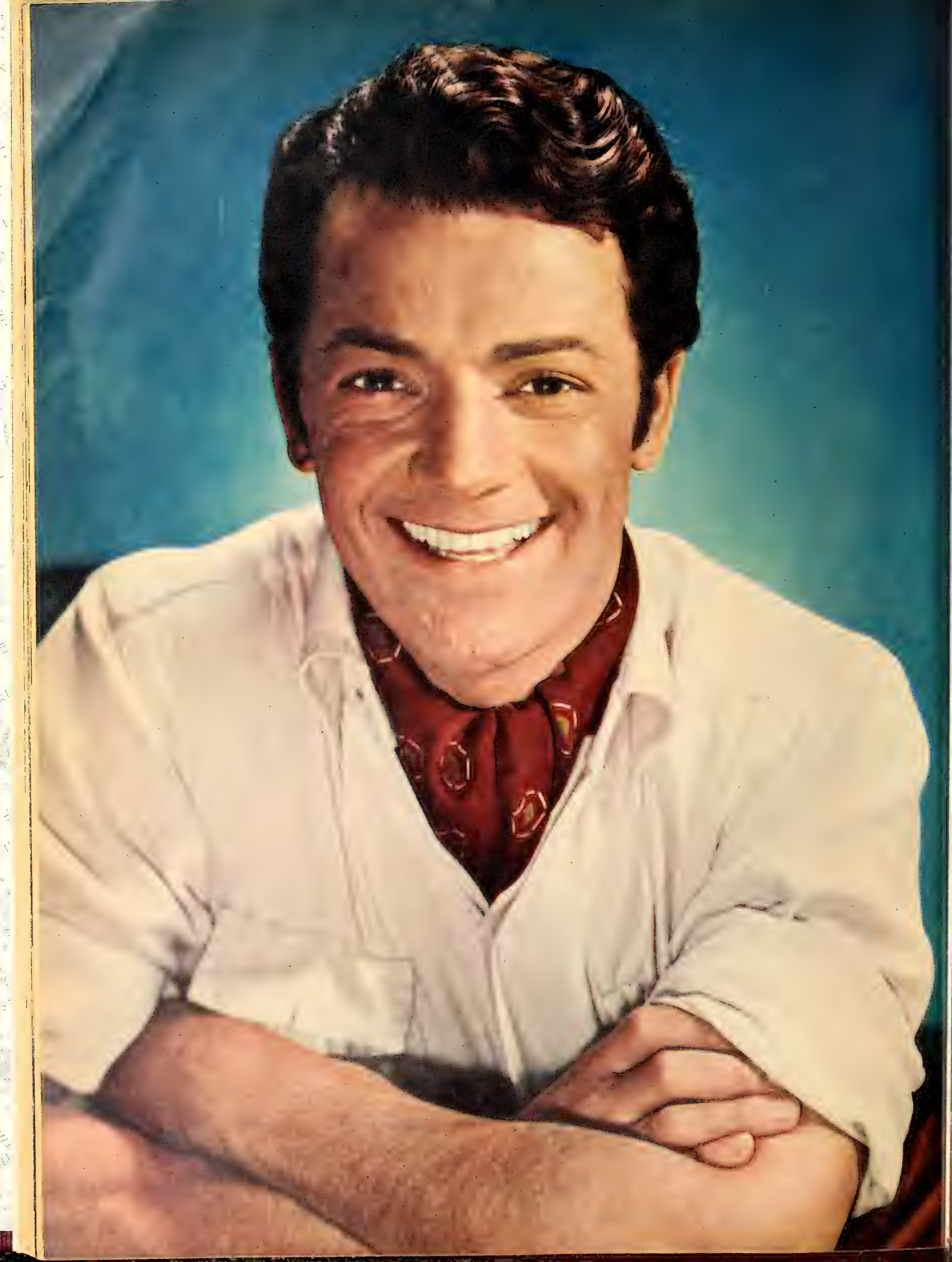
"Fourteen!" shouted Wilde.

It was during the war baby bonanza and perambulators were scarcer than nylons. This one was really a sorry crate—the wheels wobbled; the frame was twisted; the paint chipped off, and the sides caved in. But it had real pre-war springs and Cornel had to have it, because Pat's baby was due any day. He'd spotted the auction list in the Sunday paper and raced over.

"Twenty-five dollars—"

"Twenty-six!" boomed Cornel.

"Sold to the gent for twenty-six dollars!"



Ball of fire

The auctioneer banged his hammer down.

As Cornel grabbed his prize and wheeled it, squeaking, out of the place he heard an angry murmur. One outraged gal frantically grabbed at his coat.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she barked. "Outbidding everybody! I *need* that buggy," she cried tearfully. "I'm going to have a *baby*!"

Cornel gave her a frantic look over his shoulder. "But lady," he protested, "*so am I!*"

Cornel Wilde wasn't trying to be funny, and he certainly wasn't counting on being the first masculine mother in history. It was just that he always thinks of himself as somebody else and of somebody else as himself, too. The somebody else, naturally, is his pretty wife, Patricia Knight.

They've been a team ever since Cornel saw Pat walking up Broadway and risked getting his face slapped to court her without an introduction. Right from the day they met, Cornel knew for keeps that Pat was made for a guy like him, and vice versa. That day of the auction two Broadway stage parts he'd been banking on didn't come through. That day he'd gotten fired from his stage managing job on "Having Wonderful Time" because, he admits—he was a terrible stage manager. He had to see that some girls' camp bloomers were hung on a clothesline when the curtain went up, and he forgot about it once too often. He went home to his bride, Pat, and told her the sad news. He was deep in the dumps. The money between the newlywed Wildes and mutual starvation was exactly thirty-eight bucks.

The tall girl he'd married got a twinkle in her eyes as he sang her the blues, and what she said was, "I know what—let's step out for dinner!"

How she thought of that startled Cornel Wilde. That's the kind of crazy thing *he'd* do, if he didn't have a wife to think about. But the wife was doing that kind of thinking, too.

"The ritziest, snootiest restaurant in town," proceeded Pat. "We'll dress. We'll have wine. We'll shoot the works. We'll feel better. Then we'll have some luck." (Continued on page 77)

Mrs. W. carries on the "Let's rib Cornel" tradition, howls every time her hubby's stand-in, a Greek, murmurs, "Good morning, Mr. *Hormel*." "Once a ham, always a ham," she shrieks.



Even though Pat's signed up for pictures and Cornel's films are lined up for a year in advance, they insist there'll be no governess for Wendy—"She needs parents more than we need careers!"



... CUTEST PER-SON-AL-I-TY!

... FROM THE SONG OF
THE SAME NAME, WE GIVE YOU ROSS HUNTER,
WHO FLEW FROM CAMPUS TO CAMERA
WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE.

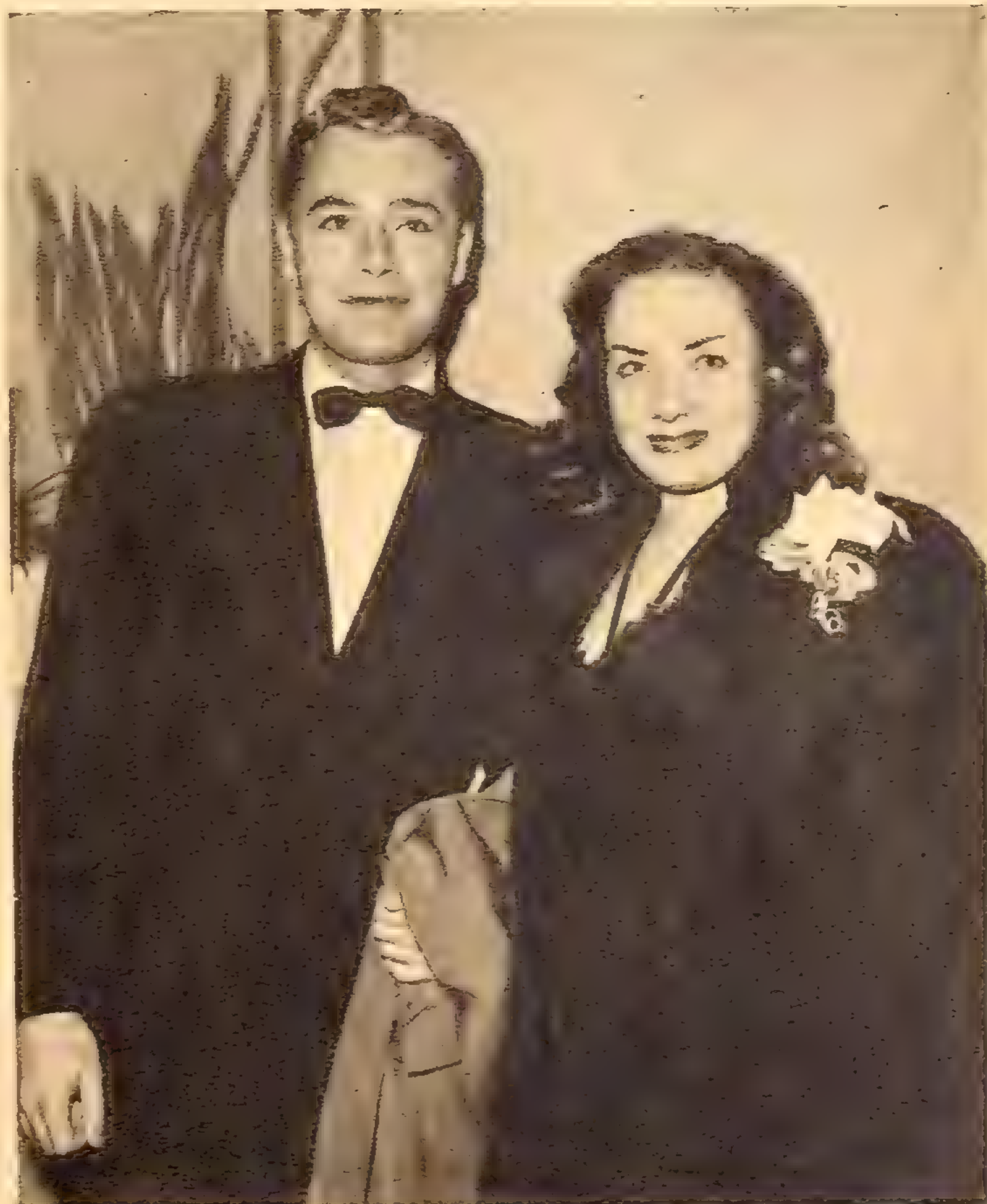
By George Benjamin



Gals make with the phone calls for Ross, who used to be a teacher! Hobby is speech correction. He once helped a stutterer friend overcome defect; pal brought around others, and soon Ross had a speech clinic!

■ The other day, Ross Hunter, a notoriously vague auto driver, whirled his battered car around in the middle of the Sunset Strip, which wasn't a regulation traffic maneuver at all. Then bam! right in his middle smacked a car, crumpling its fenders into accordion pleats. The driver jumped out hopping mad, swearing at Ross and shaking his fists. But in a couple of minutes he was practically apologizing and, arm in arm, the opponents walked through the crowd over to the Cock and Bull for a cup of coffee. "That's the best way I know," Ross was chuckling, "to get a seat at the Cock and Bull!"

It's very hard for anyone to get mad at a charmer like this tall, curly-haired newcomer. In fact, no one's ever met an enemy of his yet, which is (*Continued on page 124*)



A serious drama student, Ross attends preems with Audrey Totter, teaches play production at Pasadena College. His fans like to send mash notes, will like new pic, "Out Of The Depths."



◀ "The vocabulary's good, but the plot's weak," murmurs June. Dick, watch in hand, vowed J.'d read Encyclopedia Britannica a half hour nightly after she coaxed him into buying set.



▲ Junie was thrilled with pansies that bloomed in her garden, afraid to pick 'em till assured they'd grow even better. She floats 'em in silver dishes, keeps talking about "their faces."

"My Hobby is You"



"The Secret Heart" is Junie's next, but there's no secret about her feeling for Dick. She dotes on him, dutifully sews his buttons on while biting her tongue, follows him around the house like a lonely puppy.



Dick (in "The Brick Foxhole"), has to help June wind huge clock. It's made of brass shield with crossed lances on back, hangs over rugged flagstone fireplace. They agree it's their favorite—and heaviest—piece.

*Boats gave Dick headaches,
planes gave June shivers. "But
we oughtta have a hobby," in-
sisted Dick . . .* by *Ira Zeitlin*

June hates to sign checks. Dick sat her down and stuck the pen into her fist. "When I come back, I want your little John Henry on every one—"

When he came back, they were signed. At sight of the last one, his face crinkled all up—you know Dick's grin. On a blank check, over the signature WIFE, she'd written: "I love you—"

This was hardly news. June uses it as a kind of refrain to living. Her whole heart goes into everything she does, so when love came along, you can imagine. But there's more to it than that. Until a few years ago, life had trained her the hard way. So she doesn't take happiness for granted. It's a miracle, delivered fresh every day, and when June says "I love you," that's a little prayer of thanksgiving.

She says it in various ways, mostly original. On her dressing table, for instance, stand two kingsize photos of Dick, one in full color, the other a black and white. She'll pick one up, gaze at it fondly and croon: "Bless his little pointed head—"

After listening to that a couple of dozen times, Arleen revolted. Arleen's her secretary. "His head isn't pointed," said Arleen.

"I know it isn't—" the voice fairly ached with tenderness—"but bless his little pointed head anyway—"

Or a girl friend calls her. Pretty soon June'll be asking: "Don't you want to talk to Husband?" (For a while that's how she always referred to him, as if his name were Husband Powell.) Then: "Hus-band! Dorothy wants to talk to you—" Dick has nothing to say to Dorothy, nor she to him. When they get through saying it, he turns to read his wife the riot act, but something (Continued on page 73)

LOVELLA PARSONS'

Good news

Ray Milland still gets kidded about drunkard role that won him an Oscar. Wife Mal, with him at Bob Hope's party, served him harmless bottle of Pepsil



JIMMY STEWART AND CARY GRANT PLAY HOST;

ANNE BAXTER IS WEARING JOHN HODIAK'S

RING; CROSBY SOLOS FOR MRS. PAT O'BRIEN!

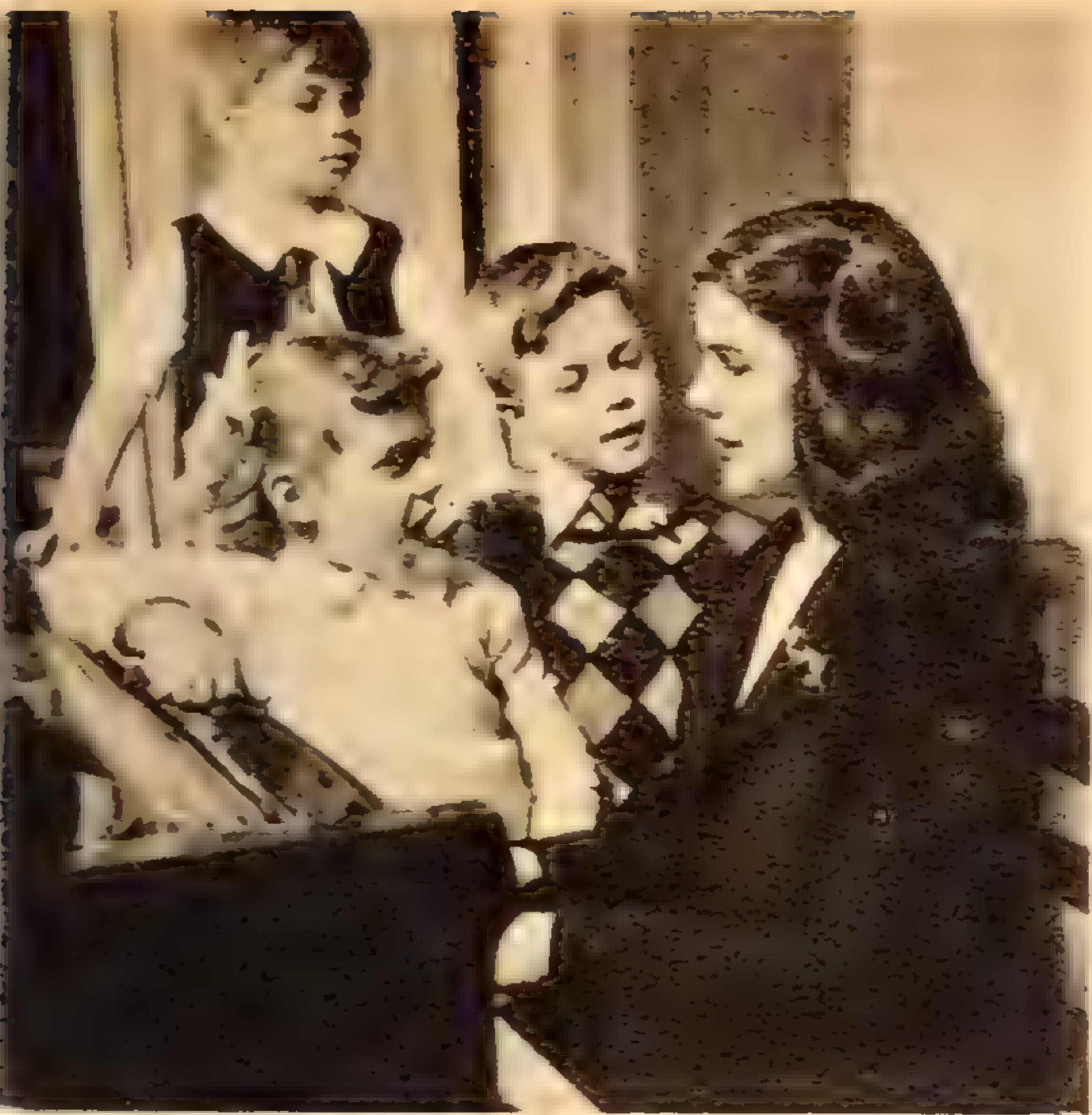
■ The first prediction I had on my radio show was that Anne Baxter and John Hodiak would be married long before they got around to formally announcing the news through her family. I happen to know that a certain jeweler had a beautiful engagement ring and wedding ring made up. But before John could give it to her, they had a lovers' quarrel. I remember talking to Anne at the time, and she told me that she was disturbed by the gossip. People were saying that she and John wouldn't marry because her family objected to him because he wasn't upper crust. Whatever that means. Well, John's a wonderful boy and devoted to his foreign born parents and brothers and sisters whom he brought over here to live in this country. That's upper crust enough for anybody. And Anne said the same thing to me. But there's no getting away from the fact that there was a strain between them for several months, and they didn't see each other. John was perfectly miserable. Not once did he step out with another girl, even though Anne had some other dates now and then. He was terribly in love with her all that time and made no secret of it. Well, you know the happy ending to the story. They'll probably be married by the time you read this. And if you ask me, I think they are a swell team. P.S. Yes, John kept that same engagement ring to put on Anne's finger when the announcement was made, (Continued on page 66)



At the auction held toward afternoon's end, Joan Leslie won prettily wrapped feminine doo-dads. Bob says the horse (there for the laughs) is the one that comes in *after* Crosby's nags!



Bob Hope's Charity Garden Fair was a huge success, brought in many shekels for children of war-torn Europe. Pat O'Brien sold posies to Irene Dunne, Freddy Martin's orchestra played, and *everybody* devoured buffet supper.



Mary Margaret Topping to wed Navy Lieutenant

Daughter of the Hudson Robert Toppings of Peoria, Illinois, engaged to Lt. (j.g.) Edgar A. De Yoe, Jr., U.S.N.R., of Ramsey, New Jersey. Mary is a senior at Connecticut College and met her fiancé when he was a Cadet at the Naval Training Station in New London.



Her ring—a dew-clear diamond in a perfectly plain white-gold setting

At college Mary has been majoring in music. During vacations she gives time to teaching piano to youngsters in a foster home. People who play and sing are always needed. Can't you give away some of your music as Mary does?

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Another engaged girl with a Pond's-ared-for complexion, Mary says, "Pond's Cold Cream makes face care so easy. I just love the way it helps to keep my skin in good condition—clean, soft and smooth." And *this* is how she uses it.

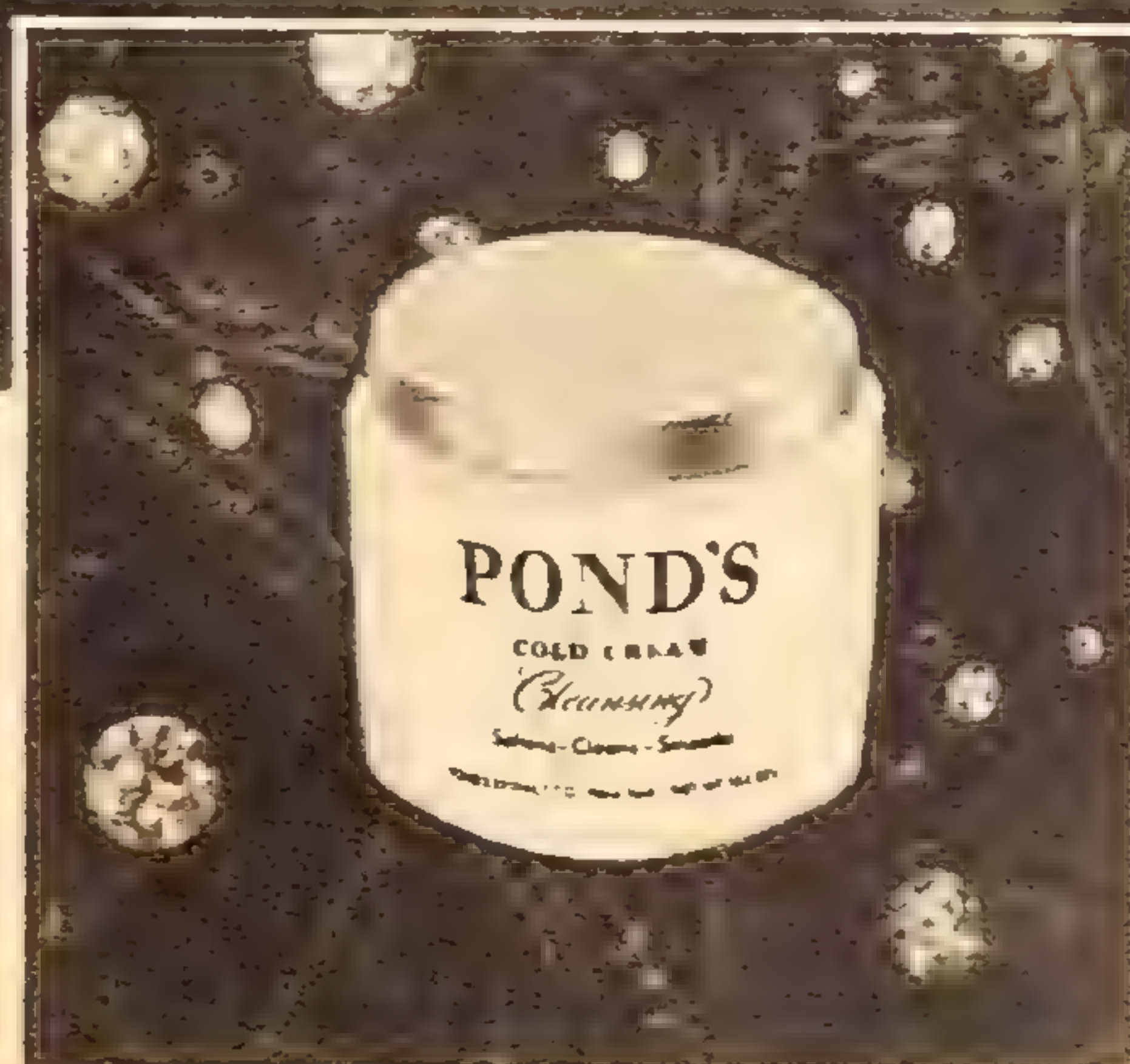
She smooths the silky-soft cream over face and throat, pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She rinses with more of her luscious feeling Pond's—slipping her white-tipped fingers over her face in quick little circles. Tissues again. "It's a *plus* creaming that makes my face *extra clean and soft*," she says.

Copy Mary Topping's cream-rinse way of using Pond's Cold Cream—every morning, every night *regularly*! Use your Pond's for daytime clean-ups, too! You'll see why it's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a *big jar*, so curious to dip into!



Mary Topping—her deep-shoulder dress is wonderful against her smooth-as-cream skin.



A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton
H. H. Princess Priscilla Bibesco Mrs. Alexander W. Biddle

Ask for a big luxury jar of Pond's today!



ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING...

■ It was a double-barreled explosion of awards this time, an explosion right in the July 4th tradition. It happened this way: High on the list for Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN silver plaques were Frank Sinatra and Jack Benny, but radio summer schedules being what they are, ol' man Sullivan found himself on the horns of a dilemma. The bigger radio shows, about this time of year, take an air vacation, and the stars go into their bank vaults to determine what, if anything, has been left to them by the income tax men.

Not being able to choose between the two contenders, I cut into the Frank Sinatra program from New York, reached out across a gap of 3,000 miles and handed him an Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN plaque—and a few weeks later, went on Jack Benny's May 26th broadcast, his last of the winter series, and handed him a similar handsome trophy.

For me, this was a particularly pleasant double-header of awards. Sinatra is one of my favorite characters, a fine, likeable person. Early in his career as a headliner, when others were rapping him, I drifted to his corner because behind the scenes on Broadway, he already was exhibiting the generosity of impulse that later impressed the country. That

early judgment never has been changed. When he was struggling to win a name for himself, he was a splendid boy. Since getting into the \$1,000,000-a-year bracket, he is still a splendid person—warm, human, compassionate.

Last winter, the businessmen of Richmond, Virginia, came to me in some distress. They desperately needed a War Bond show to put their E-bond drive over the top, but there were complications. Because of the restrictions on train space, and because of their unwillingness to shove a lot of soldiers off trains, the men of Richmond needed some peculiar and unique attraction that could attract \$1,000,000 in E-Bonds.

"What about Frank Sinatra?" I asked them. They looked at me as though I'd gone completely daft. "Certainly, but who can get Sinatra to come to Virginia? He's playing in vaudeville, he's appearing simultaneously at the Waldorf-Astoria, he's doing his radio shows, he's spearheading rallies for the kids of America—he's not going to come to Richmond." They looked even glummer, and some of them cast reproachful eyes at me for having raised their hopes, only to dash them more (Continued on page 122)



Ed almost split the MODERN SCREEN Radio Award in half, but instead gave separate plaques to F. Sinatra, singer, and J. Benny, comic and part-time violinist. (At "Truth And Consequences" broadcast.)

ORANGE BLOSSOM BLONDE — *by James Bingham*



Famous artist, James Bingham, portrays vibrant

blonde skin color which can be yours with original*

"Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

Bulletin for blondes: Dust some drama on your skin with Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in the new "Flower-fresh" shade of Natural. Such angelic radiance! Super-smooth, too. It gives your skin a satiny surface that masks tiny blemishes. Its freshly-put-on look stays for hours and hours. There are other "Flower-fresh" shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder for all skin types from a sultry brunette to a siren red-head.

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural*, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

CASHMERE BOUQUET *face powder*

YOUR BEAUTY EDITOR

ENGAGES IN CHIT-CHAT WITH PRETTY

JOAN CAULFIELD, AND

THE RESULT IS AN ARTICLE FULL OF

BEAUTY HINTS TO HELP

YOU IN THE JOB OF GLAMORIZING

YOUR LEGS FOR SUMMER

By Carol Carter

SUMMER LEG SHOW



■ Casting for Carol Carter's "Summer Leg Show of '46," I hereby nominate Joan Caulfield as star! Incidentally, even Paramount agrees with me that the lass has talent . . . they're featuring her in "Monsieur Beaucaire" with Bob (who-knows-a-handsome-leg-when-he-sees-one) Hope. Joan very prettily let the MODERN SCREEN camera catch her in the process of smoothing on leg makeup and very helpfully gave me some hints on leg-art about which I will Tell All.

But first I shall be stern with you. Not a word about that fascinating leg makeup until it is thoroughly understood that legs *must* be smooth and fuzz-free. You might try an improved, new odorless hair-removing cream that's as pleasant and easy to use as your

favorite cold cream. The whole process takes a matter of only six to eight minutes and the cream washes off easily. Too, a particular love of mine is a hair-removing "glove" which very happily leaves the ends of the hair frayed and soft to the touch, instead of bristly as does that demon razor. Friction does the job, so be careful not to move the abrasive gadget up and down. Instead, just wipe gently with an alternating circular motion . . . oh, say, three times to the right and then, without lifting the glove, three times to the left. Repeat this circular motion until your legs are as hair-free and smooth as a gardenia petal.

Chances are that your legs are also pale as a gardenia petal, and here's where Joan (*Continued on page 113*)

Man meets his match!

Revlon's new color

NAIL ENAMEL • LIPSTICK • FACE POWDER

"Bachelors' Carnation"

a capricious carmine with a tender passion!

"BACHELOR'S CARNATION" SANDALS BY BERNARD RUDOLFSKY — SOLD AT NEIMAN-MARCUS — PHOTO BY PLUCER



because you see, he's a boy who never really gave up hope.

* * *
Alan Ladd and Sue Carol have suspected for some time that their three-year-old, Alana, is a ham at heart.

The other day she cinched the suspicion.

Sue and the baby were driving into Hollywood in Sue's car when they suddenly heard that sound of sounds to a motorist—a cop's siren. Motioning them over to the side of the road, he started making out a ticket for not pausing long enough at a boulevard stop.

The moment seemed dramatic and unusually interesting to Alana.

"Oh, mother," she gurgled, "don't you wish we could have our pictures made this way?"

* * *
Tony Martin, who used to be Rita Hayworth's big moment before Jimmy Stewart became her big moment, nods coolly when their paths cross in night clubs.

* * *
I have never seen so many pretty summer prints and so many gay colors as our movie stars wear to the parties these days—and what a lot of parties!

I've gone to many festive affairs during the years I've lived in Hollywood, but it remained for four bachelors to outdo all our Hollywood hostesses.

Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant, Eddy Duchin, famed orchestra leader, and Johnny McClain, well known writer, decided they should repay some of the Hollywood hostesses who have been entertaining them for so long. They took over the long closed Clover Club, re-opened it—and then their troubles began. They had to have the lights and gas turned on, and the telephone connected for just one night's service—and that took a lot of fast talking in these times.

But, undaunted, the "Cads," as they called themselves, went ahead with their decorations—festooning the walls with gardenias and ferns, seeing that each table had a centerpiece of roses and sweetpeas, arranging with Mike Romanoff, the Prince of food, to conjure up the wonderful supper served continuously from 8:30 p.m.—until breakfast started the following morning at 8:30 a.m.!

The invitations read, "Black tie for the men—gowns cut as low as possible for the ladies"—and s'help me, several belles took them at their words! Whoops!

Ingrid Bergman looked covered up by comparison—and she came with her husband and Signe Hasso. There was a little private story going that only Ingrid and I knew about—and I'm telling you here for the first time.

We have the same masseuse, Hilda, a marvelous person—and Hilda had told us both that she would give anything in the world to see that party. So imagine our surprise to go into the ladies' room and find Hilda in charge of checking the ladies' coats and wraps! Anita Loos, another customer of hers, had arranged with Eddy Duchin for her to handle the coat checks that night!

Gagster-musician Spike Jones knocked himself out at his Trocadero opening, was comforted by Dorothy Lamour and Lois Andrews. Dot's husband, Maj. William Howard, now out of the Army, took family to Baltimore for their daughter's christening.



"Champion" and his master, Gene Autry, take a bow in the indoor arena of Gene's 300-acre Melody Ranch. Since Gene's out of the Air Force, there's no saddling the cowboy, who bought a twin-engine plane to fly between N. Y. and Hollywood.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

Racing fans, here're the Rooneys at the track! Mickey sent wife Betty a song called "Peek-a-boo" when their baby was born, later took 'em both on a delayed honeymoon.



Loretta Young dined at Stork Club with husband Tom Lewis, but they're usually stay-at-homes. Daughter Judy, ten, had birthday luncheon at mom's studio, with Orson Welles as head waiter!



Maria Christina Aumont stared at the press, let mom Maria Montez do all the talking. So Mom bragged about the new leopard coat husband Pierre's giving her!



Bob Montgomery's bought a Naval film of the war's submarine action, hired two Navy writers to do a script on it, plans to give profits from pic to Navy Relief Fund. (At art gallery with wife.)

When Ingrid saw Hilda, she burst out laughing at her countrywoman in maid's uniform. "Come on," said Ingrid, "have a glass of champagne." So Hilda sat with Dr. and Mrs. Peter Lindstrom and drank their health.

Many stars who are seldom seen in public accepted the coveted invitation. Charles Chaplin and Qona (her baby was only a month old) sat in a secluded corner with the Vincent Astors, the Sam Goldwyns, Annabella and Ty Power.

Virginia Cherrill, the Countess of Jersey to us commoners, who was Mrs. Cary Grant No. 1, arrived the very day of the party. Everyone expected Cary to devote himself to her—but it was Betty Hensel, pretty blonde non-professional, who held his attention.

Gary Cooper was there, of course, and his wife, Rocky, looked like a dream. So did Rita Hayworth in a strapless dress that was almost frontless.

The last to go home at eight a.m. were Bing Crosby and Pat O'Brien. Eloise, Pat's wife, couldn't come to the party because of the expected baby—and when Pat saw what time it was, he insisted that Bing come home with him.

"To sing a song to Eloise," begged Pat. "That's the only thing that will soothe her. I promised I'd be home early."

"You will be," flipped Bing, "it's eight a.m."

Will Kathryn Grayson, the M-G-M thrush, marry singing Johnny Johnston when her divorce is final?

Looks like it now, but you never can tell what will happen in a year.

Johnny, who gets his divorce soon, tells me he thinks Kathryn is the most wonderful girl he has ever known, but if all the publicity they have been getting hurts her, he's willing to step out of the picture.

He was referring to the fight he had with her brother—a silly fracas that seemed to be centered in the brother's resentment of Johnny trying to help Kathryn move.

The little Grayson girl has had many bad breaks about family "rows." She and her husband, John Skelton, were always in the news, fighting and making up.

But I admire Johnny Johnston for what he said. A gentleman couldn't say more.

The real human interest story of the month concerns Susan Peters, her husband, Richard Quine—and that little 10-day-old baby boy they have adopted.

When Susan was injured a year ago by an accidental bullet wound that hit her spine and partially paralyzed her, her greatest grief was that she could never hope to have a baby of her own. When I talked to her at the time, it was the only thing about her tragic accident that brought tears to her eyes. She was wonderful and courageous about everything else.

But six months ago, very quietly—without telling even their most intimate friends—Dick and Susan made arrangements to adopt a baby at birth! One day last week, the little stranger, just 10 days old, plained in from "somewhere down South."

Of course, the reporters flocked to Susan's home to get a story. And if you ask me—
68 what she said to them was terribly sweet

in its utter simplicity:

"All I know about this baby is that I love him—and that he was born for me to love"—and even those hardboiled guys from the newspapers had to turn their heads away.

The Jack Bennys give the most wonderful parties. You see just about everybody when Jack and Mary send out "bids."

Not long ago they hosted one of the best of the season and I saw some people I haven't seen for a long time. For instance, Barbara Stanwyck, who hasn't gone any place all winter, came with Bob Taylor, who didn't leave her side. Barbara has been suffering with an ear complaint and just hasn't felt up to social affairs.

Joan Bennett surprised the natives by appearing in spectacles set with diamonds. On her, they looked good.

Sylvia Fairbanks Stanley was greeting old friends again before returning to London to arrange a divorce from Lord Stanley. Merle Oberon was there with her cameraman husband, Lucien Ballard, and Ann Sothorn and Robert Sterling seemed more in love than ever following the lovers' quarrel that parted them for a week. Bebe Daniels, still the darling of the whole town, and Gracie Allen and George Burns, were among those who danced the night away.

At 2:00 a.m., Mary said goodnight to her guests and went to bed. She had a radio show to do next day, but Jack stayed up until five, when the last guests said *au revoir*.

I suppose it's no news to you to hear that I have been in the hospital taking a much needed rest.

But with the usual Parsons luck—who do you think was in the hospital at the same time? Van Johnson, kiddies—and Van had the room directly under mine on the seventh floor.

Van had undergone an operation—and I was supposed to be taking it very quiet. At first we just wrote notes and talked over the

MODERN SCREEN



"Are you there? This is the Van Egan residence and the Jean Pierre Aumont Fan Club, Inc.!"

hospital house phone. "Can you sleep at night, Louella?" Van asked me during one of these chats. "No," I told him. "Neither can I," he said, "so let's talk on the phone all night." It was all right by me—but the nurses thought differently.

Anyway, one evening Van came a-collin' in his best silk pajamas. He looked well, a little thinner, but he didn't mind that. "You used to say I was getting too fat," he kidded me.

We talked for a little while, when I suddenly noticed he was getting very pale. It was the first time he had been up since his operation and he was plenty wobbly. Fact is, he almost fainted.

"Bet that's the first time you ever swooned in the presence of a woman," I laughed, when he finally came around. "It's usually just the other way."

Also, I want to say that while I have been in the hospital, I have enjoyed more than ever all the letters I have received from MODERN SCREEN readers. I have read every one of them myself this month (with nary a secretary putting a hand on them).

I notice that a great many of you say that you would like to hear about the stars' homes in more detail, along with news about the Hollywood parties. Sooooo—I want to tell you something about one of the most charming homes I have seen recently.

The former screen actress, Marian Nixon, and her director-husband, Bill Seiter, have a perfect dream home in the Valley where they live with their three children.

Just recently they invited a few old friends out to see the place—and believe me, the town is still talking. I know it seems funny to start talking about a bathroom first—but Marian's is a dream. Personally, I don't see why she doesn't spend her whole time there.

The bathroom is the size of an ordinary bedroom, and at first glance you barely notice the tub, which is set in an alcove. The entire floor is carpeted in soft, light woolly carpeting that never shows the slightest trace of a wet foot. In the center of the room is a low glass table, large and circular, which holds beautiful bottles of bath salts, dusting powder and colognes.

But the cutest touch of all is a small divan, vivid red, covered in a waterproof material, and on the walls are beautiful waterproofed prints in all the gay colors. It is all so comfortable and wonderful and "just right"—not at all like one of those super De Mille bathrooms, even with all its luxury.

The living room is enormous—done in several shades of green with touches of white and gay Chinese-red lamps. And the fireplace and beams—if you please—are made of that same beautiful wood as the finest pipes for men.

Yes, even the "barn" is something to see, with the old oak tack room serving as a "stag" bar. You can imagine what this is like—set in ten acres of orange and lemon trees! And, oh, yes—Marian is very quick to say that William Haines can take all the bows on the decorating.

Maybe you remember that I predicted on my radio show not long ago that Lana Turner was practically a cinch to marry again this year. She's the marrying type—and she darn near

up and did it again—this time the gent being a handsome radio executive named Charles P. (for "Pete") Jaeger.

She certainly had the town winging when she planed back to New York with Jaeger after he had planed to Hollywood to spend exactly twenty-four hours with Lana.

But at this writing—they have not yet said "I do."

Lana continues to puzzle me—and everyone else, I guess. When she first landed in New York she was constantly in the company of her rumored fiancé. But, one night, she made an unscheduled appearance with her former boy friend, Bob Hutton.

Since he is supposed to be practically engaged to June Haver, that started the guesses all over again. You figure this all out.

There was something a little unhappy about that interview Vic Mature gave out not so long ago. The Hunk o' Man said that he had not been invited to a Hollywood party—or even

to dinner at anyone's home—since he got out of the service.

"I don't think it's a slight," mused Vic, "it's just that while the war was on, the older crowd and the younger crowd sort of set up their own circles—and they don't happen to think of outsiders now." What do you mean, "outsiders," Vic? No man who has served his country should be forgotten—and doggone it, I'm going to see that you are invited to a party, if I have to give one myself as soon as I'm well again.

Vignette On Joe Cotten: He likes to dine in night clubs and "watch the people"—but he won't dance. . . . He likes "upswept" hairdos on women whether they're still in style or not because they're "neat." . . . He can't stand pigtailed, or little girl fashions on grown women. . . . He likes his bedroom ice cold—and the rest of the house warm. Even in the summertime he likes an open fire at night. . . . He hates people who evade an answer, preferring a

definite "Yes" or "No." . . . While he can't stand loud, sporty jackets or ties on men, he likes pale yellow driving gloves himself. . . . His favorite "foreign" food is chop suey, and you can have Russian dishes. . . . He can't stand too much jewelry on women and thinks one beautiful ring, or clip or necklace is enough to be worn at one time. . . . He isn't a gladder, but his intimate friends adore him, and once he is your friend he's that for life. He's a great guy and I'm for him.

Judy Garland hasn't come along as well as expected since the birth of her baby and so she has gone back into the hospital. The doctors think a wisdom tooth is what has been holding Judy back—so she went in for this surgical dentistry.

Even if she is all grown up, and married, and a mother—Judy is still so young she still has these "juvenile" ailments—it was just a few years ago she was little more than a baby herself.

FULL HOUSE—FULL HEART

(Continued from page 41)

their ages, so Mimi—at age one—doesn't get the message that order is to be preserved, regardless of pains.

The two girls, supervised by Paul who was sunbathing, were out in the play yard one morning. Mimi was restrained by her play pen, but Monica—being a responsible citizen—was loping about, swinging and amusing herself. Whenever Mimi tossed a toy outside the play pen, Monica—her forehead slightly disturbed by a pained expression—would hurry over and restore the toy to its proper place beside Mimi.

not my sis! . . .

Wham! A few moments later another toy would sail over the fence. Again Monica would return it. Stuffed animals, dolls, and plastic dishes engaged in thirty minutes of hedge-hopping before Monica's patience was utterly exhausted. Lifting the fabric elephant from the grass, she brought it down forcibly on Mimi's surprised head.

Promptly, Paul took action. He gave Monica solemn orders NEVER to hit her little sister with anything—not even a feather. Then he went into an explanation of the difference in human beings. Some people, like herself, he said, were born tidy. It was easy for them to keep order. But others, like Mimi, were light-hearted and careless.

Before Mimi was introduced into the family, Paul and Lisl did their best to prepare Monica for the newcomer. They asked in their most ingratiating tones, "Wouldn't you love to have a little sister to play with?"

Monica said dreamily, "Ja."

But the first time she looked at Mimi, Monica shook her head.

"This is your pretty new sister," explained Paul. "She is ALL yours. She is a present we bought for you."

"No," said Monica. "Not for me."

No amount of persuasion could induce Monica to take a proprietary interest.

Mimi was about four months old and had just reached the gurgling stage when Paul was playing with her in the nursery one morning. He tossed her into the air and she squealed with delight. He pinched her toes and recited nursery rhymes,

As Paul turned to leave, Miss Monica stalked over and slapped Mimi.

The inclination of a parent less wise than Paul would be to punish so naughty a child, but Paul understood his elder daughter. Here was a small human being in serious trouble, he knew. He had been partly to blame for devoting himself entirely to Mimi without including Monica—however indirectly—in the fun; he had not been helping Monica adjust to sharing his attention with the baby.

Paul simply looked at Monica for several moments until she got the point. But he said nothing. After that, he and Lisl were careful to include Monica in every romp with Mimi.

Monica is likely to be the great beauty of the family, and she already has a well-developed love affair with Fred MacMurray's two-and-a-half-year-old son, who is tall and big for his age, and a bit of a wolf.

Monica and Mimi have supplied two new subjects for Paul's prime hobby: Photography. Visitors to the Henreid home are, if they evince the slightest interest, plied with dozens of albums of still pictures. Paul has owned a superb Rolleiflex for many, many years. When he and Lisl went on their honeymoon, motoring from Vienna to the tip of the Italian boot, and back through Switzerland, they photographed each of the thousands of beautiful spots. Many of the pictures, because they depict buildings and panoramas now destroyed, are priceless.

Monica was a bundle of less than ten pounds when she sat for her first portrait, and Paul has made frequent pictures of her ever since. Mimi's book isn't quite as large yet, but only because Monica has a two-year head start.

Success sits well on Paul's wide shoulders. The presence of the two children in the home is a direct result of that success. Lisl and Paul had always wanted youngsters as soon as they were able to give them proper care and advantages. And the house in which the Henreids live is a fruit of Paul's success. The grounds occupy an acre, and in addition to the play yard, the grass court and the motor court, there is a pool.

The house is charming. Paul and Lisl managed to bring some of their oil paintings to this country, and these are arranged in the pleasant, congenial living

room. Focal point in this room is the fireplace, before which is a gigantic oval coffee table, and surrounding three sides of the coffee table are deep chairs and lounges.

On every coffee table on the lower floor of the house, sits an invention of Lisl's that bespeaks her concern for her guests' comfort. On a huge pewter tray she has set a large rock, and around the rock are clustered hundreds of matches. No guest at the Henreids ever fumbles for a light.

In the rumpus room, which is upholstered in red leather, Paul has his collection of autographed pictures. He has a photograph of every leading woman with whom he has appeared and delights in showing them to guests. "I'm a fan of actresses," he says. There is a huge picture of Bette Davis, who is a great Henreid favorite; and a photograph of Greer Garson (taken years ago) that is a prize!

fan grumbles . . .

These rooms always have flowers artistically arranged in tall vases. In the early spring, the living room was aglow with great clusters of calla lilies which Paul had raised. Someone said, "You must give them plenty of vitamins—just look at the way those leaves shine!"

Said Paul with a straight face, "Not vitamins, believe me. I varnish all my leaves, then wax them—nothing but the best in horticulture for me."

Paul's secretary has an office in the Henreid home, where she and Paul attend to his fan mail, a duty that he takes seriously.

A fan wrote recently saying, "After seeing you in 'The Spanish Main,' I could scarcely wait to see you in 'Devotion.' Well, I almost needed a microscope to find you, and when I could catch a glimpse of you—what were you doing! Just looking glum, that's what. I didn't like that part for you at all, although you did the best you could with it, I know."

About "Devotion," Paul says, "It is not a good picture for me, of course but how did you like the really beautiful performances of Lupino and de Havilland? Aren't they superb actresses?"

Which is the kind of gallant talk you'd expect from him. A man the ladies can't do without. Especially those three darling ladies in the lovely Brentwood house—the full house!



Helen Neushaefer at her home on Parsonage Point, Rye, N. Y.

by

Helen Neushaefer

Color authority...
stylist

...Postwar's loveliest color collection for nail make-up

She has a heaven-born sense of color—and millions of women knew it—though they did not know *she* had created their loveliest nail polishes. Now, Helen Neushaefer, the originator of Creme nail polishes, presents her newest creations...her most dazzling...

and the first to bear her name. No other nail polish at any price will possess the postwar miracle Helen Neushaefer has created for hers...Plasteen*, the magic new ingredient that helps add extra days to the beauty of your nail make-up. To look your loveliest to your very fingertips—look for Helen Neushaefer's ravishing nail make-up colors in the "pyramid" bottle at cosmetic counters.



*PLASTEEN—Helen Neushaefer's own postwar ingredient to help shock-proof nails against chipping.

FOR THE LOVE OF "MIKE!"

(Continued from page 50)

Julie. "But it isn't going to be. We're going to have a baby, and it's going to be a little sister."

It occurred to Gloria that Julie might as well learn the medical term for an interesting condition, so she corrected gently, "Instead of saying that a lady is going to have a baby, it's better to say that she's pregnant. Can you say 'pregnant'?"

Julie could and did. It was a lovely word and she was properly proud of this addition to her vocabulary.

A few weeks later Gloria and Julie had been shopping for diapers and shirts in Beverly Hills, and stopped at the Beverly Derby for luncheon. As the popular spot was crowded, the Payne girls had to stand in line for a table. However, as the head waiter passed Julie, that resourceful young woman clamped onto an important corner of his coat. "Please, sir," she said, giving him her most social smile, "we're pregnant. Could we have a table soon?"

planning mite . . .

In addition to having a way with head waiters, Miss Julie is ingenious in other departments. She overcomes obstacles by an exercise of imagination. To wit: After having watched various grownup friends of Gloria's struggling with the problems of turning a heel in a pair of bootees, she decided that such knitting was too complicated. However, she was determined to build a pair of shoes for her new sister, so she hit upon a device. "I'm just going to knit two squares," she told Gloria. "That's easy. Then I'm going to stitch them together with ribbon. Because the yarn is soft, the baby's foot will make the square fit. There will be four corners sticking up, but I think that will be cute and—well—different!"

During recent months, Julie made a good many verbal plans. Since the youngest Wellman child was two years old, Julie seemed to be able to visualize best the time when her own sister would be two. She would say to Gloria, "When our baby is two, I'm going to teach her how to ride a tricycle." Or, "When my little sister is two, I'll teach her to say big words."

After all this buildup, Miss Julie's first reaction to the infant was sheer panic. "But she's so little!" she breathed. Luckily, since Julie has a tizzy every time the baby whimpers, the newcomer has a blithe and cheerful disposition and—aged six weeks—had already learned how to grin at anyone who leans over her crib.

One night, John and Julie were watching the nurse put Kathleen to bed. John leaned over and kissed the back of the baby's neck. Julie, advancing over invisible eggs, stopped a foot from the baby lying on the nurse's lap, then bent low enough to brush the baby's toes with a quick kiss.

During the months before Miss Kathleen arrived, both John and Gloria were convinced that the newcomer would be a boy. They planned to call him Michael, and in their cosy, private conversations never referred to him by any other name but "Mike."

During the first month of her pregnancy, Gloria prepared Mike's nursery. The walls were papered with a soft pink paper on which was lithographed a white menagerie of fluffy ducks and bunnies, separated in sections by festoons of printed blue ribbon. Ruffled criss-cross curtains were hung at the windows, and the white bassinet was prepared. That much accomplished, Gloria canvassed the town until she found a bassinet and an infant's wardrobe. She

bought diapers and all the rest of the paraphernalia demanded by junior citizens.

One night she said to John, "Well, thank goodness, we're all ready for Mike. His room is ready and his clothing is ready. Now I haven't a thing to worry about."

"Except—where is the nurse to sleep?" amended John.

They studied the blueprints of the house and they consulted architects, but a sad fact became inescapable. There was no way in which to add to the house's floor space without ruining its style.

"Besides," reminded John, "in time to come, when Mike has a little sister, we won't have enough room for her. We might as well face it now—we're going to have to find a larger house."

In house-starved California, that purchase was about as easy as drilling for oil in the Arctic Circle. Not until a month before Mike was due did they find a house in Santa Monica that was large enough for the expanding Payne platoon, complete with nurse. So Gloria and John spent the weeks just before Christmas (Mike was due on Christmas Day) packing things in boxes, bales and barrels, and unpacking in the new abode.

Gloria was not supposed to touch a thing, of course. Every time John caught her looking contemplatively at an ash tray, as if to move it, he would protest. "You sit down somewhere and read a book, Button."

Button would wander away, feeling simply marvelous and yearning to help. She did attend to some of the moving of her own clothing, but when John found out about that, he put a stop to it.

A week before Mike was due, and about four days after the Paynes were settled in the house they will inhabit until they can build on John's Malibu Beach property, Gloria came down with a heavy cold. John, frantic, nursed her night and day. He gave her alcohol rubs and fed her nourishing soups, and behaved in general like a desperately worried prospective father. He took her temperature every hour and held long conferences with the doctor.

The day after Christmas, Gloria looked at her husband critically. "I think I heard you sneez when you were out in the hallway," she managed to say.

"Absolutely not," said John, placing a forefinger against his upper lip as tears formed in his eyes. "I feel fine."

When the doctor arrived, he disagreed with Mr. Payne. "You've caught the same bug," he announced. "We'll take Mrs. Payne to the hospital. You hop into bed right now or you aren't going to be of much help when we really need you."

That is why Gloria was removed, on a stretcher, via ambulance to the hospital. As the bearers came down the stairway with their light passenger, Gloria begged them to stop in the hallway for a moment so that she could look at the Christmas tree. There it stood, vivid with lights, scintillant with tinsel, surrounded by unopened presents. Under her breath she said, "Well, Mike, you didn't get here for Christmas, 1945. But won't you be having fun with the tree in 1946!"

Because of her cold, Gloria couldn't be given some of the anesthetics recently developed. The anesthetic she was given put her under for some time; still she seemed, in a vague and cloudy way, to know some of the things that happened. As she was being wheeled down the corridor to her own room with John faithfully striding beside her, Gloria looked up at him through torrents of tears. "Mike is a girl!"

John wasn't certain whether she knew what she was saying or not. Glancing uncertainly at the nurse, he was given a reassuring nod. "Mike's a beautiful girl," he said. "I think she's going to be almost as pretty as you are."

Tears still trickling across her cheeks, Gloria asked, "Can I keep her?"

"I'd just like to see anybody try to take her away from us," said John, more vehemently than was necessary.

Later, the doctor said, "She didn't know what she was saying—a result of the anesthetic. Probably she doesn't really know that the baby is a girl yet. You mustn't let that question bother you. Incidentally, you'd better get home and into bed. You look shot."

So John, jubilant over his new daughter, went home and fell into a sleep that made Rip Van Winkle look like an amateur... with the difference that Rip had no telephone beside his bed to ring until a man couldn't see his own dreams.

"H-H-hullo . . ." answered John.

A light voice on the other side of the wire identified itself as the mother of John's new daughter. "I feel fine—wonderful," said Gloria. And she babbled on, not very coherently. At that time, Miss Payne was about three hours old, and Mrs. Payne was still partly under the spell of the ether. You can imagine the bewilderment of her husband, who would have dressed and gone to the hospital if it hadn't been that he was still taking the count from the Joe Louis of flu germs.

The next morning Gloria was blooming. "I've seen her," announced the ecstatic mother, "and she's wonderful. Her hair is black and . . . I'm afraid it's going to be straight like mine. But she has your chin, complete with cleft, which is a wonderful asset for a girl. I think her nose is like mine . . . and her eyes, darling, her eyes are like yours and like mine, because they're going to be hazel."

The nurse came in then with the birth certificate, wanting to know what the baby was to be named. Gloria and John exchanged quick glances. "For my mother?" asked John.

Gloria nodded warmly. It was that simple. "Her name then," said the debutante's father, "is Kathleen Hope Payne; weight—six pounds, ten ounces; disposition—perfect."

On the afternoon of the first day after Kathleen's birth, John brought Gloria two dozen magnificent long-stemmed roses and the second day, Gloria's room was so stacked with cut flowers, potted plants, ceramic cradles from which trailed sweet-heart roses, musical toys, and dozens of similar offerings, that it looked like a combination greenhouse and toy ship.

glamor for mom . . .

On the third day, when Gloria opened the package John had brought her, she found two of the filmiest handmade nighties ever to be constructed of chiffon, satin applique, and lace. Discussing this gift with a friend, Gloria said thoughtfully, "One of the most wonderful things about John is that he's so knowing. There aren't many men who would realize how desperately a new mother wants to appear glamorous for her husband. There aren't many men who realize what new things, especially extravagant new things, do for a girl when she feels that her hair needs to be washed, and she's tired of brushing her teeth over a little white bowl."

Gloria had been home only a few days

How to bring out the natural sparkling beauty of *your* hair like *Powers Models*



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when Dorothy Lamour had her baby. Although Gloria and Dorothy had never met, there exists a fraternity of new mothers. Impelled by the warm fellowship of motherhood, Gloria telephoned the hospital; she had no idea that she would be allowed to talk to Dottie, so she simply gave her name and said she'd like to leave a message. She was composing a verbal greeting, expecting the switchboard operator to make a note of it, when Dorothy herself came on the line.

The two girls had a wonderful time comparing notes about their hospital experiences. "Since our youngsters are so close together, one a boy and the other a girl, we'll have to foster a romance," laughed Dorothy.

"I'm in favor of it," Gloria said. "I'm the smart mother—I'm getting escorts lined up already. Won't we have fun, planning birthday parties for them?"

After the third week of Miss Kathy's life, she was fully in the care of her mom and dad whenever the nurse was away. John always got up to give the little lady her two o'clock feeding until that repast was discontinued.

"I don't see how you wake up so easily," Gloria told her husband in the depths of night as she watched him cuddling Kathy and giving her the bottle.

Grinned John, "I'm an old hand at this. I got my workout with Julie. Just think how useful I'm going to be with the rest of the family as they come along."

discovery . . .

It was early in March when John and Gloria began to plan their trip east. Although Gloria hadn't regained her strength yet, she knew that this spring was the only time she and John could get away together because of John's picture commitments, so she rested as much as she could, slept long hours, and saw very few people. She wanted to store up her vitality for the plane trip to New York.

Never having been in a plane in her life before, she was positive that she was going to be ill. "Of course you won't," said John. "I've never seen you much bothered by anything else—this won't even cause a ripple."

"Nevertheless . . ." said Gloria, as she boarded the plane, and she carried one of those celebrated little paper cartons along with her. She kept it tightly gripped in her two untrusting hands until they had passed Kansas City. Then she leaned back and relaxed. "Well . . . this is something like traveling!" she announced.

There was no snow in New York, and Gloria was very disappointed. Bitterly disappointed, the girl who had never made a snowball, nor a snowman, nor a butterfly in new-fallen flakes, became a sky watcher. Day after day the sun came out in a trickle of golden light, not exactly springlike yet, but not at all wintery, either.

And then, one morning in Virginia, Gloria was sleeping late when John shook her shoulder gently and whispered, "I hate to disturb you, Sleepyhead, but the sun is coming out and the surprise is going to be gone if I don't awaken you. Come on over to the window."

During the night a fluffy storm had coated every tree branch with glistening powder. Gloria went into ecstasies.

She was still congratulating the landscape when the mail arrived. In it was a letter for the Paynes from their nurse. When the envelope was slit, out tumbled pictures that the nurse had taken of Kathy—the first Gloria and John had seen.

Gloria studied them for several minutes, then, inexplicably, she burst into tears. With her face against John's shoulder she said, "I want to go home to see my baby."

And so they came home to see Kathy, one of the luckiest little girls in the world.

"MY HOBBY IS YOU"

(Continued from page 59)

her softly shining face makes him change his mind—

"You know what I was thinking all the time you were talking, Richard? I was thinking, that's my husband talking to my friend—"

There was also the time—but for that we have to go back a little. June's a hummy soul. She hates doing things by herself. When her appendix acted up and the doctor gave her stuff to take, she made Dick take it first. "To see if I react normally." When she was out on a weight-gaining diet, she handed him the list. "Here's what we have to eat—"

"Not me, Blurface. I've got to keep my weight down—"

She grew highly indignant. "Why, you don't either—" A friend was in the car with them. "Feel his stomach, Betty. Richard, let her feel your stomach. Well, of course she wants to feel it, anybody would, nice, flat stomach like that—"

"Stop the car," said Dick, "while I take his character I married to a padded cell—"

Laughing girl . . .

The character subsided, giggling. Next to Richard, she loves laughter best. Like the month she was named after, June has a sunny nature. And a well-developed sunnybone. Things that might irk you and would certainly make me mad strike her as comical.

Dick phoned from the studio one day and asked her to meet him.

"I can't. I don't have a car—"

"Where did you leave it?"

"No place. Some lady plowed into me this morning—"

"ARE YOU HURT?!"

"No, that's the silly part of it. She wasn't either. That's why we sat and made jokes—"

"Who sat and made jokes?"

"Me and the lady. After the accident—"

At the other end of the phone Dick wiped his brow. "Only jokes?" he managed to ask. "Not a buck-and-wing?"

That's the wonderful thing about being married to Richard—one of the eight or nine hundred wonderful things. He doesn't get upset over trifles. Bickering he can't stand, and June's never known him to lose his temper. When he's displeased, he'll sort of get above a situation, and look down his nose at it. When she's displeased, her mouth buttons up and her foot starts tapping. For some reason or other, Richard thinks that's funny. He grins, her mouth comes unbuttoned and the crisis is over.

It's always something silly. They gave a party and the Paul Henreids were late.

"Maybe you didn't ask them," said Dick.

"Well, of course I asked them—"

"Sweetheart, I'm sure you had every intention of asking them, but you may have forgotten—"

The foot had just started tapping when the Henreids walked in. Sweetheart tossed her head like a horse, murmured: "Need I say more?" and swept forward to greet her guests. This performance broke Dick up. June meant to be cold and reserved for a full half hour, but with Richard laughing down at her, she compromised on two minutes.

She's inconsistent and unpredictable. Her reactions are her own. They may startle, amuse or confound, but they'll never bore you. She sleeps in flannel pajamas because her trousseau's too beautiful to sleep in.

"What are you saving it for?" Arleen wants to know.

"For the happy day when I have a baby or the mumps."

She used to adore Dick's sailboat, the Santana, and kept on adoring it as long as they stayed in port. But with war's end, they moved into open waters. "Oooh," said June, "it bounces. Won't it turn over?"

"No dear," said Dick. After he'd said it a couple of thousand times, they sold the boat to the Bogarts.

Came spring and the new catalogues, which June examined from a perch on her husband's knee. "Now there's a boat I'd like. It wouldn't bounce—"

"Why wouldn't it?"

"Well—it looks awfully quiet in the picture."

According to June this was all an act, so Richard could stop getting headaches. One headache lasted three weeks and scared her stiff. The doctor said they came from the sun and salt air, but her dear adorable husband said pooh! and wouldn't even wear dark glasses. "They look silly on men," said her dear adorable husband, and let the sun beat right down on his sinuses. So his loving wife had to protect him against boats—

"All right, let's forget about boats for a while. But we ought to have a hobby—"

"You're my hobby—"

That stopped him—what man wouldn't it stop?—but eventually he returned to his theme. "Now darling, I know you love me and I love you, but people ought to have some interest outside each other. Something they enjoy doing together, like painting china or raising little pigs—"

She knew just what he had in mind. Before the war, Dick flew. Planes are as close to his heart as boats. But June really was scared of planes, and no kidding. Right after their marriage, Dick had planned a South American trip, which they wouldn't have time for unless they flew. "I'm afraid," said the brave little bride, "but I'll go—"

So he cancelled the plans, as she darn well knew he would. But she knew what he meant all right when he kept bringing up this hobby business, and next time he brought it up, she was ready for him.

"Sweetheart, you know we ought to have a hobby—"

MODERN SCREEN



"We're at that awkward age—too old for Frankie, too young for Bing—"

"I've got a hobby. My hobby's skiing."

"But you've never skied in your life!"

"What difference does that make? Look, I'll prove it to you. Your hobby's fishing. Why? Because you love boats. Well, I love snow, so my hobby's skiing—"

"I never heard anything more logical," said Dick. "But I've been skiing. It's dangerous—"

"Don't try to squirm out of it. I've got a beautiful ski suit that my fan club gave me, and how many sweaters and caps do you think I'll need?"

They went to Tahoe, had a wonderful time and two days after they got back, Dick was saying: "Dollface, we ought to have a hobby—"

What's more, he took action. The basic cause of fear, he reasoned, was ignorance. June was terrified of planes because she knew nothing about them. Let her see for herself how simple they were and she'd quit being scared. So, enlisting the aid of Bob Cummings, he framed his wife.

"Let's go for a drive," he suggested one Sunday afternoon. So they skimmed along at random—that's what she thought—till suddenly they came to a flock of airports.

"That one belongs to Andy Devine," said Dick carelessly. "Like to take a look?"

They hadn't been looking for more than a minute when Bob Cummings happened by. "Want to see my plane?" Next minute he was saying: "Try the back seat," just as if it were nothing at all, like offering a chair. Well, all through the war Bob had been an instructor, he'd taught thousands of boys to fly, she couldn't act like a dope in front of him—but she still doesn't know whether she stepped or was lifted. Quick as a flash, Bob was in the pilot's seat, Richard beside him. June closed her eyes and hung on.

But in spite of herself the eyes opened and slithered to the right. Nothing there. To the left. Nothing there. Must be an empty part of the field. Then she was looking down. . .

The boys were prepared for reproaches when they landed, but not the kind they got. "Why didn't you tell me how wonderful it was? Let's go up again—"

found: one hobby . . .

That's how the Powells found their hobby. They've bought an Ercoupe, and as soon as Dick's had his license renewed, he'll take June up. Meantime, he gives her flying lessons in the living room, playing the dual role of pilot and plane. "Now I'm revving the motor—zzzz—now I'm taking off—"

Cheek on palm, she sits lost in admiration. "Oh, Richard, you flap your arms so cute—"

Of course the fact that June's wild about something today doesn't mean that she'll be equally wild tomorrow. But her heart is loyal. No matter how many projects she abandons, she goes right on loving them.

Before moving into the new house, she made Dick promise she could have her own flower garden, to take care of herself. She even went so far as to dig a few holes.

"Why don't you plant something?" asked Dick.

"Jimmy said I dug the holes in the wrong place—"

"Why don't you dig some more in the right place?"

"Because I can't figure out what to do with the dirt—" Dick doesn't even blink any more. He just waits. "You know, honey—that dirt you scoop out of the hole? It

just lies around looking foolish, and there's no place to put it—"

"But don't get you wrong," says Dick. "You love gardening—"

"There's nothing I'd rather do," murmurs June.

Both are great readers. Both wanted plenty of room in the new house for books, so two walls of the big living room were lined with shelves. Their combined libraries didn't begin to fill them. Even with knickknacks around, there were wide-open spaces. These gave June one of her ideas. "Richard, you know what I've always wanted? The Encyclopedia Britannica—"

His answering look was just slightly skeptical. "You're sure of that, huh?"

"Yes, I am—" That's June being wide-eyed and demure—yes-I-am—yes-I-do—

"If I buy you a set, you'll use it?"

"Yes, I will—"

"And how you will, sweetheart! Because every night at 8:30, I'll sit you down, stick a volume between your pretty little paws and stand over you till the clock strikes nine. You still want it?"

"Yes, I do," she gurgled.

shy boss . . .

Another pet idea is herself in the role of housewife. She tries to sell this to Dick.

"I told Teru what to have for dinner tonight, darling. I even told her how to slice the ham because you like it thick—"

"Now wasn't that sweet of you! I certainly appreciate that—"

"Then will you kindly stop telling people, my wife's awfully cute but she can't do anything round the house—"

Dick laid down his fork and looked hurt. "But, honey, you are cute—"

And she can do things round the house—in an emergency. To any emergency June rises like a lark. When the housekeeper left, she and Arleen scrubbed and polished

FREE MODERN SCREENS!

A three months FREE subscription to M. S. (August, September and October issue) may be yours if you are among the first 500 to fill in the Questionnaire Poll on page 22 and mail it to us at once! We're pretty anxious to know what you liked and didn't like about us this month, so hurry, hurry—and you may be one of the lucky winners to boot.

and waxed, turned the place upside down and restored it to gleaming order. Then she bathed and dressed, tied a frilly apron round her middle and got dinner.

When Dick turns into the driveway, he gives a special little whistle and she flies to meet him. That evening she was all aquiver. "I thought it never would, but everything's coming out at the same time—"

"You don't say so! Coming out of what?"

"The oven, of course. Steak and baked potatoes and peas—"

Later he pronounced it a simple but delicious meal.

Meantime he'd been interviewing couples, and found Tack and Teru. "You mean they're going to take my chores away?" asked June hopefully.

It's not that she minds housekeeping, please understand, but when you have a wonderful couple like Tack and Teru, why get in their way? As a matter of actual fact, though she won't admit it, June's shy of her help. In the war, Tack served as interpreter to General MacArthur.

"And Teru's his wife. How can I ask them to do things for me?"

Whatever happens, she knows Richard will take care of it. So maybe she kind

of takes advantage a little—pretends she's a shade more helpless than she is. Not that she's fooling him, he sees right through her but lets her get away with it—up to a point. Because he's big and she's small. Because for years she did have to do everything for herself. And because he can't resist the sad look she puts on her face . . .

dogged devotion . . .

Her mother and brother were coming to visit, and the Powells needed pillows. "How do you buy pillows?" asked June.

"Call some of the stores—"

"What kind of pillows?"

"Honey," said Dick, taking the phone from her hand, "how did you ever get along without me?"

"Oh, I got along pretty good—" Her voice dropped to the cellar—"but not as good as I'm gettin' along now—"

Last Christmas MODERN SCREEN's Jane Wilkie gave her a cocker spaniel.

"Remember he's your dog," warned Dick. "Don't expect me to train him—"

"Sweetheart, he's our dog—"

"Look, Doll, I'm a man. I like a big dog. I like a dog, that if someone comes prowling around, maybe he'd condescend to give a little bark—"

Heathcliff, as they call him, developed many enchanting habits and a couple of bad ones. Dick discovered, for instance, that he scratched on Teru's door at six sharp every morning.

"Does he really, Teru?" mourned June. "Oh, that's awful. Richard, you'll have to do something about it—"

"He's your dog, remember?"

"But you're the only one he'll get off the furniture for. Please talk to him."

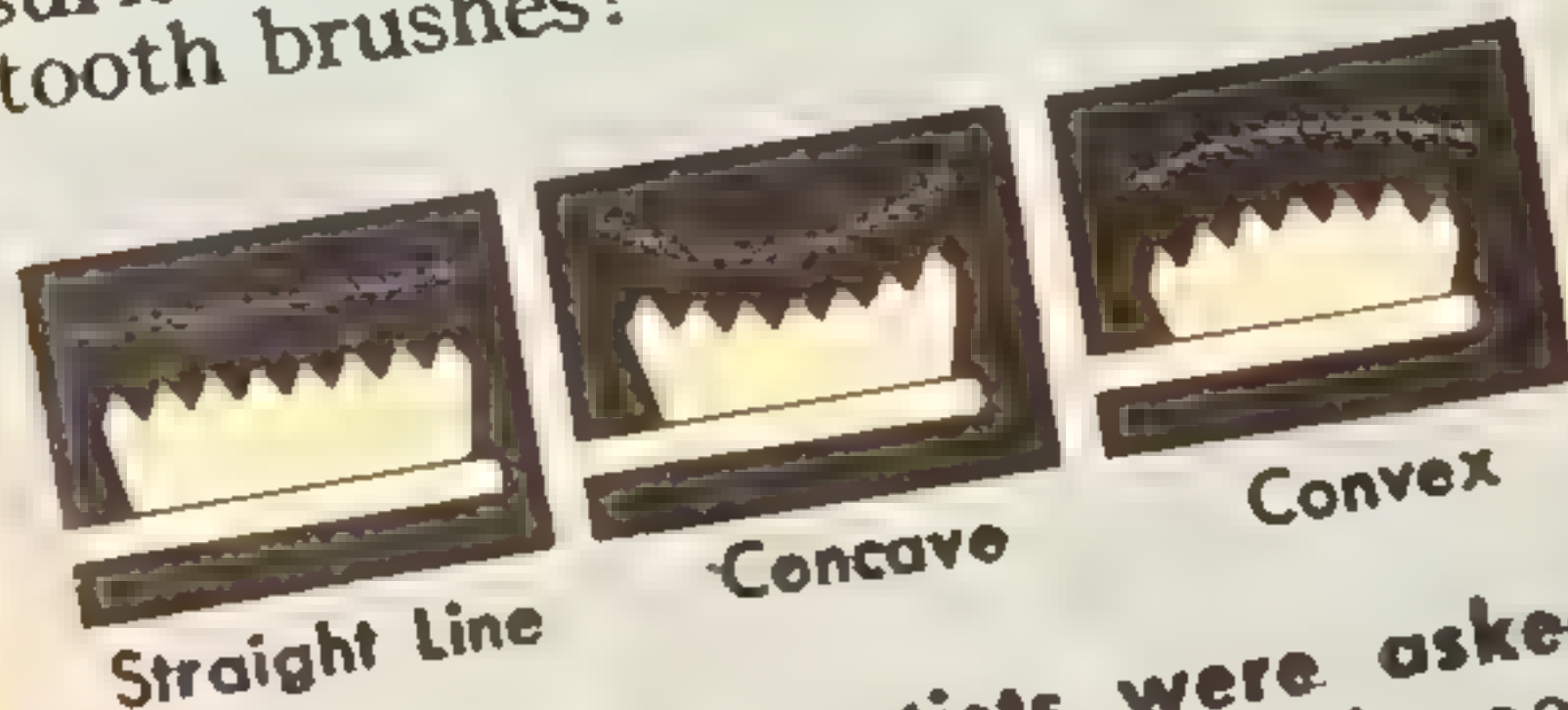
Richard talks to him. "Come here or I'll beat your brains out." He says it in a perfectly conversational tone, yet Heathcliff knows he's done wrong, droops his

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*cleans teeth best
say dentists 2 to 1*



STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN

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**has the Straight Line Design
most dentists recommend**

ears and looks crushed. Dick swears that's a trick he copied straight from June.

Though she'll often put on her sad face just for fun, sometimes she's truly crushed. Like the day they were going out to dinner, and Dick phoned from the airport not to forget to pick up his tux at the cleaner's. June has a poor memory. So she was very careful about the tux, and kept writing it down all day all over the house—

Dick got home and showered and shaved. "Where did you hang my suit?" he called in to June.

A long pause was all the answer he needed, and a glance at the clock told him the shop would be closed. They leaped into the car, drove to the village and banged on the doors till they found out where the tailor lived. He was kind enough to come down and release the suit.

June felt awful. She felt worse because Dick didn't kick up a fuss. Next time they went out she got all his things ready.

Indulgent though he is most of the time, he can also be firm. It's been his practice, when Tack and Teru are off, to make the coffee and take June's in on a tray. But one morning he had some early business appointments.

"I've got to be out by 7:30 tomorrow, wife. You don't want me to go away hungry, do you?"

"Oh, Richard, I'll get up and fix you the nicest breakfast—"

When the alarm rang, nobody stirred but Dick. At 7:30 he came in to kiss June goodbye—

"Darling! Did you have breakfast?"

"Nope. I'll stop in somewhere—"

"Aren't you going to bring me any coffee?"

"Nope." His smile was just as loving. "S'long, Doll." She sat staring after him with this funny little look on her kisser—

When he phoned later, she told him all about it. "I went out and made coffee. There was only one roll. I cut it in four parts and stuck it in the toaster, but it never popped up—" Suddenly she was chuckling. "You sure fixed me good—"

beneath the banter . . .

For the most part they keep it light. On their six-month anniversary, Dick surprised her with a party at Chasen's, including two dozen good friends and a cake inscribed: SIX MONTHS—WHO SAID IT WOULDN'T LAST? Yet, under all the banter, it's clear that nothing's half so important to either as their marriage.

They'll argue about who loves the other more. June gets very upset when a Hollywood marriage breaks up. "They're such sweet people. What did they do that for?" Dick understands the passionate protest in her voice. It can't happen to us—never, never to us—

"I won't change," he teases, "so it'll have to be you—" This achieves its purpose—makes her so furious, she forgets to be sad.

Since "Cornered" and "Two Girls from Boston," they've both been on layoff. Now June's due at M-G-M for "The Secret Heart" and Dick's going into "The Brick Foxhole" for RKO.

"I'm glad we'll be working at the same time," says June, "but oh, Richard, suppose you get home first and I'm not here to fly to the door when you whistle—"

"Well, you whistle and I'll fly—"

"No, it won't be the same and besides, I don't whistle good—"

So they've cooked up a deal, that has Dick sneaking out the back when he hears her coming, and around to the front, and he whistles and she flies to meet him.

"Sweetheart," she coos, "I've done nothing but sit by the window and miss you—"

It sounds involved and Dick thinks it'll go the way of the art lessons, but it's June's latest fancy and for the moment she dotes on it, bless her little pointed head.

Let us help feed your baby, too!



Mother, this is an invitation—an invitation already accepted by millions of mothers who have fed their happy, healthy babies on Gerber's Cereals.

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Here is another advantage! Both have generous amounts of added B complex vitamins (from natural sources—not synthetic), as a further aid to baby's well-being. Your baby will do well on Gerber's Cereals, too. Look for "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!



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HE SINGS FOR YOUR SUPPER

(Continued from page 47)

the typewritten sheets still in his hands. Every two minutes he dragged the telegram from his pocket to reassure himself: **IMPERATIVE YOU FLY OUT IMMEDIATELY TEST FOR LEAD NEW PICTURE TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.**

Next day they tested him—but good! He didn't get the lead in "Something for the Boys." They tossed him a couple of songs to do and that was all. When he finished his scenes he took the train back to New York. That was May of 1944.

Two years later, Como is a character who came out of nowhere to play tag with Crosby and Sinatra in the popularity polls; he knocks out record hits like Greenberg blasts home runs; he has a radio show so popular that people all over the country use it to set their alarm clocks on the beam; he's deep in his third picture with Twentieth Fox, in an iron-bound contract.

Nineteen forty-five is the year of the Como boom, the tidal wave that swept five million records into every home.

Three hundred thousand is a tidy number of sales to make on a record and everybody is satisfied. But Perry's song sold a million copies and became the best-selling record of 1945—"Till The End Of Time."

he did it again . . .

"Fluke!" And Como agreed with the astonished board of directors. So they tried the fluke again, flipping out a number called "Dig You Later." This time they ran out of wax, and a million became the starting point for the adding machines rather than the goal. Then it was bang! bang! bang! with three more hits.

Five nights a week, come rain or shine, a couple million people flicked a dial to sit, swoon or contemplate while Como alternated with Jo Stafford on the Chesterfield Supper Club to roll out little ditties like "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "Temptation" and "A Prisoner of Love."

The boy rapidly threatens to become a millionaire, yet the only thing that has changed about him in the past thirteen years is his hair.

Back in 1933 the population of Canonsburg, in western Pennsylvania, fell off to a hollow 12,557 when Perry took a vacation to Cleveland. At nineteen he was a man of the world, a substantial figure in the tonsorial racket. Had his own shop, an extra barber on Saturdays, and vague plans for expanding into the hair-slickum field.

Even in those days, singing to Perry was as natural as wriggling a pair of scissors between his fingers. Never had a lesson in either art. He sang in the church choir, where it seems all singers get their first start in the amusement world, sang at parties, sang at hell-raising wienie roasts on the banks of the Chartiers Creek where he went sporting, a 13-year-old freshman, boldly escorting his first date.

He saw a little blonde-haired kid there, Roselle Belline, and knighthood was in flower, sprouting right up through the wienie roast, with Roselle making shy eyes at the boy with the soft, tanned complexion, while he blushed and dug holes in the ground with his new shoes. They played a game, and for a penalty Perry had to kiss Roselle. He wouldn't do it, not even a furtive peck, but he did walk her home.

Roselle knew he was going to Cleveland—this was seven years later, seven years of steady dating—but she didn't know he was going to slip into the Crystal Slipper Ballroom and listen to Freddy Carolone's band. He walked up to Freddy hesitantly.

"You need a singer?"

Carolone lifted his shoulders. He wasn't tipping anybody off to the fact that his vocalist had just come down with the measles. He flipped a finger up. "Open up, fellow. Let's hear what you've got."

Carolone took him on. At twenty-eight dollars a week. It was a comedown from the barber shop and Papa Pietro Como would raise merry Cain when he heard about it, but Perry was started on something that had been nibbling at the edges of his and Roselle's heart for years.

When Carolone saw he had him tied up neatly he tossed Perry a half dollar. "Run across the street and get some cokes for the boys." Perry ran. It was part of the vocalist's job.

Roselle was waiting when he came back. There wasn't any fuss or feathers. They went quietly on Saturday and got the license, and they planned to go very quietly on Monday and be married. "Listen," Perry whispered to the drummer, Tony Carolone, "you're to be the witness. Wear something informal so we won't be conspicuous."

Roselle was a dream in white silk crepe with a white cape and blue buttons. Perry and Tony, who'd become confused at the word "informal," showed up in yellow polo shirts, slacks and sneakers.

You couldn't stop Roselle from smiling, though. This was the end of the trail, and she held tight to the signet ring Perry had slipped around her finger. He couldn't afford a wedding band.

They managed to weave moonbeams into romantic jobs like washing socks and changing tires, for they were determined to have a home, even though Carolone's band was making circles around the state of Ohio doing one-night stands, then dipping erratically down to the tier of States along the Gulf of Mexico for engagements in cities like Shreveport, Louisiana. Perry borrowed the money from his father and bought an old Packard coupe, vintage very uncertain, but the name unmistakable.

Four years of barnstorming. Then in the Hollyhock Gardens, out in Warren, Ohio, Ted Weems bent an ear to the stuff Como was delivering, and snaked him away with

an offer of fifty dollars a week.

With Weems the green stuff came in steady increases until the weekly pay envelope touched one hundred and fifty, but it was still barnstorming with a more comfortable cushion. Roselle stuck with it, taking the tough times with the good.

Even when they knew Roselle was going to have a baby, the Packard kept rolling, though the men in the band were as anxious as any bunch of old sewing school comrades. The doctor said it was okay, and every month without fail she'd visit a doctor in a different state of the Union. Each doctor would write ahead to the next giving all the pertinent facts on the status quo. The doctor in Chicago hit the jackpot.

Weems' band was playing at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in the bitter cold of January 1940. That was the year the ice set up housekeeping in Jackson Park. The baby came along about six at night, and Perry went on the show two hours later.

He hadn't slept for three days, worrying about Roselle. His mind was in a fog. He sang eight bars, then sat down abruptly.

No one had tipped off Weems about the baby. He came charging over to the table where Perry sat, threatened him with burning at the stake, breach of contract, lawsuits and misdemeanor.

the worm turns . . .

Como, the quiet one, the guy who takes life with a shy smile and a pinch of salt, rose unsteadily to his feet.

"You can't fire me, Weems," he said evenly. "I've already quit. You can take this band of yours and shove it into the small end of Lake Michigan." He walked out and went over to the hospital.

Someone came up and whispered into Weems' right ear. He turned pink, ran out to the florist shop and spent a fat chunk of green arranging for a river of flowers into Roselle's hospital room. Perry came back and everybody was happy.

It was the sight of little Ronnie growing up in the back of the old Packard, bouncing around on rusty springs when he should have been out to grass, that made him quit barnstorming. It was back to the barbering business and no mistake.

They sat around Canonsburg for three months there in 1942, trying to pick out the best location for a shop. The phone rang one night and Perry answered. "It's New York. Tom Rockwell of General Artists wants me to do a sustaining program for CBS. No traveling, and a flat seventy-six bucks a week. Shall I take it?"

Roselle nodded eagerly.

From there Perry stepped into a spot at New York's swanky Copacabana.

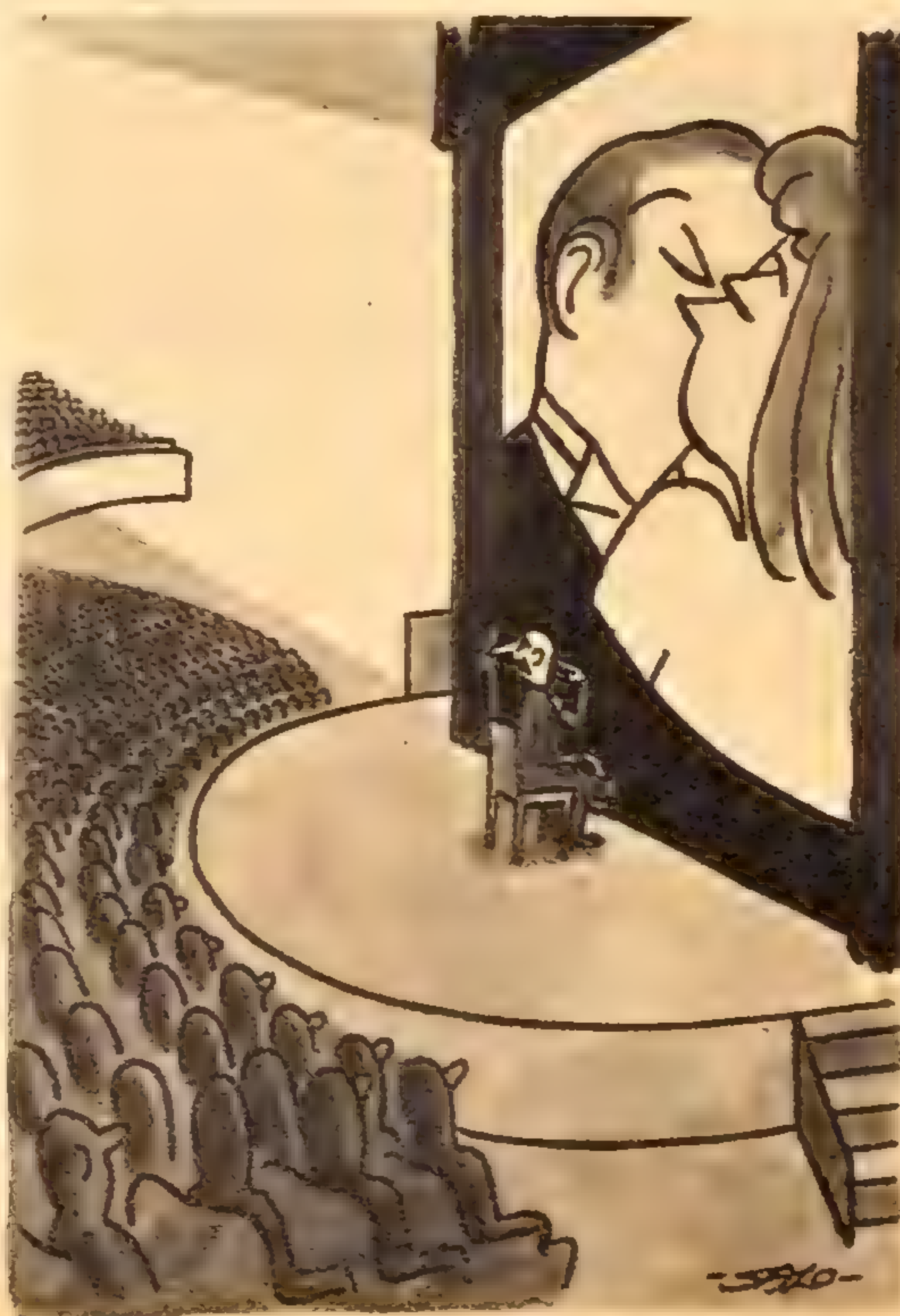
It was tough in the night spot, singing alone with none of the familiar faces to back him up, looking out at the huddle of boiled shirts and flashing evening gowns. Roselle would brace him up with a sound kiss and a gentle push. For morale building, she bought him some expensive shirts. One night she slipped into the dressing room at the Copacabana and saw Perry in sweatshirt and slacks, carefully dusting off the new shirt on the wall.

"Darling," she anguished, "why aren't you wearing the shirts?"

"Are you kidding?" he asked. "Wear these shirts when I'm not on? Not at twelve fifty a throw!"

That's when he fell on his face trying for the lead in "Something for the Boys." Fox had him under contract, but he knew the option would be dropped like a dated trolley transfer.

MODERN SCREEN



"Weak eyes!"

The sting wasn't so bad, though, for only a few months after battling with the Hollywood shadows, he bluffed his way into the Chesterfield Supper Club.

"They asked me, those good people, if I could read script, and quick as a flash I came back, 'sure.'"

He's never pulled another bluff like that one except when maybe they were trying to decide which house to buy. Golf had him in a vise, and that house out at Flower Hill is next door to a swell course. He used a two-headed coin when they flipped to see what house they'd move into.

They're not kidding themselves about

these past two years, about this leap from seventy-six dollars a week to the stage where money comes gushing out of the kitchen faucet. This Como boom, they hope, will go on for fifty years, but if it doesn't there'll be a fat reminder of the days when the bobby soxers' screams meant bread and butter on the Como table.

For a firm anchor against the wind, they've got seven-year-old Ronnie tearing up the house, digging into the depths of their hearts. Out in Hollywood with them, he pals around with Crosby's kids, swapping homework with them, dragging a little black dog through the swankiest

villa in Hollywood, digging exciting tunnels under hundred dollar camellia bushes. The little fellow attends the Catholic school nearby. One day he came home with a note written in beautiful script. That night at the Supper Club broadcast Perry Como stood in front of the microphone, his voice going all over America and to a good many parts of the world.

"Now, in answer to a request from Sister Joan Maria, a little number, 'I Can't Begin to Tell You.'" The soft music, a nod from the director, then the pure notes welling from a handsome throat.

That's our boy, Perry Como.

BALL OF FIRE

(Continued from page 53)

They dolled up like a couple of Park Avenue swells, stepped grandly out of their boxy hotel room, hailed a cab and dined at the Chambord, which, if it isn't the highest priced cafe in New York City, will do as runner up. They blew the roll, and, sure enough, next week Cornel, and Pat, too, got themselves parts in a show.

It's only natural that by now Cornel Wilde thinks of himself as "We"—like kings and editors—instead of the "I" most Hollywood stars adore. Cornel and Pat tackled their careers together, flopped together, stuck together, found success together. Today they have contracts at the same studio. They have identical gold wedding bands, engraved with the Bible's wedding service that starts inside one ring and ends on the other.

Home for Cornel and Pat is a big English style house far up Deep Canyon Drive, above Beverly Hills. It's sheltered by ancient trees, surrounded by a five-foot steel wire fence—which the deer hop nonchalantly every morning in order to nibble away at Cornel's prize plants—and there's a swimming pool in the middle of the five acres. It seemed crazy to buy at the time—but that's a funny thing about the Wildes. Half the things they do don't make sense—but end up being right as rain.

I'd better explain that Cornel and Pat Wilde have lived in half the houses in Southern California, practically, and inspected the other half. They've rented, leased, bought and sold, taken options, made down payments and generously distributed their addresses around Hollywood in six years. Once Cornel and Pat bought a bungalow one week, found a house to rent the next, sold the bungalow and made a profit of \$1800 cash, in one easy lesson. Of course, the fact that the 1800 bucks went promptly into a fur coat for Pat (when they couldn't any more afford that than they could the Hope diamond) is also right in line with the Wilde character.

pillar to post . . .

Anyway, this time they'd found a cute little white colonial house in Beverly Hills and were happy as larks with it and the sizeable raise the studio had handed Cornel after choppin' up Chopin. They moved in and settled down. A week later to the dot the telephone rang and the realtor who'd handled the deal said, "The dreamiest house just came into the office. I do wish you had seen it before you bought yours—but—well it's too late now!"

"It's never too late," came back Cornel. "Let's see it," seconded Pat. So they went up, fell in love with it, made an offer, peddled their own house for a slight profit, and inside another week they were all moved into the dream house.

It didn't upset them one bit, either, that they didn't own half enough

furniture to cover the floor space of the big villa. They'd risen above that sort of thing before. Once, in their unemployed ramblings, Cornel and Pat—with barely a bean between them—rented an unfurnished apartment with nothing inside but a carpet and a refrigerator. They hauled in a mattress and slept on the floor. They ate off the sink. They loved it, and finally when they'd collected a few dollars—which was quite an effort in those broke days—they bought a set of rattan furniture for \$95 and felt elegant as royalty.

The house is mostly Pat's baby; it's outside that Cornel vibrates. He hadn't been moved in a week before he started major alterations and improvements. The biggest project was hewing down a row of giant eucalyptus trees that shut out the sunlight. Thirty-five of them, there were. Cornel paid a tree-moving company \$900 to yank the first twelve, but he got so intrigued kibitzing around that he fired the tree experts and lit into the rest himself. It took just three days for Cornel, his pal, George Elliott, and some camera crew friends from Twentieth Century-Fox to saw down and drag away the other twenty-three.

That's why Cornel Wilde is happiest away from the studio, stripped to his waist digging up something or planting something and getting his hands as horny and calloused as possible. Luckily, he can handle that and make a picture at the same time with the greatest of ease, because unlike any other star in Hollywood, Cornel Wilde gets up with the birds at 6 a.m. and works out on his acres before he even has breakfast—a fact that sometimes appalls poor Pat, who's nice and normally theatrical and thinks people who rise with the sun when they don't have to need psychoanalyzing.

The members of the Wilde household are Cornel, Pat, Wendy, their daughter, and Punchinello, the inky black French poodle. Of them all, maybe the one who packs the most authority is "Punch." Time and again the Wildes have altered their life for Punchinello. They were living in a tiny Hollywood apartment when they took a drive in the San Fernando Valley one Sunday, saw Punch's ebony puppy curls and just had to take him home. That kicked them right out of the apartment and into a house with a yard, which they couldn't afford, for Punch to run in. It's happened two or three times like that, and Cornel has probably had more anxious moments about Punch and landed in more hot water than he has through Pat, his career, or his financial ups and downs all put together.

Last year, for instance, when they travelled to New York, Cornel almost got left at the station because of Punchinello. Pat had him on a leash, all set to walk him

right into their Pullman compartment when the gate guard said, "He'll have to be crated. See the baggage master."

Cornel rushed to the baggage master, but it was right at the time when the Los Angeles Union Station was milling with returning GIs and he found a line reaching halfway to Texas. He dashed wildly here and frantically there with the minutes ticking off. When he rushed up to the gate with everything all arranged—they were already on the train. Pat had turned on the charm for the gateman and he'd winked Punch through.

canine capers . . .

Punchinello wasn't through then—not by a long shot. In Manhattan, Cornel took him for a stroll in Central Park, legally tied to a leash. But he looked so happy to be outdoors that Wilde's heart melted. He unsnapped the leash for Punch to chase a squirrel up a tree and, "Tweet!" he heard the cop's whistle. He got a ticket; his crime got in the papers. When he showed up at court to plead guilty, he got mobbed by fans and the judge was not amused. Result—Cornel got fined.

After Punch, the next autocrat at the Wilde house is Wendy Wilde. She's only three-and-a-half, but already she's in love. Wendy loves her Daddy, but Daddy hasn't half the charm quotient of one particular Hollywood star for Wendy. In fact, stacked up against Charlie McCarthy, Cornel just doesn't rate at all.

Cornel was on the Edgar Bergen radio show a few weeks ago. He took Wendy along, perched her in the sponsor's booth, and was sure her wide eyes were riveted on her old man. Was he wrong! After the program, Bergen introduced wide-eyed Wendy to the guy she'd been beaming at all the time, Charlie.

"Hello, Cutie," cracked Charlie, "have you got any boy friends?"

Wendy shook her head solemnly. "No."

"You wouldn't kid me?"

"N-o-o-o," said Wendy earnestly.

"Then how about stepping out with me?"

"Oh, yes," nodded Wendy, making a heavy date fast.

It's pretty hard to pry Cornel away from his happy home life. The only reason he succumbs now and then to a dinner out at a Hollywood night club is because he thinks Pat's so beautiful in an evening gown! He'll even get decked out in a hated dinner jacket just so Pat can dress up in a dazzling creation. She's his dream pin-up, in a bathing suit. What he revels in the rest of the time are tweed sports clothes, open collars, slacks, loungers, and definitely no neckties. And he's got the kind of a build tailors love. In fact, Cornel is disgustingly healthy, and strong as a young bull.

Cornel will drink beer with ice cream 77

and enjoy it. He likes pie for breakfast. When he and Pat vacationed at Cape Cod last year, he had blueberry pie and ice cream every morning after his orange juice, when the blueberries were in season. His salads include about every green except loco weed.

No matter what he consumes, though, Cornel doesn't gain a pound over his normal 175 stripped. He burns up calories like a bonfire in the sports he's loved all his life. Cornel was only 16 and weighed 140 when he entered Columbia University, but he made the freshmen teams in tennis, track, wrestling, boxing, football and crew. He's a fencing expert, made the last U. S. Olympics squad in fencing, and while he was hanging around Hollywood with not much on his career mind a few years ago, he copped the All-Pacific Coast sabre title just to keep his wrist in. He's added bareback horseback riding and goggle fishing since he came to California, and his big ambition right now is to qualify for the "Bottom Scratchers," an elite crew of surf spear divers. Cornel and Pat both put on their rubber fins and goggles whenever they get a chance and dive around the rugged rocks of Laguna Beach.

Cornel can do with practically no sleep or rest, and he has so much natural animal voltage it doesn't seem to bother him a bit. He wound up "Bandit" at Columbia, for instance, one evening at six o'clock. He stomped to the barber shop to get his first modern haircut in two years and then rolled out to his home lot, Twentieth Century-Fox, to start "Leave Her to Heaven." At ten he climbed into a limousine which drove him 400 miles north to Yosemite Valley in the High Sierras. By five o'clock in the morning, with only snatches of sleep, he was on location, and late that afternoon he made his first scene in the picture, driving another 20 miles up a bumpy mountain road to Bass Lake where the very first Wilde chore was to dive in the lake. It was May. It was cold. The water was 38 degrees. He did that dive twice to wind up the marathon endurance test.

They rib Cornel all the time about his name, of course. What makes Cornel wild is to ask him what makes Cornel Wilde—a lousy pun, but he's always getting it. They rode him a lot too, when that popular rage, Chopin's "Polonaise," was blaring out of every radio and juke box. All through "Leave Her to Heaven," every time he came on the set in the morning they had a loud speaker rigged up to boom out the number, but Cornel hasn't tired of it yet!

But he's getting pretty sick of the requests to play the piano when he's at a Hollywood party. Most of them are facetious but a few are serious, naively based on the belief that Cornel actually pounded those ivories through that beautiful "Song to Remember" score. In a way, it's a compliment and tribute to the 400 hours of practice Cornel put in with Victor Allen to simulate reality, although the great Jose Iturbi did the recording keywork, as everyone knows. And so, to all such ribs or real requests, Cornel answers,

"I'm sorry, but I didn't bring Iturbi with me!"

He can play a little piano, as Cornel Wilde can do a little of almost everything—paint, dance, sing, photograph, and write. Especially write. Cornel loves to write. He'd rather be a successful playwright than the greatest star in Hollywood. He started early, scribbling out drama even when he was in college, and if you added up all the playlet scripts he has penned, you'd have quite a stack. Over a hundred were used by various New York drama groups before he ever saw Hollywood. Full length works dot his shelves. He worries far more about the fate of Wilde's

pen children than the fate of his dashing screen characters.

Cornel is that perverse curiosity—a writer who likes to write. He has studied about every play ever produced and almost anything else he can get his hands on, but guess what his favorite bedside tome is—the Encyclopedia Britannica! He's a demon for storing knowledge in his thickly thatched bean. The quirks Cornel has about literary creation are: He doesn't write in longhand—he uses a typewriter, five-finger fashion—and he makes it a marathon effort. Sometimes when he feels the muse stirring and has the time, Cornel runs over to the office of his agent, Nat Goldstone, borrows an office and a typewriter, closes the door and gives it the machine gun treatment. He won't eat lunch, he won't stop until he's finished a chapter or act.

This avocation, or second profession of Cornel's, accounts for a lot of his slants on what's fun. It's why he hates frittering away nights at parties and cafes. Why he doesn't play cards—poker, gin, bridge or anything. The waste of time dealing pasteboards around makes him feel guilty. But he'll sit up all hours talking to his friends, mostly writers, actors and dramatists.

He's had his eyes opened, of course, about what happens to a normal guy's private life when the Hollywood lightning strikes home. Fans go Wilde (sorry, Cornel) when they catch him. He's been chased all over New York and Hollywood, and—let's face it—when he can, he ducks. But when he's trapped he's nice about it. He tried to sneak out of the Hollywood Derby one recent noon when a mob of fans, hot on the trail from nearby NBC studios, spied him. He met a solid mob at the side door which swept him back and jammed him against a door. The door opened at his back and Cornell fell back inside as his fans screamed. He didn't know it but he'd been pressed right into the men's room. Six sailors inside offered to break him through to safety, and did, for the fee of six autographs.

Wilde has a soft heart, and also a memory like an elephant, for kindnesses shown him when the going was tough. One of Cornel's best pals in New York and constant correspondents is big-hearted Perry Belmont Frank, the former owner of the St. James Hotel, where Cornel and his wife, Pat, along with dozens of other impoverished actors, lived when they battled stone-hearted Broadway. He staked Cornel to rent on the cuff and even loaned him money to get to Hollywood. Cornel doesn't forget people like that.


Cornel cashes a \$3500 check each week today, but he'll probably never be rich. Actually, money means practically nothing to him. The Goldstones have a security plan worked out for Wilde, so he'll probably salt some away. One of his pet extravagances is sports equipment. He can't control himself when he enters a sporting goods store. The other day he dropped in a Beverly Hills place to buy a can of tennis balls. When he came out he had a set of boxing gloves, two fish spears, a patent exerciser (which he'll never use; push-ups are all he ever does in the calisthenics department), an archery set and a mess of fancy fishing tackle. Oddly enough, one of his pet economies is cutting his own hair. Cornel just chops it off in back when it gets too long. He went for two years of costume parts wearing long hair, so somehow when he gets a barber shop treatment he feels naked.

Pat and Cornel are forever giving each other handsome gifts now, maybe to make up for the years when birthdays, anniversaries and Christmases had to be skimped sometimes, even skipped. They're so close in their thoughts that they're

almost telepathic about their gifts to each other. Last Christmas Cornel ordered a big surprise for Pat—a beautiful, especially designed gold watch and bracelet. When he unwrapped Pat's gift to him, he had the same thing, man fashion. And what burned him up is that his watch cost more than he'd paid for Pat's.

Both Pat and Cornel, however, are smart enough to know that baubles and comforts, big houses, swimming pools and jewels, are unimportant items when it comes to real happiness. Pat was every bit as happy when she wore the dime store "green gold" ring that Cornel slipped on her hand before the preacher. The green came off on her fingers for years because it was all of six years before they could afford the two matching solid gold bands they wear today. They ordered them when Cornel was signed for "Song to Remember." The one thing that does make them happier now is the chance that was lacking then—the chance for Cornel—and for Pat—to make good in what they've dreamed about for years—acting.

They've never stopped looking on their two careers as a joint family affair, either.



Bonita Granville, soon to be seen in the United Artists release, "Breakfast in Hollywood," wears this sweet Junior dress by Laura Lee. It's made of cool spun rayon, with a beautifully fitted basque top, and a gentle dirndl skirt. Note the embroidered detail on the skirt. It's one of those distinctive little touches that make a dress different! Bonita wears it with a black straw cartwheel and black shortie gloves. You might also try it with a lime colored flower hat or flowers in your hair.

To find out where to buy this dress, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN'S Fashion Section, write to: Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Now they want to share their success, too.

Since Pat's screen contract is at the same studio with Cornel, they've revived the team approach to acting they held so fiercely in New York during their early Manhattan marriage days. Cornel made Pat's test with her, after Mrs. Darryl Zanuck spotted her in a beauty parlor and tipped her studio-boss husband off to an actress bet. Cornel never plays a part himself except with Pat's okay on home rehearsals and they've taken to studying scripts together again at nights, like they used to in their tiny hotel rooms.

They'd like to make a picture together, playing leads opposite each other, and already Pat and Cornel have definite ideas on just what picture and why, but they aren't telling yet.

When the Hollywood guys hear of that project they wag their heads gloomily.

"Husband-wife acting teams are box office murder," the sages state. "No romance the fans don't like 'em. It's suicide!"

But Cornel Wilde has an answer.

"Is that so?" he comes back. "Ever hear of a couple of actors named Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne?"



Modern Screen
Fashions



ABOVE: This dirndl-skirted darling really ought to be in color, to show you the luscious ice cream colored stripes that make the dancing skirt. See the peek-a-boo keyhole neckline, the tiny string bow—that's glamor for you! Under \$16.00.

RIGHT: Cotton broadcloth makes this cool, cool summer date dress, with its touches of fagotting, that look hand-made. Wear it, wash it, love it for summers to come. Under \$16.00. To dress up that neckline, wear these lovely pearls by Marvella.

FAR RIGHT: Here's that Chinese influence again, this time in a cotton broadcloth lovely, beautifully bound in contrasting color, snugly buttoned with silver knobs, embroidered with a huge monogram. Under \$16.00. Use dark accessories for drama!

Cotton



Tales




Cottons with a
college education-
by Berkeley Jr.

**COOL,
CALM
AND
COLLECTED**

■ Here's a perfect basic dress! Styled by Willy Marks, it dresses up to go out, goes casually to college, with a quick change of accessories! We show it here in a cool butcher rayon fabric; a little later, it will be available in wool. It can be a year-round standby for your basic wardrobe, as practical as it is beautiful! About \$11.00.





it's a
Laura Lee

original

...one of those unusually pretty dresses*
for pretty... unusual you!

*a Duplex fabric

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IT SUITS YOU FINE

■ This stunning striped pique suit will keep you looking crisp through the hottest summer days. It's a Colleen Original in a Regency fabric, and it's about \$23.00. The cool rippled brim hat by Madcaps is about \$7.00, the handsome white bag by Art-Flex is about \$5.00. Add white short gloves!

■ Feminine as can be, yet tailored with a knowing hand is this Colleen Original. Wear the dot-and-dash printed skirt with your peasant blouses, the top with your red dirndl skirt. Crocheted fez by Madcaps is about \$5.00, bag by Art-Flex is about \$5.00. And don't forget those crisp, cool gloves!



UNDERNEATH IT ALL

Looking wonderful in your clothes begins with the type of underpinnings you wear, so, true to our promise to make you a glamour-gal from the skin out, here are a few real finds that we've rounded up for you!

For a bra made by experts, try a Bestform! Made in lace, in satin, in broadcloth, there isn't a bra on the market that is more precisely fitted to make your figure lovelier. Bestform bras come in all sizes, but their most important feature is the fact that each size comes in an A, B or C cup, to fit the small, average and large bust. Since Bestform bras come in prices starting from 79c, you can get super-fit at a tiny price!

Perma-lift has developed a revolutionary innovation in the girdle field. Perma-lift, as you probably know, became famous originally for their wonderful Perma-lift bras, the bra with "The lift that never lets you down." Well now, in addition to their bra line, they have introduced a new girdle with another catchy slogan—"No bones about it—stays up without stays." The Perma-lift girdle won't roll over; won't wrinkle, won't bind, yet it is made entirely without bones. To accomplish this miracle, the same specially processed fabric that made the bra famous is fashioned in the front panel. This amazingly comfortable inset eliminates wrinkling and rolling over and gives maximum comfort in any position, sitting, bending, walking. The girdle or pantie-girdle are available from \$5.00 to \$8.50, and there is a magnificent Perma-lift foundation at \$10.00.

Another find is the Pembroke Junior slip, the best slip for the money that we've ever seen! It's a brand new development in slip-making, scientifically proportioned to fit the petite figure alone. This slip has a bias midriff which clings to your waist, a divided, shaped, bra-like top, and a straight cut skirt, which won't cling or ride up. It's available in sizes 9 to 15, in white rayon crepe or satin, and its price is only \$1.90.



Fabric by
UXBRIDGE WORSTED COMPANY

The button front classic that is the most useful fashion in your wardrobe—smart anywhere—anytime. Tie-back neckline automatically hugs your neck. Umbrella flared skirt done with unpressed pleats. Sparkling Fall colors. Finely tailored in a wool and rayon fabric by UXBRIDGE. Sizes 12 to 20. At better stores **\$10⁹⁵**

Write us for store name in your city. WILLY MARKS, 1424 Broadway, New York 18

Sleepy Time Gal

■ For glamor while you sleep, buy a Tommies Weekender Wardrobe! This one, in a gay Ballerina print, consists of a bra, shorts and Tommiecoat of the print, plus stunning tailored trousers in black rayon crepe. Here we show our retiring beauty wearing three pieces of the set.

■ Cutest nightwear in town is this Tommiecoat, part of the Weekender Wardrobe. Our model wears it with the collar flipped up, and tied with a saucy ribbon bow. It's just as charming, and a lot cooler, to wear the collar down. The entire Wardrobe, styled by Harry Berger, is about \$11.00.



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TRY the Lux Toilet Soap facials screen stars recommend! Just smooth the beautifying lather well into your skin, as Laraine Day does. Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. With a soft towel pat to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness.

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FIGHT WASTE

Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

"BLOOMER GIRL"

(Continued from page 43)

that the milliner had delivered the package that afternoon, and the maid—accustomed to accepting packages for Margaret—placed the hat box on Margaret's bed.

Maggie is nine—but her tastes in fashion date back approximately 50 years.

Not so long ago, she stopped drawing horses and dogs, and started designing dresses. In every case the frocks were high necked—with a bit of 1890 ruching at the prim throat—and long sleeved.

Because Mrs. O'Brien and Marissa thought it would be quaint for Maggie to wear one of these self-designed fashions, they had the dress made up according to specifications. When it was fitted, Margaret gave explicit directions about the length of the skirt—she wanted it to end about halfway between knee and ankle.

Along with this Jane Eyre costume, Margaret likes to wear Mexican silver earrings. When the O'Briens were in Mexico, Margaret accompanied the older women on a round of sight-seeing.

Unlike most children, she didn't tease for things to eat, nor for unusual toys. She made no request for anything until they visited a silversmith's shop. Then, her eyes wide with admiration, she pointed out a pair of huge, hand-made sterling earrings. "Please, will you buy them for me?"

"But, darling, whatever will you do with them?" asked Marissa.

"Wear them to dinner," said Margaret.

She made one additional purchase in Mexico: A pair of dolls. Mexican dolls are, as you know, a colorful lot. They are done in woven straw, and painted; they are made of bisque, or china, or fabric. They are gowned in gawdy skirts, serapes, or starched white headaddresses.

Margaret passed by all the dimpled, dark-eyed senorita dolls and all the gallant, jaunty bullfighter dolls; she bought a pair of grandparent dolls dressed in sober black and white, their faces lined with age, their hair white.

Margaret's jewelry collection, in addition to her silver earrings, is impressive. She owns three wrist watches, one of which was a gift of her dearly loved Mr. Lionel Barrymore. She owns a diamond ring (chip diamond, narrow gold band) given by Jimmy Durante, and four other rings presented at various times by those with whom she has worked. She has perhaps half a dozen chains and locket, and several strings of tiny pearls.

diamond lil . . .

Wordlessly, she will study the decor of any woman who visits the set. One afternoon, a tourist wearing fifteen or twenty thin silver bracelets was given the long stare by Miss O'Brien. Thought Marissa, "I wonder what will come of this?"

She found out the following morning. Margaret emerged aglitter with three chains with locket, two strings of pearls, all three of her watches, a pair of earrings, and every ring she owned.

Margaret, however, is sharp. Cocking an eye at Marissa, she caught her aunt's quickly controlled expression of mirth. "Do you think I'm a little over-dressed for school?" she demanded. Without waiting for an answer, she wheeled and returned to her bedroom. When she came out the second time she was wearing one watch, one ring, and one string of pearls.

At Christmas, when Mrs. O'Brien asked Margaret what she wanted to find under the tree, she expected a number of answers. For one thing, she imagined that Little Miss-Nose-In-A-Book would place

an order for an entire library in order to be equipped with literature for the year 1946. She also presumed that Margaret would ask for an addition to her dolls. As usual, Margaret wowed the lady.

"The only thing I really want," said she, "is a cameo brooch and a cameo ring to match."

After regaining her breath, Mrs. O'Brien inquired, "Wherever did you get that idea, darling?"

"I saw some pictures of old-fashioned girls in a book, and they were wearing cameos," said Margaret. She received her two cameos, as specified.

Although Margaret is now nine years old, she hasn't been awarded a formal allowance. She isn't interested in carrying pennies or nickels in her purse, and never seems to be impelled to buy things herself, as some children are. Nor does she understand the connection between her work and her income.

Since California professional children are, in effect, wards of the court and must have each individual contract reviewed and approved by a judge, Margaret spends a good deal of time in the Hall of Justice.

Once she arrives in the court room, she has to sit and listen, sometimes for long periods, to a group of tiresome adults arguing over a matter that she can't understand. If her case is fourth or fifth on the docket, she gets bored to extinction. One afternoon—after sitting through several minor cases involving absolutely nothing of interest to a girl of nine—Margaret whispered to Marissa, "This is silly. Let's go home now and come to see the judge when he doesn't have so many friends to fight with."

In Maggie's opinion, making pictures and radio appearances is on an amusement par with jacks, checkers or roller skating.

You probably remember that Margaret went through a card-sharper phase. She was the gin rummy genius of every set on which she worked and great was her fury if she lost a hand. She still gets almost as irked if she is licked at checkers. She is the same way with jacks.

Mrs. O'Brien and Marissa watch closely to see that Missy M. doesn't take her games too seriously. After she had taken a two-game licking one day, she made such a fuss that she was ordered to refrain from playing checkers for two days, one penalty day for each blowup. "You've got to learn that you MUST lose occasionally," reasoned Mrs. O'Brien. "No one wins all the time."

"I don't see why not, if I work hard enough," encountered Maggie.

Probably this philosophy has been bolstered by the fact that, so far, she has realized most of her dreams. Take, for instance, the Lassie situation. Around Christmas, 1944, Mr. Louis B. Mayer, whom Margaret adores, asked his favorite star, "What would you like to receive from me this year?"

Margaret didn't have to waste a moment's reflection upon her request. "Lassie," she said.

Mr. Mayer gave a number of pertinent reasons why such a thing was impossible, each of which was gravely accepted by Miss O'Brien. The result was that Maggie was promised the first of Lassie's puppies.

For months, Marissa had to drive Maggie seventy miles out into the country each Sunday to visit Lassie. When Lassie's puppies were born, Maggie promptly chose one of the males and named him Laddie. As the time approached for Laddie to

be brought home, Mrs. O'Brien and Marissa realized that Margaret was going to have to be warned about the jealousy that would inevitably develop between Maggie, the cocker spaniel, and Laddie.

Thinking that this situation might be used as an object lesson of value, Mrs. O'Brien explained that everyone craves attention and affection and that, when one is living in a family, one must try to show each member equal favor.

arithmetic annoyance . . .

She wasn't certain that she had put the message over until the following afternoon when she glanced out the window to check on the behavior of Maggie and the two dogs. All three were sitting in the grass; Margaret was in the middle, with a dog stretched out on either side. She was patting each head simultaneously. The movement, forward-bending and slowly leaning back, made her look as if she were paddling a small canoe.

When a Charity Fair was given at the Bob Hope home recently, Margaret was chosen to preside over the doll booth. "Of all the dolls here," she confided to Marissa—who was to handle the cash transactions at the register—"my favorite is this one." You guessed it: It was an antique French doll dressed in provincial style.

To her first customer Margaret said, "I'm sure you'll like this one," and held up the antique. That customer selected a baby doll with sleepy eyes.

The next customer shrugged aside the antique and chose a bride doll. The gypsy pair went next. As sales continued and no one evinced the slightest interest in Margaret's idea of the prize, she said forlornly to Marissa, "I don't know why people don't appreciate nice things."

When little Frenchie was finally sold after two-and-a-half hours of brisk trade, Maggie closed her eyes and heaved a profound sigh of relief. "The sale has been a big success, hasn't it?" she asked Marissa. "How much did we make for Charity?" (It turned out later that she thought Charity was an under-privileged child for whom this whole party was given!)

Marissa mentioned the pleasant sum taken in by her ardent niece.

"Oh, dear—I'll probably have that number in Arithmetic tomorrow," said Margaret.

She has been attending formal school for only fourteen months, but she is reading sixth grade language books, working on fourth grade history and arithmetic. The reading and history are duck soup for Margaret, but if she could skip arithmetic it would be a fine thing, in her opinion.

Considering the brief period spent in a classroom, Margaret is remarkably hep. This is due, undoubtedly, to the fact that she listens to adult conversations and relates everything she understands. Sometimes, as in the case of the word "charity," she gathers an off-beam impression, but usually her conclusions are solid.

As the 1945 holidays neared, for instance, Mr. Mayer again asked, "What would you like to find under your Christmas tree from me this year, my dear?"

Once again Margaret was delayed by no uncertainty. All during the racing season she had heard enthusiastic backers singing the praises of one horse; this filly's fighting heart had been extolled, along with her speed, stamina and beauty. And so, being a refreshingly frank young lady, she said sweetly, "Thank you, Mr. Mayer. This year I'll take Busher!"



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A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOLLY AND ME

(Continued from page 49)

his breath as Johnny went back upstairs, chuckling, to tell his sister and best pal, Molly, the joke.

Molly wasn't amused. She was sore. "We'll fix that," she said, "from now on, I'm Molly Coy!"

Molly's his best booster, severest critic, toughest audience, sister, mother, confidant, advisor and Girl Friday. And it's Molly who reports faithfully each week to his doting mother back in Montreal on the state of the boy as to health, career and heart interests. She had to write a long letter on that last department recently—but it was one she liked to write.

Johnny had called up from the studio.

"Molly, I'm bringing a new girl home for dinner. I hope you'll like her."

Molly's eyebrows lifted. "What difference does that make?"

She got the answer the minute Johnny walked in the door with petite, brunette, twinkle-toed little Dorothy Babbs. Johnny was just starting "Ladies' Man" then, and Paramount wisely told him, "You pick your own partner for the specialty numbers." Johnny's an eager beaver and he tested dozens of Hollywood dancers. It was pretty discouraging until Dorothy Babbs stepped into his arms and smiled and said, "Just dance—I'll fake along."

After one routine, all Johnny knew was that he could let his slippers go and not run into any interference, and also that a funny feeling came over him when he had his arms around this sweetie which wasn't all art and terpsichore. It was that fast and quick that the bug bit him.

Anyway, after Molly Coy pondered a minute or two on the strange note in her brother's voice about the new girl he was bringing to dinner, she got busy. She ran down to the market and got a pork roast and made apple sauce and candied some yams—that was Johnny's idea of a spread. She put a bottle of Johnny's one extravagant weakness, champagne, in the icebox. Remembering that Johnny's first kiddish crush was a dancer, she wondered if Johnny's "new girl" was a dancer. She chuckled to herself, because she knew how Johnny would introduce her: "This is Miss Coy—my sister," making a clear explanation of that. Molly still had a laugh a day, it seemed, when some smitten girl fan called the apartment for Johnny and she answered.

"Oh," they'd stammer, "I—I'm sorry. Must have the wrong number!" And they'd hang up, thinking they'd stumbled into Johnny Coy's wife!

johnny's got a girl . . .

Molly didn't have to wonder much after she saw Dorothy. And she knew that funny note in Johnny's voice was no false alarm. He was treating this sweet little peach like a china doll. That night Molly could write home to Mother Ogilvie, "Johnny's got himself a new girl. Her name's Dorothy Babbs, and she dances—wouldn't you know it? I think he's already tumbled, but don't you worry a bit. She's sweet and lovely and I think Johnny'll be a lucky boy if she likes him, too."

So when Johnny admitted that Cupid was shooting him full of holes and he was dreaming about diamond rings and rice and things, Molly thought, with a big sister's instinct, "Oh-oh, I wonder if he's sure?" She kept her mouth shut, but she held the thought and Johnny got it, or maybe he had it all by himself. When "Ladies' Man" was finished, he announced: "I'm going to fly back to Montreal and

see Mom and the kids."

"That's a wonderful idea," agreed Molly. "Yep," Johnny said, "I'm homesick." Then he confessed, "Dorothy and I talked it over. We think it's a good idea to separate and see whether it's a case of 'absence makes the heart grow fonder'—or, 'out of sight, out of mind.'"

So Molly stayed in Hollywood, and off Johnny flew to Montreal, where Mother Ogilvie had his dancing cups and medals polished up for the occasion and his old room redecorated, as she does every time he comes home. The sisters gathered around to hear all about Hollywood and discreetly inquire about this Dorothy Babbs Molly had been writing about. His Montreal buddies and fans poured into the Ogilvie house all day and night and it was just like old times. But fate stepped in after a week. The telegram said, "Catch plane immediately. Star part in 'Earl Carroll's Sketchbook' starts immediately at Republic." So Johnny was winging his way back West before he knew it, and he still didn't know the answer about himself and Dorothy. Then, the minute he got to Hollywood, they told him, "Pick a partner for your dances," and whom did Johnny Coy pick? That's right—Dorothy Babbs.

Johnny Coy was still working day and night when the matter of the ring came up. He couldn't get to a jewelry store when one was open to pick out the diamond ring, but he had that surprise in his mind. Johnny's quite a romantic soul at heart; he likes to do things with a flair and he had his heart set on giving Dorothy the ring in a romantic spot—removed away from workaday Hollywood. Somewhere where he could propose as he'd always dreamed of proposing.

That would be up in Carmel, California, where the blue Pacific lazily sweeps a snow white beach and dark pines whisper at the water's edge. It's the prettiest spot on the California coast, and that's where Dorothy was going to join her mother for a vacation the minute the whistle blew on

"Sketchbook." Johnny saw his chance, so he decided to drive Dotty up the very night they called "Cut!" on their last number. But how to get that surprise diamond ring all picked out and ready for the big event? Answer—as usual, Sister Molly.

It was a secret, deep and thrilling, and if Dotty found out about the ring or Johnny's plot it would spoil the romantic surprise Coy was counting on. Molly knew it was up to her. She called in Evelyn Babbs, Dorothy's older sister. They went shopping, found just the right sparkler. Then they both had to launch a painful act of deception that made Dorothy cry—but they couldn't help it.

Because, it *would* happen that Johnny brought Dotty in too soon and the sisters had to make quick with the ring under the sofa pillow and then try to look calm and nonchalant about the whole thing. But Johnny had been acting a little odd around the set that day, like he'd swallowed a mouse or something, and when Dotty saw her sister, Evelyn, and both she and Molly looking like a couple of kids caught in the cookie jar, she started asking questions.

"Say," pondered Dotty, "what's cooking here, anyway?"

Molly knew right then she'd have to do something to frighten her off the scent, and Molly can think fast when something her brother, Johnny, has his heart set on is about to fly out the window. She was going to protect that surprise if it killed her, or killed Dorothy or someone.

desperate measures . . .

So she started running Johnny down, just to get farthest away from romance as she could. "What in the world do you see in Johnny?" remarked Molly. "If you had any sense you'd toss him over for keeps," she stated. "He's fickle. He doesn't love you. All he cares about is his dancing."

"Wh—what!" stammered Dotty, going white.

Evelyn caught on to the act. "Sure, Sis," she said. "Molly's right. I never could understand what you see in him. A selfish guy, no ideals. He'll break your heart. Get rid of him, is my advice!"

Dorothy turned from white to angry pink. And loving Johnny, as the gag went on and on and got hotter and hotter she burst into tears and stamped out saying she'd never speak to either of them again.

By now, of course, Dorothy Babbs is hep to what went on herself and, having a sense of humor, she appreciates Molly's struggles to keep the surprise on ice even if she did have to make Dotty see red to do it. Because by now, of course, Johnny has popped the question and Dorothy has said "Yes" and they made their promises as Johnny had planned in dreamy Carmel-by-the-Sea. They'll be married soon.

Molly doesn't claim to be Johnny's favorite sister. But in a big family, somebody has to be a second mama to the brood, and that was Molly Ogilvie's job. She was just the right age and the right disposition. Every Ogilvie moppet danced—all except Molly. She was the quiet, domestic type—there's usually one in a talented family like that—and the talent Molly did have came a cropper early in her life. She used to sing lyric soprano, studied music at McGill University for seven years and belonged to the Montreal Opera Society, warbling in light operas like "Prince of Pilsen," "The Quaker Girl," "Floradora," and such. She had hoped someday to go on to grand opera and make a career for herself. Un-

MODERN SCREEN



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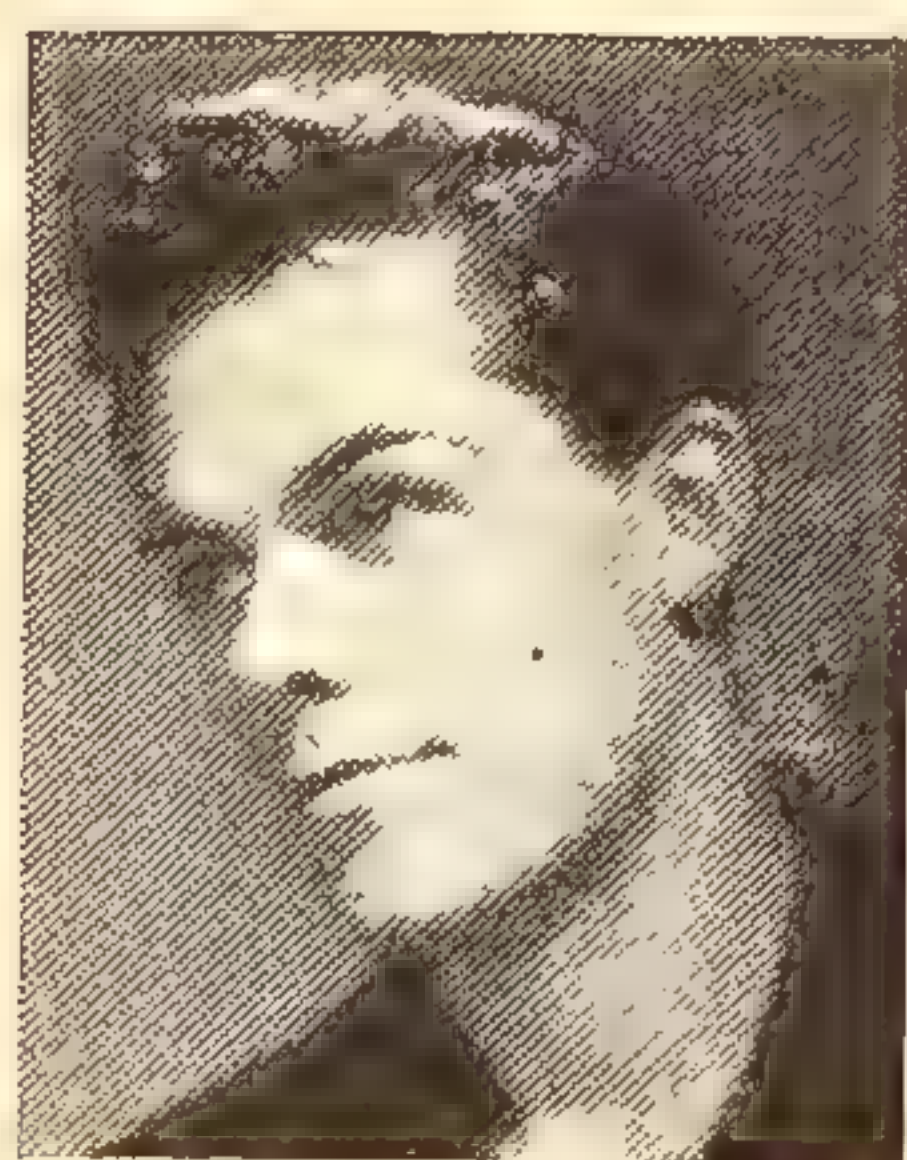


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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



July is the time for Bev-rages (ouch), so here's BOB TURNER, 24 come Sept. 7, free, 6' tall and weighing 155 lbs. Has brown hair and eyes. Wanted to be a soldier of fortune, settled for vaudeville, films, a three-year-Navy

hitch, and currently, a role with Mary Martin in B'way's "Lute Song." Is now considering many picture offers. Collects giraffes, and loves Chinese food. Write to him at the Jaffe Agency, 119 W. 57th St., N. Y. C. Ann Salmons, 1333 N. Marshall St., Philadelphia, Pa., has his fan club.



I played Sherlock Holmes, and found JOE ROACH the cowboy with the green shirt, red tie, and blonde hair, who stood out in an extra role in "The Harvey Girls." He's 25, 6', 2" tall, and unmarried. Write him at his army

address: No. 39742723, E-17, Reg. Hospital, Fort Wood, Mo.



RICHARD LONG scored as Drew in "Tomorrow is Forever" and does equally well in "The Stranger." Born in Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17, 1927, he is 6' tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. No gal. Write to him at

RKO, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Graves, N. Y.: The romantic theme of "They Were Expendable" was "The Marcheta." It's been published, as has the "Spellbound Concerto." "Saratoga Trunk" music was just background score. 17-year-old Bill Riley was "the kid" in "Expendable."

Pat Moorehead, Iowa: JACK BUE-TEL, star of "The Outlaw," was born in Dallas, Texas, Sept. 5, 1919. Is 6' tall and weighs 160 lbs. He has blue eyes and black hair. Recently was discharged from the service. No club for him, but LON McCALLISTER'S CLUB was reorganized, and Lenore Becker, 1902 N. 36 St., Milwaukee, Wis., will send you details.

CORRECTION: Leona Rosenthal, 1285 St. John's place, Brooklyn, N. Y., has a fan club for James Mason, and not Leslie Vincent, as stated in my June column. Sorry!

Come on now! You MUST have something that you want to know about. Well then, just send your question and a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

luckily, though, Molly lost her voice when she was still in her teens by getting too lucky at a racetrack, of all places, and shouting herself hoarse.

Dad Ogilvie worked for the Canadian National Railways, so they traveled a lot, to Ottawa, Toronto and other Canadian cities, where Johnny never failed to walk off with medals and cups. Mrs. Ogilvie liked to escort her kids on most of the trips because she got and still gets a terrific bang out of watching Johnny dance. When he went down to New York to dance professionally at night clubs for the first time, Mama Ogilvie made fourteen trips down in one year just to see her Johnny perform. But often she couldn't get away, and then the chaperone job was up to Sister Molly.

that johnny! . . .

It was that way all the way along, even when Johnny branched out—with hazardous results—into the big outside world of show business. It was Molly Coy who was usually on the business end of the long distance calls (collect) that Johnny was always shooting home, or the telegrams marked "urgent"—but both with the same idea—send some money, quick! Her mother would say, "Molly, it looks like Johnny needs some money—you'd better run up to the bank." So Molly would send on the Western Union order and shake her head, muttering, "That Johnny!" But like the rest of the family, she was always touchily proud of him. She talked her boss into a couple of days off to run down to New York and stand in line with her mother to see Johnny in his first stage act. And she bought all the Montreal papers that printed the "local boy makes good" article with Johnny's picture when he was signed for the lead with Mary Martin in "Dancing in the Streets," the Broadway show that had his hopes in the air, then flopped.

That's the kind of warm feeling Johnny held for his family and the kind they held for him. And that's why, when Buddy de Sylva spotted a star in Johnny Coy tearing up the floor at the Copacabana, and handed him a contract, Johnny had Molly come out to share his good luck.

He wired home from New York. "Hollywood's a long way from home. Molly, can you come out and take care of me?"

And Molly wired back, "You're a big boy, now Jackie—but I still like that job. You're on."

At first, all Johnny had to worry about was good times and lazy days. The part Paramount had in mind for him with Betty Hutton in "Incendiary Blonde" was much too small, they rightly reasoned. Before "Bring On the Girls" came along for him to prove he was a cinch for stardom, Johnny Coy had time on his hands and he had to keep doing something or go crazy, because that's the kind of a restless ball of fire he is. He took it out in swimming, bowling, golfing, playing badminton, chasing around to night spots, and Molly tried to keep up with her kid brother for a while. But she finally retired to the role of housekeeper and hostess and let Johnny's bouncy friends take over the strenuous life. Once Johnny went to work, Molly's worries were over—one look at Coy in action and Hollywood kept him plenty busy.

But although Molly Coy will be passing on the care and feeding of Johnny Coy to Dorothy Babbs pretty soon now, she still knows more about her famous brother than anyone else, except maybe Mom Ogilvie. So Dotty Babbs, please note: Life will not have many dull moments around that Coy guy. Just ask Molly.

Johnny's going to want to stay up all night and sleep all day, yes he is, unless you put your little foot down. He'll read until all hours, then want sandwiches in the middle of the night! When he wakes up,

he'll yelp for his o.j. (orange juice) and coffee and want to stay sipping them in the sack another hour while he catches up with the morning newspapers that he's bought the night before.

You'll have to keep that date blackboard in his bedroom up to snuff on appointments or Johnny'll get in a jam. Half the time his mind's off on a dance step and he just can't remember what year of Our Lord it is. Do you mind tap dancing in the bathroom? Maybe you don't—the neighbors do, though, sometimes, when Coy gets a brainstorm and works it out on the hard tiles while he's shaving.

Then there's money. That Coy—he's got porous pockets, no matter how much he makes. Because, one, he's a soft touch for a hard luck yarn. Two, he thinks the stuff's made to spend and enjoy.

Telephonitis—and how!—count on at least \$100 a month long distance tolls. Gifts—for you, for Molly, for Mom, for everyone he fancies, like the sick little girl in the Montreal hospital children's ward he fell for on his last visit and showered with jewelry, books and toys.

Better be resigned to a marathon open house. People will walk in and out saying "Jake here?" and half the time you won't know who or why. But no real wild-Indian problems with Coy. You don't even drink or smoke and Johnny practically doesn't, either. Just rise above his smitten fans who call up. Johnny's strictly a one-woman guy when he's in love. Except for dogs—they're the rivals.

He'll be dragging home strange mutts all the time and you'll have to turn them away, just like Molly, because the apartment manager says "No." But if a pup does worm his way in, you won't get a tumble. He'll be nuts about Johnny.

Don't count on any help around the house; Coy's not a bit domestic. Molly caught him frying bacon with butter once—imagine! He's hard to get out of the bathroom, takes a tub and a shower, reads in the tub, reads anywhere, books all over the house, paints and paint brushes too, that's a secret ambition. Hope you like the radio, because Johnny keeps it humming. Murder mysteries send him.

Things to watch: Dentists' appointments—Johnny's scared of drill doctors. He'll keep a toothache for weeks rather than climb in the chair. Bank accounts—Jackie never keeps stubs and the bank might get nasty. Autos—Jackie's get stolen, roll down hills, smack into things. Socks—better learn to knit. He wears nothing but home made Argyles, but Mother Ogilvie helps out there. Colds—he catches them every time he starts a picture, won't go to bed.

silent treatment . . .

Fun's no problem. Johnny will step out at the drop of a suggestion. Ciro's, Mocambo, the Hollywood high spots are his dish. Hockey games he loves madly, gin rummy, the beach, badminton. If he gets sassy or there's a spat—just don't speak to him. That Johnny can't stand, and he'll come around quick with flowers and perfume.

That ought to be a fair bunch of tips on Jackie Coy to start. But if Dorothy ever gets stuck—why, there's always Molly to huddle with. She's taken out her first naturalization papers and Johnny's set her up in the laundry business.

In fact, Johnny and Dorothy want Sister Molly to keep on living with them in the apartment after the wedding. But even with the Hollywood housing shortage as tight as it is, Molly shakes her practical Scotch head at that idea. There are living quarters back of the shop they bought and she can make them do if necessary.

There's nobody Molly loves better than her cute kid brother. But Molly Coy also knows that when a man's married—well—three's a crowd.

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for a solid jamboree!*



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93

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Matching powder, rouge and cake make-up for Beauty's Sake. Sold in Canada, too.

PETER LAWFORD'S LIFE

(Continued from page 39)

location contract, and here he was—no job, no money, and a dose of flu built for an oxygen tent.

He tottered off at the Los Angeles Union Station and drove with his agent to M-G-M. He didn't have time for any lunch. Halfway out he had to stop and be sick. His head was spinning dizzily as he read his lines at the interview, but at last he seemed to hear Director Norman Taurog say, "That's it. You've got the part," from far away. He said, "Thanks," walked outside and fainted dead away. Maybe nobody but Peter Lawford would have slugged himself that way on a gamble in the fickle, long-shot world of Hollywood.

Because in Peter's aristocratic world the dreams he clung to were outrageous. Movie acting was a disgrace. It fell under the great taboo for religious reasons—"not done." That made Peter Lawford, from the start, one against the gods.

dramatic entrance . . .

The winter storms were lashing London early the furious September night Peter Lawford was born. The surly sky broke into a tempest, the worst in years. Gales blasted the window panes and sheeted rain crashed in rolling salvos against the slate roof of the West End flat where General Sir Sidney Lawford, K.E.B., Royal Fusiliers, retired, and his pretty young Lady, awaited their first child.

The baby was large, nine-and-a-half pounds, and slow to arrive. He was being born upside down with complications. He showed little signs of life. His left arm was paralyzed. When he was finally into this world, the doctor examined infant Peter Lawford and then shook his head. To the nurse he said, wearily.

"You needn't bother to try and feed him. He'll be dead before night."

"I'm not going to let him die," said Miss Hemming, the nurse.

She worked over him all that day, this hopeless little mite who was to become Peter Lawford. She massaged, rubbed, patted and bathed him with brandy. By evening he could eat. The next morning he was very much alive and making a fuss about it. Miss Hemming (she has written Peter every month since for the past twenty-two years) placed him on his mother's bed the next day. The first thing he did was put on a show.

Lady Lawford switched on the lamp at her bed table. To her amazement, her day-old son turned his head and looked right at it. "Nurse," she called. "Something's queer here. I say, aren't babies blind when they're born?"

"Yes, your Ladyship, they are."

"But he's looking at the light!"

So tiny Peter put on his act for the nurse. Every other member of the household staff came in for a look. The London relatives, dropping by for a look at the new Lawford heir, saw Peter in his believe-it-or-not baby act. He swivelled his head back and forth most of the day, winding up the show when the doctor came that afternoon. The physician carried Peter to the window and examined his eyes. "He can see, all right," he muttered incredulously. "But," he added, with British correctness, "he really shouldn't, you know."

But Peter kept up the wonder baby act. They packed him off to the South of France before he was five weeks old, to escape the harsh London winter. The nurse who had rubbed life into him at birth went along. Each day she strapped his good right arm to his side so he'd have

to use the well-massaged but paralyzed left one. Pretty soon that developed until today Pete Lawford is ambidextrous, a lucky talent he could use later on when he wrecked his right arm in an accident. When he was only six weeks old the second wonder act occurred.

The Lawfords stopped in a Riviera resort hotel and one day Peter's doting nurse knocked at Lady Lawford's room in a justifiable rage. "These stupid servants!" she stormed. "The chambermaid or someone has put Master Peter sitting up in bed. Anyone knows that injures a baby's spine."

Lady Lawford agreed. She called in the floor staff and read them a lecture. "You must never, never sit the baby up in bed," she demanded. "Never touch Master Peter at all."

They all protested. "But, Madame, no one has even been in the room." But who had propped Baby Peter up in bed? He gave the answer himself. When they tiptoed, en masse, into the room, he was flat on his back again. To everyone's astonishment, he pulled himself up to a sitting position. "Call the General," gasped Lady Lawford. Sir Sidney came running. Peter was keeping up the bedroom acrobatics. It was unheard of. Even the calm General was impressed.

The life that young Peter Lawford was born into was the tradition-governed, history-hallowed world of British aristocracy. What was and was not "done" was what counted and the rules were rigid. Both his mother and his father's families were among the oldest and the best in England.

Young Peter was whisked about the Continent as a baby, as the retired Sir Sidney and his Lady travelled with the seasons and the International Set. He was always being bundled up and taken aboard a steamer or catching a train. He lived in a world of hotels, spas, Paris pensions, Mayfair flats.

His tutors and his playmates, too, could have stepped right out of a geography book. Swiss, German, English, Portuguese, Italian teachers had him in tow in turn. Wherever he went, he played with moppets from other lands—Czech, Swedish kids, Turkish, Viennese, Americans.

pride of the nursery . . .

In true British tradition, Lady Lawford entrusted Peter mainly to the nursery staff. Peter had breakfast by himself in the nursery, spent the day from nine to one o'clock with his tutor, went to the nearest park or playground in the afternoon and got tucked in early, with perhaps a sleepy-eyed look at his mother, coming in mink-coated and perfumed to give him a goodnight kiss on the way out for dinner.

Two things which she drummed into Peter early were a world consciousness and respect and tolerance for all races and religions. There's just one church that counts in aristocratic England, but Lady Lawford encouraged every governess to instruct Peter in whatever her religion happened to be. Before he was ten, Peter was exposed to the Catholic, Protestant, Lutheran and Jewish faiths. He discovered, as his mother wanted him to, that there was something swell in them all. As he did about the races he ran up against.

One day, in Paris, he came running in from play and made the mistake of repeating a slighting remark he'd heard a German kid make about an Italian kid. There was an ugly word in it and Lady Lawford spoke her mind to four-year-old Peter Lawford in a fashion he never forgot.

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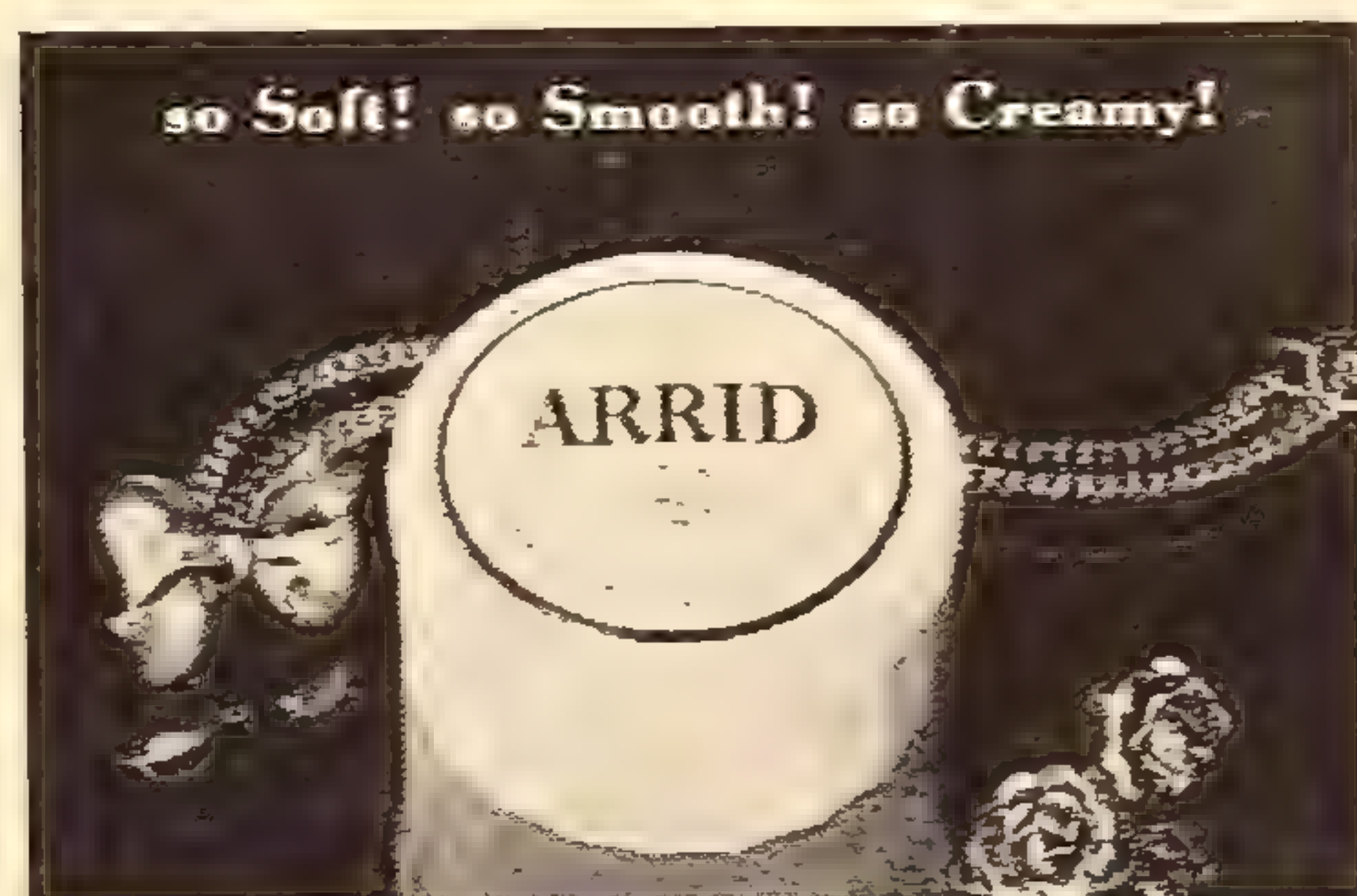
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"The world is a big place, Peter," she told him. "There are lots of kinds of people in it and every one has something admirable and nice that no other has. No country is better than any other country and no race better than any other race. Now, see if you can repeat what I have just said."

Peter repeated it, and then he repeated it again. He was five before he could speak English. Most of his playmates jabbered away in the Continental language, French, and his parents spoke it, too. It was quite a day when he finally learned enough of his native tongue to carry a conversation. They celebrated the event by putting through a telephone call to his dad, then in London.

"Allo," began Peter.

"Are you there?"

"Oui—yes, I am here. I am well. How are you?" Peter squeezed it out slowly.

"That's good," said his dad. "Well, old boy, and what are you doing there in Paris?"

"Moi—I je play the gendarmes et voleurs," struggled Peter, "how you say?—the cops and robbers." So although Sir Sidney had to laugh, at the same time it shocked him a bit. From then on nothing but English was spoken around the house and soon Peter was as British as the next boy.

His governess was German then and so was his nurse and Peter didn't like either one. He said one looked like a cow and the other a fish and what was probably the matter is that with true Teutonic discipline, they made him walk the chalk line. One day he rebelled.

The governess had been ironing out some things in the nursery and unwisely left the iron on the board. When she left the room Peter saw his chance, and he didn't hesitate for a second. He switched the iron back on and removed himself and all tracks. He knew what would happen, although he wasn't much more than five or six. The iron would get hotter and hotter and spoil the clothes and the governess would catch plenty.

The iron did get hotter. It burned right through the ironing board, kept on burning and fell through the nursery floor. From the downstairs room it seared its way through a rich carpet and the floor, too, and plummeted merrily on down to the basement, glowing like an evil coal. The discovery was made only when the butler rushed into the wing of the house where General and Lady Lawford sat, crying "Fire!" Then the Oxford volunteer fire brigade was called and rumbled up noisily to save the day. The plot worked all right. The German governess got her bawling out. But Peter felt so badly about it he came clean himself. As for Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, they were happy enough that the house hadn't burned down, so no drastic measures were taken.

young sportsman . . .

Before Peter was eight years old he could ride, stiff-backed and firm seated, on a flat English saddle without losing his feet from the stirrups. He could hold his own at tennis with the other kids and give the older boys a race before the net, too. In his favorite scrapbook today Peter has the trophy of his early skill with a rifle. Sir Sidney taught him how to shoot the minute he was big enough to heft a rifle. The trophy is a small target and punched through the center dot are six bullseyes out of ten shots—not bad for an eight-year-old kid. Peter could ski, too, and swim and dive—and all expertly because in every sport he undertook he had an instructor to start him off with the right style. He could handle his dukes, too, although you'd never guess it. Because as a boy Peter Lawford was one of those

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slim, English boy-beautifuls. He wore his yellow-brown hair that darkened each year brushed straight back in a slick "pompadour." His skin, faintly olive, browned to a rich tan with the winter sun at Cannes and Deauville. His eyes were brown and merry and his lashes long. He wore all hand-tailored clothes usually cut by "Bill of Bond Street," who has a shop in Santa Barbara today.

One habit which drove his governesses wild and shocked them no end was Peter's penchant for chumming with strange kids. The Lawfords spent most of their winters on the Riviera and at places like Nice and Deauville. Peter spent most of his play hours on the beach. He'd ramble over the sands faster than his governess could hobble and when she'd catch up with Master Peter he'd be playing with some swarthy Italian-French moppet of doubtful family. Then the governess would haul Pete away firmly and warn,

"Don't let me ever catch you with any child who doesn't belong to your family's friends."

servant snobbery . . .

But Peter complained to headquarters about this and Lady Lawford backed him up. She knew what a horrible little snob that type of thing could breed and that wasn't her style at all. And she laid down the rule: "Peter can play with any child as long as he hasn't the measles, mumps or some sickness and has had a bath within a reasonable time. All children," she assured Peter, "are God's children, and all of them are nice. Pick your own friends." And Master Peter did. He picked some beauties.

Peter had heard about Hollywood, of course, but outside of the fact that it was the home of the American shoot-'em-up wild westerns, which his governess allowed him to view now and then with his little friends, it meant little to him—or at least so his governess and his parents innocently thought. But Master Peter was more impressed by the gods and goddesses who flickered on the screen than he let on. Privately, he knew all about them and how they got that way at a very tender age. He was to reveal this with shocking clarity when his chance came.

That was when he was only seven years old. And it stemmed from a fiery political crusade Lady Lawford was engaged in.

At this particular time she was chairman of a London Committee, and commuted to her office from her home town of Reading, in Berkshire, where Sir Sidney had found a house. Every day, the governess brought Peter round in the limousine to have lunch with his mother, and inject a bit of home life into her strenuous penning of political blasts. To get to Lady Lawford's office, Pete had to walk through one where Sir Thomas Paulson, M.P., another Conservative booster, worked.

After a succession of mannerly "Good morning, Sir's," Sir Thomas was on friendly terms with manly Peter Lawford, and often he would halt him and chat about this and that. One day he popped the question, whose answer he knew, of course.

"Peter," asked Sir Thomas, "have you decided what regiment you're going into when you grow up?" The answer would be his father's, General Lawford's Royal Fusilliers.

"None," stated Peter firmly. "I'm not going to be a soldier. I'm going to be a film star."

Sir Thomas almost fell through the floor. "Good Lord, son," he gasped. "Don't ever say such a thing in front of your father or mother! They'd skin you alive."

Peter ignored that. His brain was ticking on more important matters. "I hear, sir," he said, "that you have an interest in Elstree." Elstree is Britain's M-G-M,

**"Me marry?
I like my freedom
too much"**



**Fiddlesticks!
You're pining for
a proposal.
So set the scene
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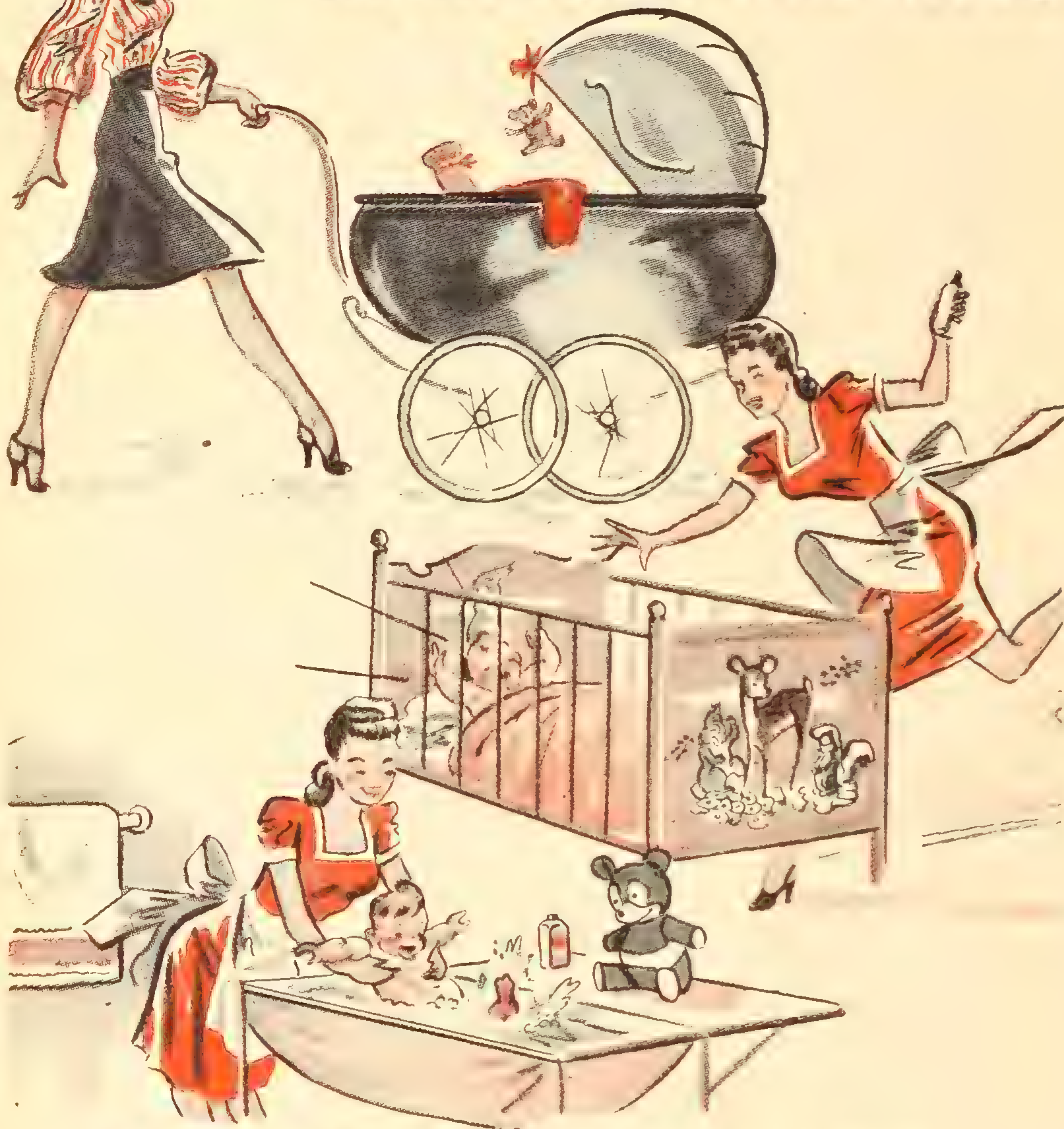
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and the center of English movies.

"Why, yes," admitted the peer. "I have a few shares." He had a lot of them and Peter knew it.

"I wonder, sir," pressed Peter, "if you'd give me a letter to the studio manager—so I can find out if I'm an actor or not." Age seven, Peter was. The Parliament Member and film financier smothered a laugh. "You mean you'd like to visit Elstree? Well, I think that can be arranged. I'll give them an order to show you through. How about tomorrow?"

Peter thought he'd carry the battle through. He told his mother of the big break that noon and made her promise to take him through the studio. He didn't conceal his plans, though. Always Peter was frank and above board. "I'm going to be like Charlie Chaplin when I grow up," he stated. "I don't want to be a soldier."

soldier or actor? . . .

Lady Lawford saw a way out. She knew nobody was going to make her seven-year-old son a film star. She knew it was just a tour of the studio. Now was the time to nip this. "Certainly," she smiled. "We'll make a bargain, Peter. If they don't want you to be an actor today—then you'll grow up to be a soldier; is that all right? If they do, you can be an actor."

"Yes," said Peter, "but that's honor bright?"

"Oh, yes, it's a bargain." They shook hands on it and everything in front of the chauffeur and the governess. Lady Lawford practically forgot the whole thing.

Next morning Elstree rolled out the red carpet for Peter and Lady Lawford. The order they had was about as if Louis B. Mayer had written a special pass to M-G-M. They saw everything. They visited sets and Lady Lawford was surprised how much her little son seemed to know about it all. But she almost fell over when Peter upped to the studio head and said, "I want you to tell me if I'm an actor or not." The man looked baffled and Lady Lawford smiled, "Oh, he's just stage-struck, you know, like all boys."

"Wait a minute," broke in Peter. "I'll show you." Whereupon, to his own mother's amazement, he danced, sang, rattled off a few impersonations, and generally knocked himself out in a one boy impromptu skit that took her breath away and also made her heart turn chilly. Why, the boy was serious! He meant what he said. She thought of her bargain and frowned. "Peter," she said hastily, "that's enough. Now we must go. It's all been very, very charming. Thank you so much for showing us. . . ."

"Wait a minute," said the manager. "No—please, Lady Lawford—may I call in someone?" That's when Lady Lawford really got scared.

Monty Banks, a British producer, came in the office then. He looked at handsome Peter, asked him a few questions, watched a few of the secret tricks Pete's own family had never seen.

"Why, he's the very kid for 'Poor Old Bill,'" said Banks. "I'll put him right in the picture, ten pounds a day." There was the offer.

"Excuse me," said Lady Lawford, in a weak voice. She called General Lawford at home and told him the astounding turn of events.

"Are you insane, my dear?" asked the General.

She explained the bargain, the solemn bargain, with witnesses and everything. She was on a spot and Peter was in the clouds. It seemed to mean so much to the boy. Would it really hurt, just as a lark?

The General laughed. "I suppose not. It really can't hurt Peter. Let him have the fling."

So Peter Lawford was a movie actor,

as he said he would be, and as happy as a prince. Lady Lawford brought him home that night, a little dazed by it all. They had always had trouble getting Peter to eat, that was the one fly in his boyhood health ointment. But that night Master Peter ate like a young horse.

Monty Banks said right away that Peter Lawford was a natural if he ever saw one. He waltzed through his scenes in "Poor Old Bill" like a veteran. Nothing around the studio set seemed strange to him. It was as if he had been doing that sort of thing all his young life. He knew all the expressions, the movie-making argot. He wasn't camera shy or self-conscious. He ate it up. After "Old Bill" he went into another picture, "Bill's War Debts." It was the same story. He was obviously cut out to be a child actor, but the thought of his keeping it up was still not acceptable to the Lawfords, or to their relatives, who saw Peter's picture "in the papers" and shuddered with shame.

But studios and acting were all Peter could think of from the time he donned his first wardrobe and makeup. When he was working he was happy and healthy as a lark. When he wasn't, all kinds of maladies and nervous upsets ganged up on him. Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford faced a baffling dilemma. Obviously, it was beneficial for their boy to act if he wanted to. It improved his disposition one hundred percent. But obviously, also, this sort of thing couldn't go on forever. The best answer seemed to be—fly away from the studios somewhere. Again it was their favorite spot, the south of France. They went to Monte Carlo and took an apartment in the big marble villa opposite the Hotel Metropole. Right down the street was the famous International Sporting Club. That made it just about the most unpromising place the Lawfords could have picked to get their son Peter's theatrical notions out of his young head. Because, at that casino, with an American troupe of the "Follies," was a New York dancer, loaded with talent and charm. His name was Carl Randall, and today he's a well-known Broadway dance director. At that time, Carl was Mister Glamor himself to young Peter Lawford. Tall, handsome, and able to dance like nobody's business, Carl was full of tales about the thrills and triumphs of show business in America.

me, too . . .

Every afternoon there was a tea and floor show at the International. Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford usually showed up later for dinner and a turn at the tables, but to Peter the highlight of the day was the tea-show in the afternoon. But it cost two dollars just to get in and sit down without a cup or a cake. That irked Peter; it meant he couldn't go every day. Entertainers, however, people like Carl and Fanette were issued special passes, allowing them a cut rate on everything they ordered and free admission. Peter didn't see why he shouldn't qualify.

One day he walked up to the office of the Sporting Club and demanded his rights. "I'd like a special artist's pass to the Club," said Pete airily.

They looked him over. He was all of ten years old. "We don't issue passes to little boys."

Peter drew himself up to his last quarter inch. "I am an artist," he stated imperiously. "I am an actor in British films. I demand the courtesies of the profession."

The management was baffled. Pete drew out stills of himself at Elstree. There it was. He walked away with the pass!

Peter was happiest when he was playing actor and basking in the glamorous personalities of Carl Randall and his theatrical friends. But he had a raft of other normal

(Continued on page 102)



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REALLY SURE
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PRESENT
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TEST IT UNDER
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THE NEW CREAM
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This will show you what Van looks like in an apron! Also his effect on the cook, Pat Kirkwood, who upends the salt box and pours and pours as she gives Van the dreamy look!

THAT'S WHAT PAT KIRKWOOD,
ENGLISH STAR, LIKES ESPECIALLY
ABOUT LIFE IN THE U.S.A.!

By Nancy Wood

■ YOU can imagine Pat Kirkwood's delight when she arrived in the U.S. about a year ago after all the war years in London! Here she was—and still is—thrilled with all the fruit flowers, vegetables, milk, eggs and brilliant electric lights. Her small Culver place, where she lives with her mother, is a-cackle with 1000 chickens and she's got all kinds of fruit trees in the back yard!

As for lights—she was a very popular English stage and movie star—"the girl who kept London laughing during the Blitz," yet she'd never seen her name in lights when she left England right after V-E day! One of her English movies, "Let's Face It," expressed her attitude exactly. She never took refuge in a shelter, but spent long hours as a fire-fighter and worked and slept in the same clothes for weeks at the height of the bombings.

She deserves all the swell things that are happening to her now, such as making the M-G-M picture, "No Leave, No Love" with your favorite Van Johnson and also, being surrounded by all sorts of beautiful fruit from which to make these desserts:

fresh fruit desserts



Photo courtesy Knox Gelatine

Some big, pink-cheeked peaches come to a very good end in this Peach Charlotte Russe—easy to make and yummy to eat!



Photo courtesy Best Foods

Your friends will love this Banana Split Salad and it won't be strictly from hunger, either! Almost all ripe fruits combine well.

PEACH CHARLOTTE RUSSE

- 1 envelope plain unflavored gelatine
- ¼ cup cold peach juice
- 1½ cups mashed peaches
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup light cream
- stale cake slices

Mash 1¾ to 2 cups peeled, sliced, thoroughly ripe peaches—enough to allow 1½ cups mashed peaches and ¼ cup juice. (If there isn't enough juice, add a little water to make ¼ cup.) Soften gelatine in cold peach juice and dissolve over hot water, stirring thoroughly. Combine peaches, lemon juice, sugar, corn syrup and salt. Add dissolved gelatine. Cool. Add cream. Arrange pieces of stale cake in sherbet glasses. Fill with dessert. Chill until firm. Serves 6.

BANANA SPLIT SALAD

- 3 bananas
- lemon juice
- 3 peaches
- 1 pint berries or sweet cherries
- real mayonnaise
- chopped nuts

Peel and halve bananas lengthwise. Dip in lemon juice. Peel and halve peaches; remove pits. Dip in lemon juice. Arrange banana half lengthwise on lettuce. Place peach half in center. Heap berries or sweet cherries on either side. Top peach half with real mayonnaise. Sprinkle with nut meats. Serves 6.

BLUEBERRY TARTS

- 2 cups blueberries
- 1 glass currant or other tart jelly
- 6 baked tart shells

Wash blueberries, drain and chill. To make tart shells, prepare a flaky pastry. Roll thin, cut out with 3 or 4-inch cookie cutter. Line 6 tart shell pans or muffin tins. Prick well to prevent puffing, then bake. Divide berries among cooled tart shells. Soften jelly over hot water and pour over berries. Chill. As jelly cools, it will glaze the berries. Top with whipped cream or vanilla ice cream and serve. Serves 6.

SWEET CHERRY UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

- 2 cups pitted sweet cherries
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup shortening
- ⅔ cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1½ cups sifted emergency flour
- 2½ teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup milk

Melt butter or margarine in 8x8x2 inch pan. Blend in sugar. Spread pitted cherries over this evenly. Top with batter made as follows: Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla and blend. Sift flour once, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift again. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Pour over cherries and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes or until done. Loosen cake from sides of pan with spatula. Serve upside down with cherries on top.



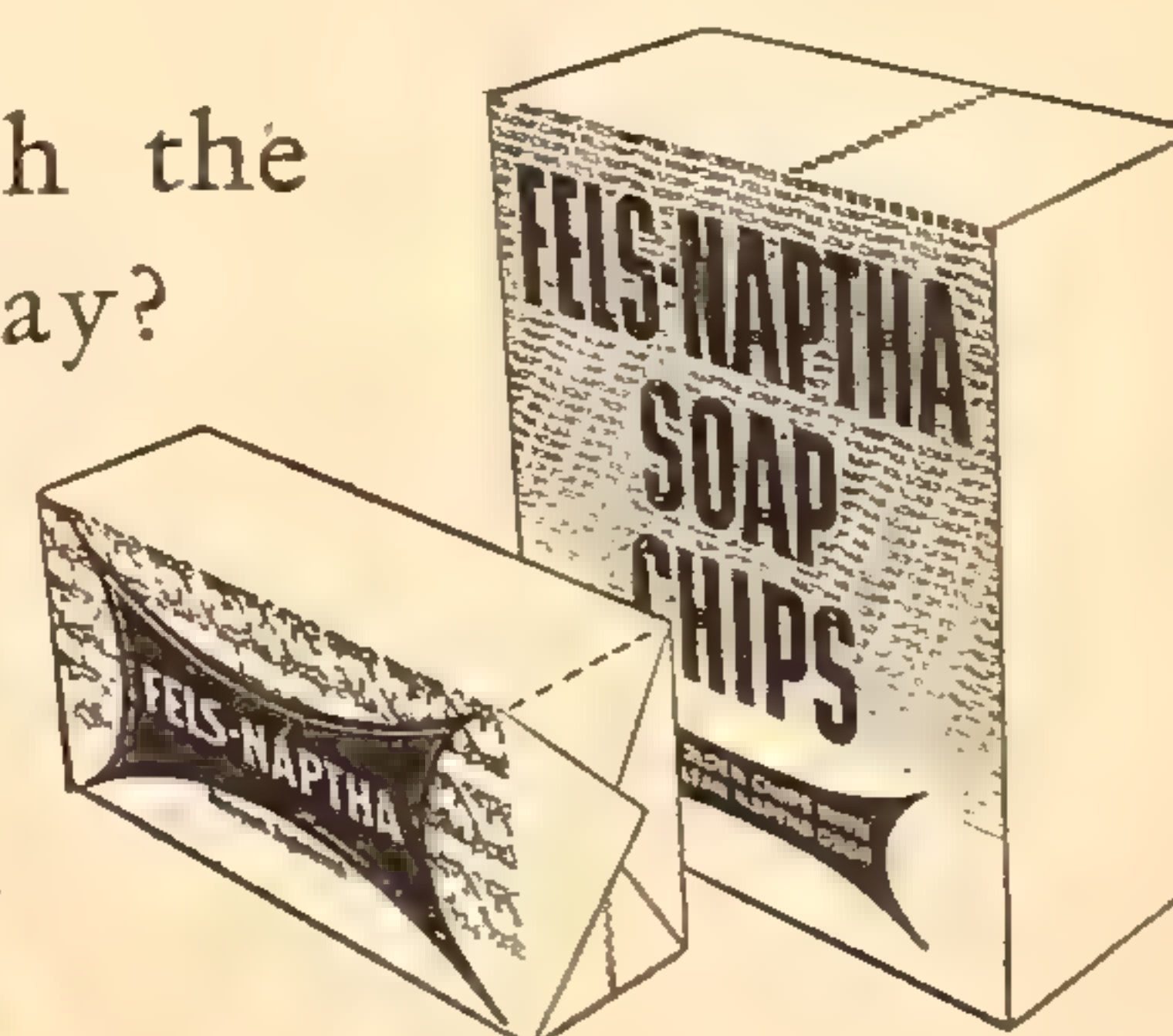
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Freedom
from DRUDGERY

A married woman's life can't always be 'a bowl of cherries. But it needn't be just a tub of dirty clothes.

The up-to-date housekeeper tries to find a happy medium between work and play. And on washday, her happy medium is apt to be Fels-Naptha Soap.

To the safe and thorough cleansing assured by good, mild soap, Fels-Naptha adds the faster, dirt-loosening action of gentle naptha. This labor-saving team can bring relief from the long, tiring hours of ordinary washdays.

Why don't *you* do your wash the easier, quicker Fels-Naptha way? Remember—all work and no play makes Jill a dull companion, too.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" 101



OF COURSE YOU CAN...



GO IN SWIMMING...



WITH TAMPAX!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies

**REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR**



boy interests and activities which kept him from going overboard. He was athletic, bounding around the tennis courts with Europe's best professionals; he inherited a natural horsemanship from his father, who'd played polo on the top British Army teams, and Lady Lawford, too, who was a lady centaur in her youth. Pete collected stamps ardently, was forever snapping everything with his camera, was crazy about motoring around in low-slung roadsters with his pals. Even then he thrilled to airplanes. The first romance, if you could call it that, of his life, centered around a yellow seaplane, more than the yellow haired girl whose papa owned it. Girls never swam into the head of Peter until later on, really.

Monique was just a pal. Her mother was a friend of Lady Lawford's from Paris, and Peter met her in Cannes. She was petite and blond, femininely French and his exact age. Her father was the head of Air-France. He was forever flying off to the ends of the earth in his yellow seaplane, but when it was harbored at Monte Carlo, Pete and Monique would climb all over it. They never went up in the yellow seaplane, but the dream made Peter's head dizzy. He'll never forget the tragic way that dream ended.

Monique's papa was flying from Saigon, Indo-China, to Monte Carlo, and knowing Peter's love for stamps, he posted a letter in the Air-France plane he flew in. With the rest of the mail, it was sealed in an asbestos box. The letter arrived but Monique's father didn't. The plane crashed and burned and all that was saved was the asbestos mailbox with Peter Lawford's letter. Peter was upset for weeks at the tragedy. He loved Monique, in his boyish camaraderie way, and for days he was seriously upset and sick at her family tragedy. They still correspond, although by now Monique is married.

The sensitive makeup of Peter Lawford—natural to so many born actors—was making itself known more and more as he grew into adolescence. He was rugged enough physically, and seldom sick with the ordinary garden variety of kid's illnesses. But any emotional blow set his delicate nervous makeup all a-jingle. These attacks were to seize him all his young life until he grew up and found release from his charged up emotions in acting.

But not all of Peter's nerve-wracking experiences were trivial, however. Once, on the Portuguese island of Madeira, where the Lawfords had taken a house, he slept in a large boudoir suite adjoining Lady Lawford's. In the middle of one night he stalked into his mother's room, his eyes staring and his pajamas wringing with perspiration.

the ghost walks . . .

"Someone keeps looking at me," explained Peter. "I'm afraid to go back to sleep."

"Nonsense," his mother told him. "It's just a dream."

But Peter knew better. He wouldn't go back in the room where the vision had scared him. He slept the rest of the night on the chaise-longue in his mother's room.

Next morning his father read him a lesson. "You must never show fear," he admonished. "You can be scared—everyone is. I was for five years in the war, but I never let myself show it. That's the rule. Now go back to your room tonight and go to sleep." But, rules or no rules, Peter wanted no part of that spooky room. Lady Lawford said she'd prove to him that it was all his imagination. That night she moved into the room. At midnight she too awoke, scared witless, soaking with perspiration. She fled to Sir Sidney's room with the same fright. "Peter's right," she gasped. "Someone's looking at me!"

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The General thought things had gone far enough. He'd test out the bedroom himself and prove it. Later that night he, too, woke up in the same condition. "By Jove," he growled shakily, "some blighter keeps staring at me, too!"

It was several days after that that Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford had tea with the bishop. "How do you like your house?" he enquired. He noticed the strange looks that spread over their faces. "Has anything happened?" he asked. "Anything unusual?" They told him rather shamefacedly, of their childish boogies. He nodded. "I thought so," said the bishop. "There were two murders and a suicide in that bedroom." The place was indeed haunted—and you'll never convince Peter Lawford or his parents that it wasn't.

a boy's best pal . . .

Peter Lawford's dog, Spotty, who romps around the Lawford's little Westwood bungalow today, is very active evidence of this extreme sensitivity Peter Lawford packed when he was a boy. Peter left an ideal holiday in Nassau to save Spotty.

He'd cooled off too quickly one day after a tennis match with Carl Randall, and coming into the damp night air Peter got the flu. It laid him up six weeks in bed at Monte Carlo, ruined his appetite and left him in a sadly shaken condition, with no interest in anything much. As ever, Peter's welfare came first with the Lawfords. When he said what he'd like to do most of all was swim in warm water, they sailed right off to the Bahamas. There Peter lolled in the warm, blue waves weeks on end with no tutor to plague him, building up his strength again—until Spotty got in a jam.

The dog was a wild one, descendant of the pups the buccaneering pirates brought to the West Indies. Peter was riding at the army post one day when they brought "Spotty" in roped up in a net. His fate was sealed. "Shoot him," said the sergeant. "That's the law."

Peter couldn't bear the thought of that. The dog was bright, frisky and beautiful. The impending execution horrified Peter. He stepped in and got the promise of a stay of execution; then he took his troubles to his father, the General. They called the governor. Nothing he could do. The law in the British Empire, is the law—it plays no favorites—and the Nassau law said all wild dogs found must be executed. There was only one loophole. If Peter took Spotty off the island of Nassau, he could live. That week the Lawfords packed up and sailed to Monte Carlo—to save Spotty's life. Incidentally, they've never regretted it. He's still the family's darling.

The Lawfords were always more than ready to go to the ends of the earth if they thought it was good for their son. Especially since the eternal question, "When can I go back to Elstree?" haunted them like the Madeira ghost. They still couldn't face the family frown on acting.

So when the pressure became a little heavy for a trip to Elstree, Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford had to think fast and come up with some tantalizing ideas. Their ears were always cocked to catch a hint from Peter of some love that could out-dazzle the lure of Elstree.

One time, when he was ill for some weeks at Monte Carlo, Peter waded into a bunch of books on the South Sea Islands. He got pretty worked up about that worldly paradise, as many a young man before him has. So when he raved, "Wouldn't it be wonderful to sail the South Seas and swim and fish and pick fruit off the trees?" his parents snapped at the idea.

What better way to make him forget this absurd movie career than a trip around the world? He was twelve when they sailed from Marseilles on an old French freighter,

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the Ville de Strasbourg, bound for Tahiti. The romantic idea was to go the old route and in a small ship, to come as close to sailing the seven seas as they could. Usually the Lawfords travelled in deluxe steamers, and pretty soon they were wishing they hadn't ditched that idea.

They were twenty-five days at sea without sight of land. The wallowing steamer's refrigeration broke down and the fresh food spoiled. They lived on potatoes and rice. It was a long voyage and there was practically nothing to do so he decided to write about his travels. He started the book on the long trip between the Panama Canal and Tahiti, and before he was back in England he had got together 30,000 words. It's still kicking around in his gear somewhere.

Peter had stacked the scratched and tattered sheets of his daily jottings in Lady Lawford's hat box. Her maid ran across the puzzling mass of scribbles and asked Lady Lawford if she should toss it out.

"By all means," said her Ladyship. "It's just some rubbish Peter scribbled on the boat." But Pete was within earshot and he rushed in wildly. "Don't you dare," said he, "that's my book." He still loves to pore over it and remember the highlights of the voyage. For instance, the surprise in Tahiti.

Pete was out in a sarong, diving with the pearl hunters and spearing colored fish the first day there. Already his natural tan started coming out. His white teeth flashed happily.

"This is a perfect idea," Lady Lawford whispered to her husband. "With all this Peter will forget all about films."

Well—the next morning she looked out of her bungalow window. Right there on the beach was—believe it or not—a camera and crew, lights, reflectors, microphones—a complete moving picture company, straight from Hollywood, taking South Seas shots for a movie. And right in the middle of the whole shebang, hustling happily here and there and not missing a trick was the boy they'd lured thousands of miles away to the remote spot just to get it out of his mind—Son Peter!

At long last, the Lawfords took the Blue Train up from Marseille, crossed the channel and were home in the Mayfair apartment at last. Peter had been gone months, travelled thousands of miles, seen wonderful new sights, been diverted by dozens of sports and pleasures to take his mind off his boyish crush on movie making—or at least so Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford confidently thought. The round the world trip hadn't been so cheap, but they knew it was worth it. The blow fell the minute they stepped in the flat. Peter ran to open a window to let out the musty air. He gazed over London's rooftops. "It's great to be home," he cried. "Now when do I go back to work at a studio?"

that old acting bug . . .

But London lost its charms quickly for Peter Lawford. The sky turned black the first day he went out to Elstree. A new law had been passed. No child under fourteen could act in films. There was a fine of a hundred pounds. "Well, Pierrot," said Lady Lawford (she always called him Pierrot) "I think that settles it." But it didn't—not with Peter. He had another idea in the back of his head. In France, they didn't have a silly law like that, they were making lots of pictures in France, and he spoke French like a native. He didn't tell his parents what was on his mind. But he began hinting about how he missed France. The Lawfords went to Paris and then to Aix-les-Bains in their favorite region, the south of France. They didn't know tragedy was lying in wait for them there, a tragedy which was to dictate their every move for years afterwards, and

oddly enough, guide Peter Lawford to the city he had dreamed about—Hollywood.

They rented a villa on the grounds of a large hotel at Aix. It had a garden with huge magnolia trees, and at one end the ground sloped off abruptly to make a wonderful slide. As usual, Peter met his cosmopolitan cronies, the Italian, German, Norwegian, Pan-European set of youngsters. Particularly, they liked to climb up in the big magnolia trees, drop off and roll down the slope, playing toboggan.

One day, Peter was host to the mob and Lady Lawford had ordered refreshments in their sitting room, just inside some high French doors which opened from the garden where Peter and the kids were jumping and rolling. She left the door open, as it usually was, and strolled off to town to shop. Pete was always slamming in and out of the house. He'd run in for this and that, full tilt, giving the tall glass door a push with his hand. He didn't know that the hotel maid had come through the villa in his mother's absence and, seeing the open door, had closed and latched it.

tragedy at tea time . . .

After he'd made his umpteenth jump from the magnolia, Pete felt hungry and remembered the spread.

He raced for the sitting room yelling, "Come on, tea is ready!" He hit the door at top speed, giving it the customary flip that would swing it back and—"Crash!" The locked door held. Only the glass gave way before Peter's outstretched right arm. It was so quick, he barely felt the pain as the jagged glass slashed through his arm, from wrist to shoulder.

But from his numbed arm, blood spurted in a pulsing fountain. An artery had been severed and exposed. His neat white jumper suit turned scarlet in a second. The kids, awed at first by the accident, turned scared and ran away. Luckily, Peter remembered advice his father had given him: "If you cut yourself on your arm or leg, double it up and squeeze it to your body. Then find help." Peter clamped his wounded arm and ran fifty yards to the hotel. The clerk put him on a mat in the lounge and called the only doctor near, a ninety-year-old retired physician. He made a tourniquet from a tea towel and shut off the blood which was fast draining away. They called an ambulance, and Sid Sidney at the Casino.

Their eyes were big with fright. They were lifting Peter into the ambulance as his mother arrived. His clothes were crimson, his body was blue. He had almost bled to death.

Lady Lawford arrived as Peter's playmates ran away. "What's the matter, children?" she called. "Why aren't you still playing?"

"Peter cut his right arm off," one sobbed. "So we left!"

At the hospital he fainted on the operating table. "I don't know whether I can save him or not," said the surgeon, feeling Peter's fluttering pulse. They operated again and again while Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford held their breaths in anxious terror. Peter was still unconscious. Finally, the surgeon took them aside.

"His only chance," he said, "is to amputate the arm at the shoulder. And I'm not sure of that. He's very weak."

Lady Lawford knew what her answer to that would be: "No."

"I think Peter would rather die," she explained. "But that's for him to decide. I'll never order such a thing while he's unconscious." The General had the same conviction. They waited until Peter's eyes fluttered again. Then they told him what the doctor wanted to do.

"Don't let them," whispered Peter weakly.

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"It's up to you, Pierrot," she said.
"No—never, never."

The doctor shrugged. He would do what he could. It was out of his hands, really. It was Peter's idea to pray. He belonged really to a lot of religions. His own, Church of England, and to every religion he'd run up against whether his friends' or his tutors'. All of them taught, "ask and ye shall receive." Well, now he would ask. He told Lady Lawford he'd like all his faiths to pray for him. She called his guardian, of the Jewish faith, in London, his aunt, a Roman Catholic, a friend who was a Christian Scientist—a half a dozen more—and expressed Peter's wish. They prayed. Peter lived.

But for years his arm was to be as stiff as a board and the fingers of his right hand curled up, unbending, to his palm. It was to hand him a shattering complex at the time of his life when physical perfection was all that mattered. It was to present a challenge, not only to bring his right hand back to life, but to bring his courage topside again, to learn to use his left expertly, to fight back to self confidence. The battle would be long and agonizing, but it would be won and what would help it to be won was—of all things, a part in a picture in a place Peter had never been—Hollywood.

The French specialist they consulted weeks later said Peter was still in danger. His artery was permanently sealed off, but the veins would reach out to join in time. The nerves were severed, too, but they would grow slowly back together. There might be a paralyzing neurosis. Besides, the boy was dangerously weak from loss of blood. His circulation in the arm was poor. All this pointed to only one course of action—a warm, benign climate. There was no such climate in Europe.

"There are two climates in the world that are perfect," said the doctor—"and both are in America. Florida and California."

There was no question about what to do. Peter's welfare came first. Sir Sidney made reservations on the Rex for New York. They had hotel reservations in Palm Beach, Florida. They had no idea when they sailed that Peter would become practically an American boy, that they would wait years before they saw either England or their favorite Monte Carlo again. That was in 1937. Peter was 13 years old. His right hand was rigid; the fingers had to be pried open each time his hand was washed. He was laboriously trying to learn to write and play with his left. He was self-conscious. The only pal he felt at ease with was his dog, Spotty, who shared his cabin on the way across. Lady Lawford noted Peter's apathy about the trip.

In New York they asked him, "Is there another place you'd rather go, Peter? Maybe California instead of Florida? The doctor says that would be warm enough."

westward ho! . . .

His eyes lighted up. "California," repeated Peter, showing the first enthusiasm since he had left the hospital. "Yes, that would be wonderful. Let's go there."

Peter Lawford's first home in Hollywood was the Coronet Apartments on Sunset Boulevard, out near the Strip, the movie colony's glamor street. He had his eye set on the Sunset Towers, but they wouldn't take Spotty.

It didn't take Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford long to realize that Hollywood, California, was the film capital of the world. The first day they walked out on the sidewalk, Peter almost had a fit. He saw Clark Gable. It was more thrilling than when he'd seen the King of England.

His excitement reached fever pitch when an alert woman agent, Ruth Collier, who had English film connections, heard of Peter's arrival in Hollywood and surprised them one day by ringing the bell

at the Coronet. She chatted a bit and then popped the question.

"They're casting a British locale picture at M-G-M, with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney," she said, "and there's a part for a young English boy. Would Peter be interested?"

Lady Lawford shook her head strenuously. "Oh, no," she said. "We're here for Peter's health. He isn't at all well. Work is out of the question." But Peter had heard. He bounced into the room charged with new energy.

"Oh, Mother," he cried. "Do let me. Please. Why, that would make my hand come loose. I know it would."

But Lady Lawford was firm. "I'll call again," said Ruth Collier.

please, please . . .

From then on, at breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner, and in between too, about all the Lawfords heard was the same plea from Peter. "Please, if I could only play in a picture my arm would be well. I know it would!" Pete was working himself into quite a tizzy about it and they feared another nervous upset. The doctor came. Peter's words tumbled all over each other as he told about the picture part and how he wanted to do it. The physician took Lady Lawford aside.

"You know," he said, "there's a lot more to medicine than we can find in test tubes and on operating tables. There's a lot to do with psychology. Peter believes this about the studio job and his arm. Why not let him try? It can't do any harm—and we might be surprised."

So when Ruth Collier called again, Peter could tell her happily he had everyone's permission to try for the part. They went to M-G-M to interview Fred Dating, the casting director, and Sam Wood, who was directing "Lord Jeff." Peter had barely stepped on the lot before something happened that was an ominous prophecy of disaster to come.

The interview was set for Stage 19 where the picture had already started shooting. On the way they walked past the little building M-G-M uses as a schoolroom for its underage actors. Peter was in short pants.

A woman ran out of the building and seized him. "What is this child doing out of school?" she demanded. "Come in here right away," she commanded Peter, dragging him inside while his own mother gasped. She sat him down in the class room, with Freddie Bartholomew, Gene Reynolds and the rest of the youngsters poring over their lessons. He had no idea what in the world was going on. Pretty soon he found out.

When they rescued him at last, it was all explained. California law said any minor at a studio had to be at his lessons whenever he wasn't actually before a camera. Peter was just there for an interview but even that didn't make any difference. All the bewildered protests of Pete and his parents mattered not a whit.

He had never been to school in his life. He didn't intend to start now and it would make small sense anyway. He must have a tutor then, because he'd been signed for "Lord Jeff." But he had always been tutored in French. Pete packed a slight French accent even then. He thought in French, worked arithmetic in French, learned history in French. Classes, American style, left him completely puzzled and up in the air. At last a tutor who spoke French was located and he went into "Lord Jeff" legally schooled. But the Board of Education didn't like the idea at all. From that moment they had their eye on Peter. Soon enough they made it so hot for him that he had to leave the state.

Peter and his parents stayed in Hollywood almost a year that time. Making

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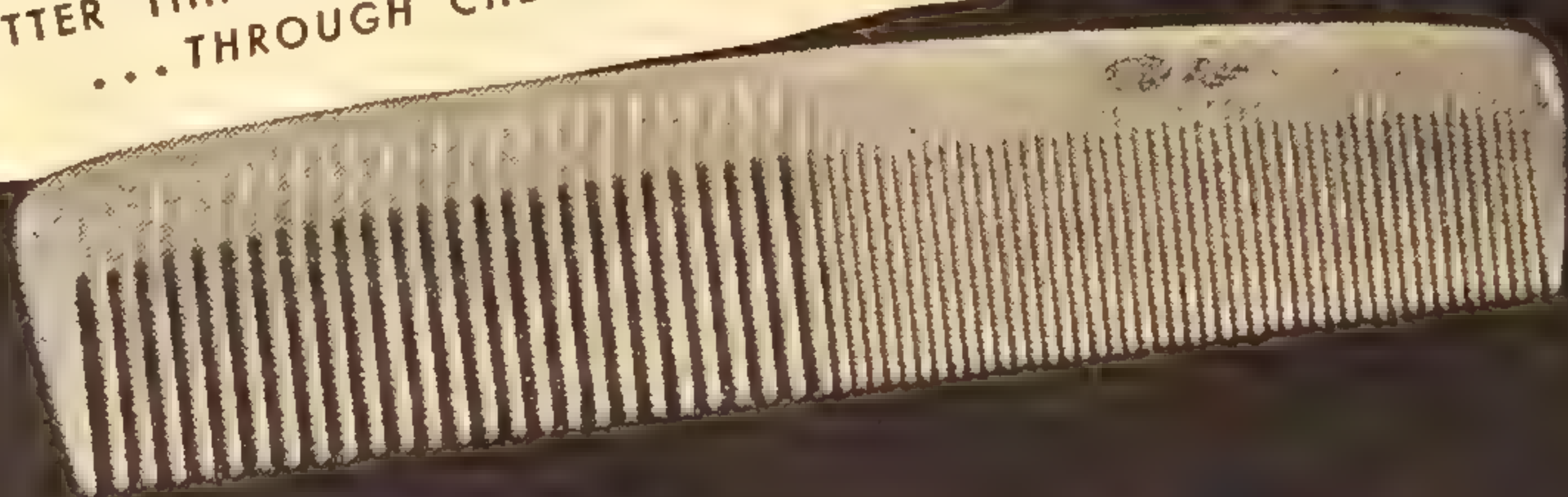
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"Lord Jeff" was the highlight of the stay, of course. Pete had known Freddie Bartholomew in England. They became pals and Freddie introduced Peter to the first girl crush of his life, Jane Withers. To the young English gentleman, Janie's breezy American ways, her bounce and charm were irresistible. He fell pretty hard and they went out on dates chaperoned by Jane's chauffeur and her bodyguard. That impressed Peter no end, Jane's bodyguard, toting a pistol right behind them all the time in real wild west style.

And—miracle of miracles—Peter's belief about his arm worked. The minute he started making "Lord Jeff," his cramped hand loosened up. Each day it got better until he could move the fingers himself.

"If I never leave here," Peter exulted, "my arm will be as good as new!"

He didn't get a chance to test out that belief. Because the Board of Education caught up with him. They called and delivered an ultimatum. Peter Lawford, being under 18, must go to school. That was the California law. Arguments bounced off the authorities like hail off a roof. He had never been to school. He would fit into no American "grade." He was unable to write lessons and do school chores because of his crippled hand. He thought in French. He had a far better education already than any American kid his age, but the system was entirely different. He was here on a rest cure on doctor's orders. But the officials' ears stayed closed.

"He goes to school or there will be a fine—\$1000 the first time, and the next offense," threatened the educators, "is imprisonment for the parents."

A knight of the King being threatened with imprisonment! Sir Sidney Lawford and his lady would stand so much, but that did it. Peter was their son, not the state of California's. There was still another place in America to go where they weren't so ironclad in their rules and regulations.

"We're leaving for Florida," said Sir Sidney, and Peter knew he meant what he said. There was no use trying to argue the matter. Peter knew his first try at Hollywood was ended. He knew it was ended until he was eighteen. He was only fourteen then.

i'll be back . . .

He knew he would never be content until he was back in this town where his life seemed to pulse as it never had anywhere else. Four years seemed like forever. His arm began to hurt.

For that Lady Lawford and the General were distressed. But for the setback in Peter's movie career they couldn't help being secretly pleased. By the time Peter grew to eighteen he surely would have found himself.

But for all the years they had spent with him, all over the world, Peter's parents still didn't know their own son—not in that respect. Acting was something he would never give up. Movies were a world he would always dream about. When he was eighteen and emancipated, he would be back. That Pete promised himself. And suddenly his eighteenth birthday loomed as the most important since he had struggled for life that stormy September night back in London.

Yes, he would be back—but not even Peter Lawford—to the manor born and raised in luxury's lap, could imagine the unbelievable style he'd come back in—with no headstart, but broke and hustling his way—just like a hundred other American guys with their eyes on the fame and fortune of magic Hollywood.

(Peter Lawford's life story will be concluded in the August issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

RENDEZVOUS WITH LANA

(Continued from page 29)

the talking, just as I had hoped. Almost at once, Miss Turner's maid answered the phone out in the foyer. The maid stuck her head in and said, "Bob Hope calling from California."

"Bob Hope?" said Miss Turner in a surprised voice—then she got it.

"Will you have them hold all calls?" she said. "That's not Bob Hope. It's the autograph fans downstairs. They use anybody's name to get you on the phone."

"Have the kids been able to get upstairs here to your room?" I asked.

"No," she said. "They haven't let them up, which is nice, on account of the baby."

She was referring to her daughter, Cheryl Christina, or Cherry, who's about three. Earlier, while waiting for her, I'd stood looking out of the high windows, down at the swaying trees in Central Park, wondering whether this beautiful glamor puss would be curt, wisecrackerish, or difficult.

"She's as beautiful close up as she is in the movies," was my first thought now. Her glisteny white gold hair was in bangs. She'd dropped eight pounds due to a siege of colds. Now her bouncy 110 pounds were packed compactly into a black jersey dress, loosely tailored, primly high at the neck. She wore gold earrings that turned out to be little hearts. She wore a wide plastic belt with "LANA-LANA-LANA" on it. I sat close enough to catch the scent of her perfume. It was tuberose, her favorite scent. On the table in front of the divan was a bouquet.

"From Bobbie Hutton and his manager, Al Melnick," she said.

Bobbie Hutton being Robert Hutton to those who don't know him so well.

"What are your picture plans?" I asked.

off with the old . . .

"We're right in the midst of making a pattern for my career," she said. "We're trying to guide it."

"You see," she continued, her red nails flashing slightly as she gestured, "I feel I have one foot in the dramatic field. If I could put the other foot in—if I could get well established as a dramatic actress—then I could go back once in a while and do the lighter things."

"Does that mean you're tired of being a glamor girl?"

"The glamor girl parts are fine to get started, but they're just shallow if you have any serious ambitions as a dramatic actress," Miss Turner replied.

And so, because she wants to be thought of as a dramatic actress, the 25-year-old Lana would like to have people forget she was ever a Sweater Girl or rather THE Sweater Girl. History records that she was wearing a red sweater painted with school emblems the fateful day she was discovered. Since then she has taken a lot of punishment because she happens to be magnificently endowed. Miss Turner's first name used to be Julia. She herself thought of the name Lana—made it up right out of her head. She was vastly embarrassed when she discovered later that Lana in Spanish means wool, because it fitted right in with all those sweater gags, about pulling the wool over your eyes. . . .

"You're serious about being tired of being called The Sweater Girl?" I asked.

"Oh, that's been dropped. I would like to be rid of it," she said.

"You don't wear sweaters any more?"

"Sure I wear them. We all do. But I don't wear them in pictures and I don't wear them in stills—I wear them for

Are you in the know?

Which leaves you cooler—

- ☐ A hot bath
- ☐ A lukewarm bath
- ☐ A cold shower



When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a *must* if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a *deodorant*? Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

If your nails split, should you—

- ☐ Smooth them with an emery board
- ☐ Trim them with your teeth
- ☐ Wear artificial nails

No use sighing over split-nails. To smooth them, give your nails the business with an emery board, daily. Since a gal can't hide her hands *forever*, nail care spares you many uncomfortable moments. And so, on "trying" days, does Kotex. In fact, Kotex is The Word for comfort—because the softness of Kotex stays and stays. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. That means curfew for chafing!



What's new on the beach this year?

- ☐ The Life Guard
- ☐ The Bloomer Girl
- ☐ The hamburgers

If you want to wow the beach crowd, take your cue from the Bloomer Girl (shown here). Her swim suit's news—and a far cry from the bathing bloomers of granny's day! Just as Kotex is far different from old-fashioned sanitary napkins. Consider the blessing of Kotex' *flat tapered ends*: pressed *flat* so they don't cause revealing outlines! And that special Kotex *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.



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warmth."

And so, personally, I will never again call her a Sweater Girl or refer to her sweaters in any way because I think she's suffered enough. Miss Turner, nevertheless, will remain for many years in the public eye because she has color, and dash, and is the newspaper reader's idea of love and romance. Pretty soon you'll be reading about her racing stable.

"Stable!" she said. "I have only one little horse."

The 3-year-old filly, named Cheryba—the first five letters coming from her daughter's name, the ba standing for Buenos Aires—is chestnut colored with a white question mark on her face. Stories had pursued Miss Turner to the effect that swooning South American millionaires had given her horses. I asked her who had given her Cheryba.

"Nobody gave her to me. I bought her," Miss Turner said. "I'm not on any receiving line."

She went on to say, though, that she might eventually have other horses if she can afford them. She enjoys horse racing and goes to Santa Anita in California, or to Belmont or Jamaica in New York.

"Our horse," she said, "will be ready for Saratoga this summer."

At about this point in the interview Miss Turner graciously asked, as hostess, whether her guests wanted a drink. We didn't. She didn't. We carried on.

"What's your favorite cocktail?" I asked.

"I guess a martini—very cold," she said.

"Is it true that you can't cook a lick?"

"I don't even know how," she said. "I'd probably starve to death if left alone."

"You must have a huge wardrobe."

"Too large," she agreed. "I'm a transient now, you know. Sold my house in Bel Air—the whole works, furniture and everything. So I had to give away a number of my things, including clothes. I gave them to the different reliefs, to the clothing drive, to orphanages, and to some friends."

"How about furs?"

"Well, I have minks, ermines, sables—"

"Chinchilla?"

"I don't like chinchilla."

"I notice you use the plural of minks, etc. Do you have more than one of everything?"

"Well," she answered. "I have light mink and dark mink. I'm trying to make up my mind now whether I should have a platinum mink. But I think I can use the \$27,000 for something better than that."

Miss Turner's excellent sense of humor came out in the next question.

"Do you wear much jewelry?" I asked.

"Not at the same time," she said.

easy to red...

The reader will see that she was affable and easy to interview. She ducked no questions. For instance, she was quite willing to talk about her white gold hair.

"It isn't the same platinum blond color that Jean Harlow had, so we call it white gold," she said. "We changed it from red to dark blond, then to light blond, then to gold blond, then to white gold. Then after a couple of pictures establishing it as a color, I'll go back to my natural color."

"You mean you like red better?"

"I mean it's a lot easier," she said.

In her picture, "The Postman Always Rings Twice," Miss Turner wore a complete white wardrobe. It opened with her in white shorts and closed with her in a white bathing suit. The picture, "Weekend at the Waldorf," was so realistic that frequently people wander into the hotel to ask where it was that Lana Turner used to work. Of course, that was just part of the script, and she has only been around the Waldorf as a dweller at the Waldorf Towers, one of the swankiest addresses in America. She herself didn't know when



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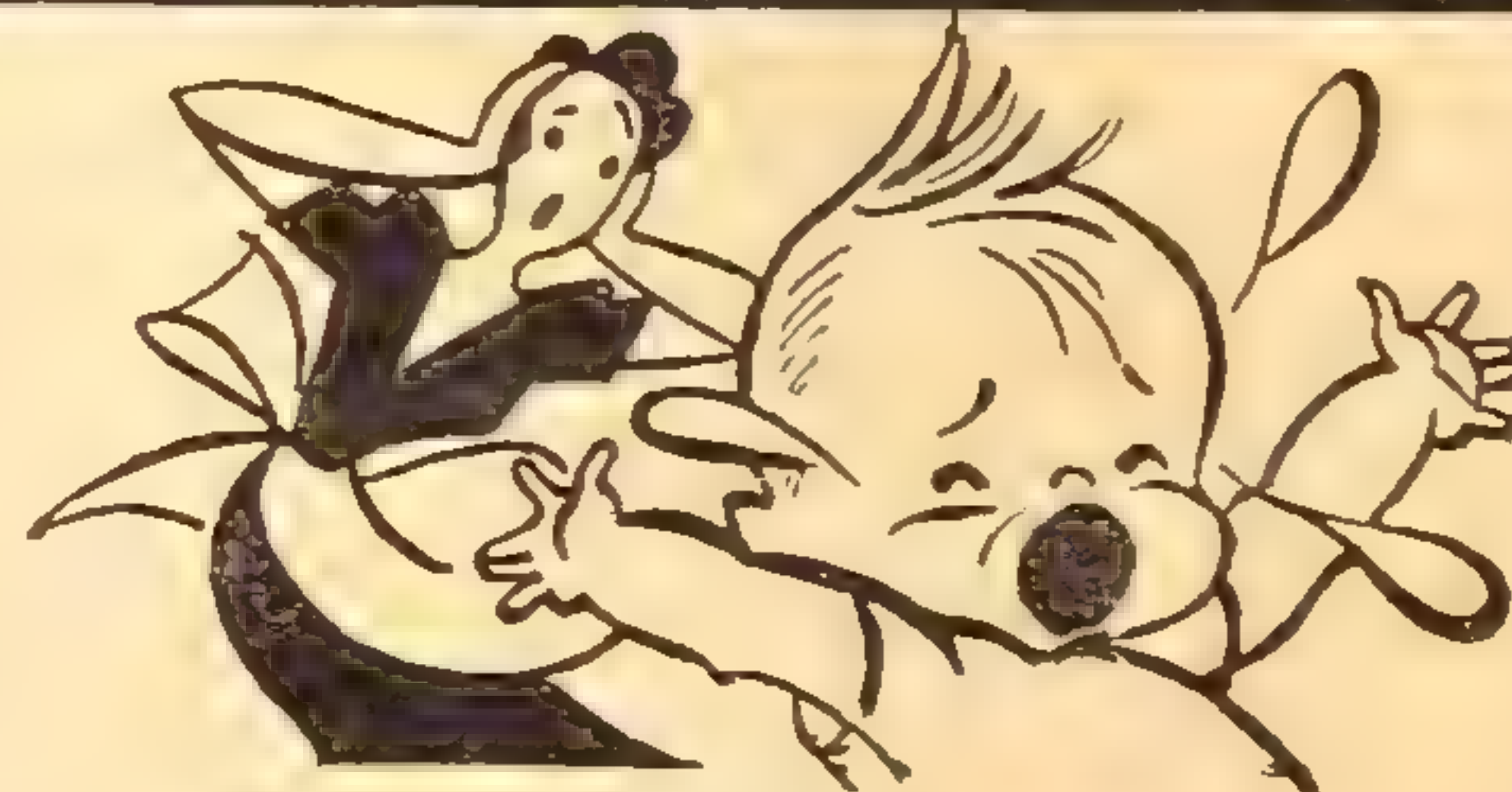
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I talked to her what her next movie might be. She's become selective about scripts, and had turned down three.

I asked her how many pictures she'd made.

She had no idea, although she was willing to count them. I urged her not to bother. I just wanted to see if she had the sort of adding machine mind that some people have about such things. I was glad she didn't. It made her more human, to me.

But of her early pictures she remembers one especially, "Marco Polo."

When it came out, it was advertised as starring "Gary Cooper, Alan Hale, Sigrid Gurie, and a cast of 5,000."

"I just had this one tiny little bit," she said, holding up two fingers to show how microscopic the part was. "I was one of the cast of 5,000."

So time whipped along, and she got famous, and the picture was re-released "starring Gary Cooper and Lana Turner."

As one who had observed Miss Turner considerably around New York, I can say she likes to dance, and presents a nice figure on the dance floor—hell, she presents a nice figure anyplace.

Lana is also called "the wheee girl" by friends.

She is able to emit in a low, throaty voice a "wheee" sound that convulses people. She did this one night in the Stork Club and practically had Dorothy Lamour in hysterics. On the other hand, she's interested in symphonies, and goes often to musical events at the Hollywood Bowl. She has spells of reading, when she digests two or three books in a day. Then she may quit reading for a month.

After a while, I thought I had better ask about her current romances. A reporter always saves the dynamite questions till last. If he gets thrown out, he's already got the bulk of the interview done.

I asked whether there was any possibility of her marrying Charles Jaeger, the radio man, as had been widely reported.

"People are so ready to misunderstand a friendship," she said.

"But are you?" I asked.

"The papers shouldn't try to beat me to the gun," she said. "When I make my plans, they will know in advance. They should know me by now. We have no definite plans. He sees other people. I see other people."

With a light laugh and a bounce on the divan, she said, "I'm completely free!"

"It's not over with him?"

"No, I still see him. I see a lot of other people, too!" she added.

glamor mom . . .

That was as much as I could extract from her on that subject, and if she's married to somebody else by the time you read this, don't blame me. Along about this time, Miss Turner said she'd like to show me her daughter. Little Cheryl Christina came running bashfully out and hopped up on her mother's knees.

"Say hello to Mr. Wilson," Miss Turner said.

Cherry was very cautious of what she said to me for publication. She is a sweet child with hair that started out to be blond but has now got a little darker. My little boy, Slugger, is a few months older than Cherry, and Miss Turner and I discussed our respective children while Cherry continued sitting there.

It was sort of strange, I imagine, for a great glamor girl to be talking about her child to a Broadway reporter, who in turn talked about his child, but that was the way this interview ended. Lana Turner walked to the door with me and shook hands again.

Her parting words were:

"Say hello to Slugger for me."

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CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 16)

We certainly think you're old enough to be on your own provided you are a sensible pair—with just a dash of Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough to make it fun. If your families know your itinerary, know at what hotels you can be reached on what days, have reason to trust your judgment—we feel that your vacation could do both them and you a lot of good.

I would like to be an airline hostess someday. What preparation is required, please? G. W., Burlington, Vt.

The requirements are kind of stiff, but we've never met a hostess who didn't feel the job was well worth the effort. You must be a registered nurse, or you must have two years of college back of you plus two years in the business world. Your weight must be between 100 and 125 pounds, and your height between five feet and five feet, six inches. Your personality is ever so important, too (cheerfulness, helpfulness, patience and serenity all being desirable qualities), and—for a round-the-world plane job, you must speak at least one foreign language. Tough, but—like we said—worth it.

Is it absolutely terrible to break your engagement? I find myself no longer in love with my fiancé. I still like him very much, and there is no other man in my life, but the old thrilleroo is a thing of the past. We've gone together so long, and I can't bear to hurt him. What would you advise? H. G., Syracuse, N. Y.

We wouldn't advise breaking it right this minute. The fact that you've gone together so long may be the key to the whole difficulty. Just as in marriage the thrill seems often to be gone (when in reality it's still there, snowed under by grocery bills, diapers and things), so in any long, drawn-out relationship the original spark diminishes from time to time. Why not give it another chance? Instead of sitting home poring over budgets, go out and kick up your heels the way you used to. Have a gay and giddy time together and see if when you come home you're not more in love with your guy than ever. If a few attempts of this kind fail, it's probable that you really aren't in love any more, in which case the only possible thing to do is to break your engagement. Do it kindly, leaving him with his pride—and his ring, and next time don't commit yourself until you're terribly sure.

I am a city gal who's longing to work on a farm this summer. Could you tell me how to go about getting a farm job? D. R., Brooklyn, New York.

You might write to the Department of Agriculture in Ithaca, N. Y., or to your nearest U. S. Employment Service. There are lists of work camps available at these offices, which include camps in agricultural regions as well as in mining towns, and other industrial centers. You will live in clean, comfortable barracks at these work camps, under the supervision of counselors. You will combine plenty of healthy, fascinating labor with good fellowship galore.

I've been offered a very good job for the summer, and—if I want it—for next year too. The catch is, I have one year to go at school. I'd rather take the job and forget about school, but the family is being stuffy. What is your advice? K. L., Topeka, Kan.

Our advice is, of course, to work this summer, but to go back to the books come fall. You are simply putting a ceiling on your future when you fail to graduate from high school. You are lopping about twenty dollars a week off your potential earning power. S'truth!

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SUMMER LEG SHOW

(Continued from page 64)

Caulfield's advice on leg makeup comes handy. Says Joan, "Nut-brown legs look summer and more satiny than chalk white... so just whip on a pair of make-believe stockings." First shake the bottle well, then pour a small quantity of the creamy stuff into the palm of your hand. Starting at the foot, advises Joan, apply the makeup upwards (but naturally!) with long, quick strokes, at the same time carefully blending it in. Start the color below the knee line and continue it 'way past the knee to avoid high-and-low tide marks! Once on, your snag-proof, run-free stockings will stay with you... the approved formulas mean that there is no danger of smudging. You can remove the make-up via the soap and water method... Joan says it's easiest if you perch on the edge of the tub and let the water rain down on your legs.

As a beauty-plus, remember that leg makeup adroitly conceals discolored veins, small blemishes and that coarseness of skin which legs sometimes acquire.

Hollywood has Perfect Understanding! I know, because the National Association of chiropodists tells me that the average of foot aches is lower in Hollywood than elsewhere. The reason: Bright stars know that foot health brings foot beauty. The pedicure is a weekly ritual out around Hollywood and the stars are careful to cut toe nails straight across. Rounding or tapering frequently results in (ouch!) ingrown nails. And need I remind you that for well-groomed harmony, your toe nails should be polished same as finger nails? Occasionally treat those walkers of yours to a bath all their own. Alternate hot and cold rinses give zip to your walk. A special foot soap is magic. If a corn has reared its nasty head, don't make things worse by cutting it. Might even cause blood poisoning! Instead, apply a specially medicated pad or lotion after bathing your feet. In a few days, the corn will soften sufficiently so that it can be easily pressed out with a blunt instrument such as your orange stick wrapped in cotton. If it's a callous that detracts from foot beauty, get rid of it by applying callous pads or lotion. Generally, this heavy tissue can be peeled away within several days. However, if any of your foot ailments persist, it's wise to hie yourself to a reliable chiropodist.

Legs glamorized with makeup and comfortable, pretty feet mean that you're bound to do a lot of stepping this summer. And you can't get around much at this time of year without being exposed to the sun. Treat yourself to a special lotion that permits only the gentle, tanning rays to reach your delicate epidermis. It's wonderful stuff. Or you might try, of all things, an antiseptic baby oil which is not at all babyish in the way it combats stinging sun burn.

Yes, you're bound to get around quite a lot this summer if you take Joan Caulfield's advice about putting on a handsome leg show." Begin today to practice her valuable hints on leg art. I promise you'll be very happy about the results!

* * *

Here's one more promise for you: Word of honor, I promise that if you are haunted about problems of complexion, makeup, hairdo's or figure, I'll be glad to rally to your aid. Send your letter, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

(Continued from page 45)

Even the brown one he settled for looked too loud.

By now he's worked back to feeling like a civilian. The Captain's quit haunting him. He's done a reconversion job on himself—from soldier of the army to actor for Warner Brothers. Without drawing odious comparisons, his present job has certain advantages. More money, for one thing. For another, the chance of seeing Jan Wyman around. That hasn't happened since "Brother Rat," when he met and married the girl. Since then, they've been playing what Jane calls the day-nurse and-night-watchman routine. Even before the war, one would be working while the other chewed nails between pictures, or they'd both be working, but on different lots. The only time off they ever had together was a week's honeymoon.

Other changes have come to the Reagan since our last report. Maureen's towhead is beginning to show golden glints. She sleeps in a room by herself because she's a big girl, so Nanny can sleep in the nursery with Michael Edward.

As for Jane, of the velvet eyes and button nose, she looks as cute as ever but she's quit playing cute parts. The way Midas came to hate glitter, that's how Jane came to hate the mould she'd been poured into. The kid with the snappy comeback, the dame who could toss away lines and never miss, the tried-and-true comedy foil—she'd played 'em by the dozen and still she'd only played one—they were all the same.

slip for a star . . .

In "Princess O'Rourke" somebody slipped. She got one straight scene. If you saw the picture, you'll remember the café sequence. One guy who remembered it was Billy Wilder, co-genius with Charlie Brackett of "The Lost Weekend." On the strength of that little scene, he asked Jane to play the girl who loved Don Birnam.

Kind friends of both took Wilder aside. "You're cracked. She's a comedienne. Why don't you leave her alone?"

"I like to torture people," grinned the amiable Billy.

With that finished, she went back to Warners, and dyed her hair blonde for "Night and Day," the Cole Porter story. "Lost Weekend," still unreleased, was being shown around to Hollywood's top execs. Among others at M-G-M who saw it were Benny Thau of the front office, producer Sidney Franklin and director Clarence Brown. These three had given some of the best years of their lives to a story called "The Yearling." The more headaches it gave them, the better they loved it and the more determined they grew to make it right. After shooting and discarding nobody knows how many feet of film, they'd started all over with Gregory Peck as the father and nine-year-old Claude Jarman as Jody. For Ma Baxter they'd tested every conceivable actress.

Then the grapevine began sprouting rumors. Jane paid little attention till Steve Trilling, her boss at Warners, made it official. "Did you know you were up for 'The Yearling'?" Benny Thau wants to see you." Even then she kept her shirt on. It sounded fine—M-G-M and Peck and a best seller, which also happened to be a beautiful story. But with all that and box of nylons thrown in, if the part wasn't good for Wyman, Wyman would pass.

Cagey as a rabbit, she went to see Benny Thau. He's a quiet, softspoken man. "I saw you in 'Lost Weekend.' I think it will

definitely be the picture of the year."

Jane waited for the next move. "We have a picture here called 'The Yearling.' There's a wonderful part in it which might be for you. It's something like Rainer's part in 'The Good Earth.'"

In her own phrase, Jane continued to sit with egg on her face. "I'd like you to meet Sidney Franklin and Clarence Brown," Mr. Thau said.

Franklin came in and he didn't turn any handsprings. "I thought you were a brunette."

"I am," said Jane, explaining about "Night and Day."

"Well—we did want Ma Baxter dark—and you'd have to work on both pictures at the same time, so you couldn't change."

Clarence Brown broke in. "I think we're all off the beam. With Peck so dark, the mother's got to be blonde. Else where would the blonde kid come from?"

It was a long, long shooting schedule. They were about to leave for three weeks' location at Arrowhead, when suddenly Ronnie became a civilian. "Just when I'm going away," Jane started to wail, then her eyes bugged out. "Hey, you can go."

"You mean I can leave town without asking a colonel?"

They rented a little house and a speedboat. Jane had to work, but not every minute. The whole thing was so much velvet, anyhow. Arrowhead's only two hours from Hollywood, but they'd never even been there together before. Ronnie rented the speedboat on a 24-hour basis. "Chances are, I won't want to go out at 3 a.m. What I'm renting is the feeling that no matter when I want to go, there's no one on God's green earth to stop me."

time to live . . .

Maureen had a good time too. She fell in love with Jody, but was charmed to keep her father company when the boy friend was unavailable. She liked to play that the boat was a train, Daddy the conductor and Maureen a lady en route to San Francisco to see her father. . . .

"What do you want to see him for?" the conductor'd ask. "He's nothing but a piece of old limburger cheese."

"Not my father." She'd get very genteel, like Beatrice Lillie. "My father smells lovely. Like hotcakes and syrup in the morning."

Warners welcomed Ronnie back with a new contract at a higher salary, which started the day after he got his discharge. This in spite of the fact that "Stallion Road" wasn't ready. What's more, they didn't know when it would be.

"You've been out a long time," said Jack Warner. "This first picture has to be right—"

Meanwhile Ronnie had time—a commodity he'd come to treasure highly—and freedom to use it as he pleased. In the army, he says, lots of guys discovered that your chief business in life is to live. Working's part of it, sure, but unless your work buys you leisure for fun too, then you're not alive. Before the war, you'd say: "I'll do it when there's time—read some of those books I keep buying and sticking on the shelf—see some of those places I keep dreaming about—" Then you're in the army, and suddenly you're not free, and time to do what you want isn't just around the corner, but months and years away—and not for you or anyone else does it last forever—

That's one important thing he brought back to civilian life—a sharp, immediate sense of the value of time. He started reading his books and digging the good earth on their hilltop. Built a patio and a wall and a sidewalk. Paved the service porch with flagstone. Personally shovelled fifteen tons of dirt behind the wall, so he could plant shrubs there—



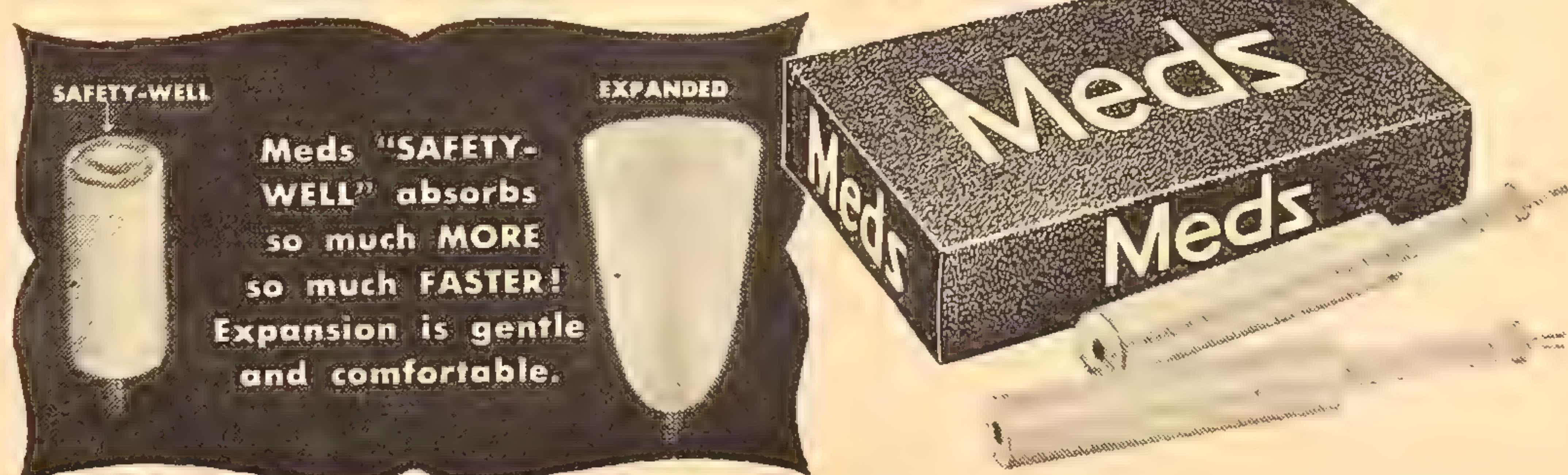
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ZEMO

One night he brought out a hunk of wood and a knife.

"What's that?" asked the startled Jane.

"Gonna make a model boat."

"What for?"

"No reason. Always liked the way they looked. Always wondered if I could."

He whistled as he worked, and the tune was "Sentimental Journey." Jane got suspicious, sneaked over, and found her suspicions correct. He was modeling the SS. America, memorable to them because they'd been on her maiden voyage to San Francisco for twenty-four of the sickest hours Jane ever spent.

Mike belongs to Maureen. With Mike, the five-year-old becomes oddly mature. "How old are you, honey?" Up go the fat little arms, and her eyes brood over him like a mother's.

She bought him with her pennies. Jane and Ronnie feel strongly about teaching her comparative values. "You can't give her the kind of childhood we had," says Ronnie, "when any little present or piece of candy was a big treat. There's no way of faking that kind of necessity. But neither do you have to hand her the world with a fence around it."

She gets pennies for such chores as picking up her clothes and helping Daddy brush his boots. With these she does her own Christmas shopping at the five-and-dime. Any time she wants something superfluous, Jane says: "Okay—if you've got the money."

bargain basement brother...

As a rule, she talks her head off, trustfully giving all her secrets to the world. Mike was the exception. She hadn't asked for a baby, and certainly nobody offered her one, since at the time no baby was in sight. So what was Jane's astonishment when, at Saks' one day, her daughter walked up to a counter, planked down some pennies and said: "I want a baby brother, please—"

The salesgirl knew her stuff. "We're all out of brothers right now, but I'll let you know as soon as we get some in."

Well, the picture changed before long. "Remember that baby brother you wanted?" Jane asked.

"Oh yes. Did they get some in?"

"No, but they will pretty soon. Only they might get sisters first. Is that okay with you?"

"Oh sure, and then we can change it later for a brother."

Jane straightened that one out, and Maureen started saving pennies like mad. Only along about the time Mike was due, she got a terrific yen for a scooter. "If you paid for the baby, Mommy, I could buy a scooter—"

But the psychology books say: "Make your child feel that the baby belongs to her."

"It won't be your baby, honey, unless you pay for it."

"Well—I sure want a scooter pretty bad—"

When they brought Mike home, she still hadn't made up her mind, and went in to see him, clutching her bank to her breast. One look and she threw the bank at Ronnie. "Here, Daddy, take it—who wants a scooter?"

The Reagans suspect they're raising a vaudeville team. Maureen takes to all forms of corn like a natural. If she learns a wheeze from George Burns, she'll spring it on her mother.

"Oh Maureen, that's stupid," said Jane in annoyance one day.

"You think I'm stupid? You should see my sister. She's bent way over like this—"

Now she's breaking Mike in. His favorite of the moment is one where she stooges for Daddy, except she gets the payoff line. It goes like this:

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MAUREEN: (wan and wistful) Noooo—

DADDY: 'Ave you evaire seen ze chest-nut trees bloom in Paree?

MAUREEN: Nooooo—

DADDY: 'Ave you evaire chewed snails on ze Left Bank of Paree?

MAUREEN: NOOooooo—

DADDY: But could your daddy make this kind of money in Paree?

MAUREEN: Could you, Daddy?

DADDY: Not on your life!

MAUREEN: Then (a loud razz) to Paree!

That's where Mike goes hysterical, and it's all Jane can do to hang on to him.

Maureen's taught him to say mommy and looks forward to teaching him grace. This practice of our forefathers has been largely discarded by us moderns, but Maureen has reintroduced it in the Reagan household. Saturday nights she spends with Ronnie's mother, who takes her to Sunday school next day, and Sunday school's a big thing with Maureen.

Jane likes to think she manages Ronnie, Ronnie likes to let her think so. A case in point was their trip to New York last February.

It was nothing planned. New York was on the list of things to do, but heaven knew when. Ronnie wasn't working, but "The Yearling" went on and on like the brook, and was almost as watery. Night after night Jane would come home and wring the tears out of her lashes, having done nothing from nine to six but cry. Then all of a sudden, Clarence Brown said: "We finish tomorrow till retake time—"

All the way home, Janey laid her nets. Play it smart, baby. Remember, your guy's not the impulsive type. Give him a chance to mull it over, and you're sunk. Take him by storm and maybe you'll nail him down before he can wiggle out of it...

She breezed into the house. "Hi, Uncle Ronnie, how'd you like a drink? On account of we're celebrating. On account of I finish tomorrow and we're going to New York."

"Oh, we can't do that—"

"Give me one good reason, come on just one, see what did I tell you, you can't think of a single reason—" Before he could slip a word in, she was on the phone for reservations.

He didn't stop her. He even fell in with her plans—in a cool kind of way.

"But we've never been to New York together, Ronnie. How can you not get excited?"

"I'll work up to it, honey—"

Shortly before they left, he seemed to catch fire. By the time their train pulled out, the blaze was warm enough to satisfy Jane. "Now aren't you glad I made you come?"

"Tickled pink," grinned Ronnie, who hadn't known till almost the last minute whether the studio'd let him go at all.

Now they've settled down to something like the pre-war routine. Workaday weeks. Long, lazy Sundays round the pool or fireplace, depending on the weather. Indoors or out, Mike keeps his mother on the jump. Either he's headed straight for her new-planted pansies or her best china. Friends drop in and stay for supper. Every second Sunday, when the maids are out, Jane rustles the food. "Aided," says Ronnie, "by our more talented guests."

When she's on a picture, Jane hardly ever goes out. If she does, it's to play gin rummy with Gracie Allen, while George and Ronnie take in the fights. Much more often, however, Ronnie's busy with the American Veterans Committee, being an active member of its executive

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board. On those evenings Jane hops into bed, has a tray sent up and plays with Maureen till that young lady's bedtime. Then she relaxes with a book. Or if there's a broadcast she wants to hear, picks up her knitting.

The pre-war routine? On the surface, yes. But in another sense, their old world's smashed as flat as Hiroshima. Always a thoughtful guy, the war hasn't made Ronnie less so, and Jane's kept pace with him. Out of the last six years he's brought a credo: That we have one great responsibility—to stop war. There are forces at work that don't want it stopped. It's up to us to fight them. Up to you, says Ronnie—not your neighbor or your congressman or the fellow who's got more time. You'll never give time to anything more important.

He's fighting through the American Veteran's Society, through speeches to clubs and civic bodies, all dealing with the plot against the peace. He's fighting with all his heart and strength, and sometimes with a touch of desperation—

A year ago he might have said: "I want Mike to live his life out—"

Jane might have said: "I don't want Maureen dying a thousand deaths while she waits for a man to come home from war—"

Now it's gone beyond that. "Now it's a simple choice," says Ronnie. "Either you leave your children a world at peace, or no world at all—"

The others who say: "We've got to have war because we've always had war—" Yes, they're strong and well-organized. But Ronnie thinks we're stronger. He thinks if we all pitch in for our Mikes and Maureens, we'll win the peace.

THAT HOPPER PARTY!

(Continued from page 31)

pieces. Barbie Hale is so crazy about hers that I think she even hated to take it off for a minute when someone asked to have a look at it. She came with Bill Williams, of course. He's the *one and only* in her life, and from their billing and cooing, it's gonna stay that way!

Frank squired Junie Haver, who looked good enough to eat in a straw bonnet with g-a-r-d-e-n-s of flowers blooming out of it. Liz Scott was Johnny Coy's date; Petey Lawford had Marilyn Maxwell. Mark Stevens, fresh from a personal appearance in San Francisco in connection with "From This Day Forward," watched over his pretty Annelle as if she were made of egg shells, making sure she sat in a soft chair and didn't move around too much. He wants the coming Stevens heir to have a good, strong momma. My son, Bill, and his cutie-pie wife, Jane, joined in the fun.

Guy Madison and Gail Russell gypped themselves out of a scrumptious dinner of chicken à la king and trimmings. They didn't realize the invitation meant dinner, too, and showed up just as the last piece of pastry was being stowed away.

It may surprise you to know that Liz Scott, who looks so slinky and languorous, is a terrific jitter-bugger! "Prince" Mike Romanoff sneaked away from his busy restaurant to say hello, and Liz got that fascinating man into a jitterbug routine that had the rafters fairly ringing with applause!

After gandering June Haver's bonnet, nothing would do but that the boys should put on a fashion show of some of the Hopper headpieces. After making their choices, they all lined up on the staircase presenting quite a picture.

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Naturally, the girls couldn't let the boys get away with all that glamor (?), so they invaded my hat closet and lined up on the stairs. Gail Russell couldn't make up her mind as to which hat she liked, so everyone started chanting, "Hustle your bustle, Russell."

Frank got the watch—and the works—right after that. Liz Scott blindfolded him, while a couple of the boys twisted his arms, for a gag, to make it look like one of those rough-and-tumble fraternity initiations. He kept laughing all through it, so they must have been pretty gentle.

fruit ap-peel . . .

The evening ended with all the Gruen winners competing in an apple peeling contest, the idea being to get the longest continuous peel. Everyone was laughing so hard, it's a wonder they didn't all lose. Johnny and Mark ate more apple than they peeled, but the Guy with the shortest peel was Madison.

Harry Revel is a numerology fan and before he left, I made him figure out Frank's fortune, as guest of honor. It came out very optimistically.

With that boy's charm, he's a cinch to have any and all wishes realized. If I were asked to sum up Frank in one word, I'd say, right off, "Charm."

And you don't have to be seeing him face-to-face to be charmed. Just listening to him talk is enough. Take the way he got the house he's living in now—in the midst of the housing shortage.

When he first came to Hollywood in the fall of 1943, he and his mother lived at the Knickerbocker Hotel for a couple of months and then they bought a house in Westwood. The following February, after doing one picture, "In The Meantime, Darling," Frank went into service and his mother went back to Darien, Connecticut, to be with his stepdad, Donald Tarpley, an architect. Frank decided it was extravagant to keep a big house up while he was at Fort Bliss, Texas, so he sold it. By the following November, he'd been given an honorable discharge because of sinus and asthma. Like everybody else, he started on the discouraging rounds of apartment hunting. No luck. Then he heard that Victor Stoloff, a pal of his who's a director at Columbia Studios, had signed a deal to do a couple of pictures in England. He called Stoloff at nine one morning to ask about sub-leasing his house. "Sure," Stoloff said, "but I'm supposed to be in England to start the picture next week and I can't get any transportation over there. So I may not go after all."

"I'll see what I can do," Frank said. He remembered reading in the papers a few days before that some of the members of the famed "Flying Tigers" squadron that had fought in China were setting up a private airline in California.

"Tell you what," they said in answer to his phone query. "Some veterans have started another airline out in the valley. Tell 'em we told you to call, and maybe you can charter a plane to New York."

He got the other airline on the phone. They had one plane and it was full up. It had been chartered by 25 Navy guys, and was due to take off in a couple of hours.

"Look," Frank explained, "I'm a homeless Hector. Won't you please make room for just one more person? If I can get him on your plane today, it means I've got a place to live." How could they resist? By noon, Victor Stoloff was on the plane with the Navy fellows, and Frank was moving into his house. Within three hours, the Latimore charm had hurdled two big shortages—housing and transportation.

A story Johnny Garfield told me about Frank makes me know that he doesn't take advantage of his winning ways. Both

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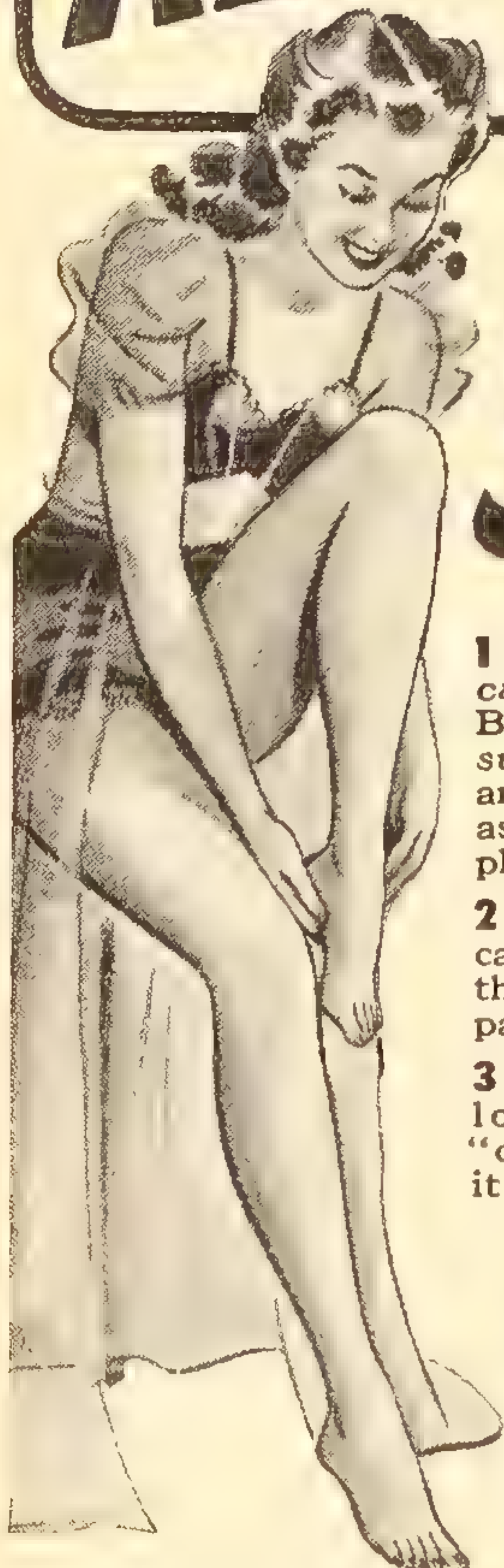
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of them are active in the theater group out here called the Actor's Laboratory, where Johnny recently produced "A Bell for Adano." Johnny held auditions for the play, and he decided Frank was perfect for the part of the Navy lieutenant who finally gets the bell off a ship. Frank called Johnny aside.

"I'd love to do it," he said, "but I already have a contract. Maybe you ought to give the part to a newcomer who's trying to break into pictures and who needs this opportunity to be seen by talent scouts." Johnny thought that was one of the swellest things he'd ever heard!

All his life, there's been an aura of success around Frank, according to Lloyd Bridges, the blond Sgt. Ward of "A Walk in the Sun," who knew Frank "when"—since he was eleven years old and acted for Lloyd in a summer stock company and, later, was one of Lloyd's drama students at the Cherry Lawn High School in Darien.

Summers when Frank was a kid, he, his mother, and his older sister, Trista, would go from Darien to their summer place at Landgrove, Vermont. In nearby Weston was the Weston Playhouse, a summer stock company, which would call on Frank's mother, Mayo Thatch, who'd been a Broadway actress, to take parts. Frank and Trista would hang around the theater, taking it all in. Trista was the stage-struck one then, and Frank would watch rehearsals, and cue his mother and sister on their lines. After that first summer at Weston, Frank's mother got Lloyd Bridges the job of drama coach at Cherry Lawn, so he's had a good chance to know Frank.

A lot of theatrical people were living in or around Darien, and their children were appearing in plays at Cherry Lawn, so they attended the shows. Sam Behrman, the playwright, whose son, David, was a pal of Frank's, was so impressed with Frank's acting that he recommended him to Leah Salisbury, an agent in New York. One Saturday, Frank went down to New York and had a chat with her. His charm must have been working overtime that day because, without even seeing him act, she agreed to handle him.

This was during Frank's last year in high school. Sometime during April or May, he got a call from Miss Salisbury. "Can you get down to New York this weekend?" she wanted to know. "Bob Porterfield of the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia, is in town casting people for this coming summer, and he's agreed to see you." Frank showed up at Porterfield's New York apartment and, after an audition, was okayed.

summons to fame . . .

How he kept his weight down that summer of 1942, Frank will never know. The Barter Theater is just what its name implies. It exchanges entertainment for food, a chicken getting you a seat right down in front. Once he heard a couple of townspeople discussing the show. "What's that coming to the Town Hall?" one of them asked. "Dunno," the other one replied. "I think it's like them picture shows, only they're real people."

Towards the end of that summer, Frank was appearing in the tryout of a new play, "No Boys Allowed." During rehearsal one day, a Western Union messenger boy showed up with a wire and a money order from Sam Behrman: "The Playwright's Company is casting Maxwell Anderson's 'Eve of St. Mark.' The enclosed is for a plane ticket to New York. If you get here on time, maybe there'll be a part in it for you."

Frank was on his way in nothing flat, but when he got there, they decided he was too young for the part. It was about a month short of his 17th birthday. Frank



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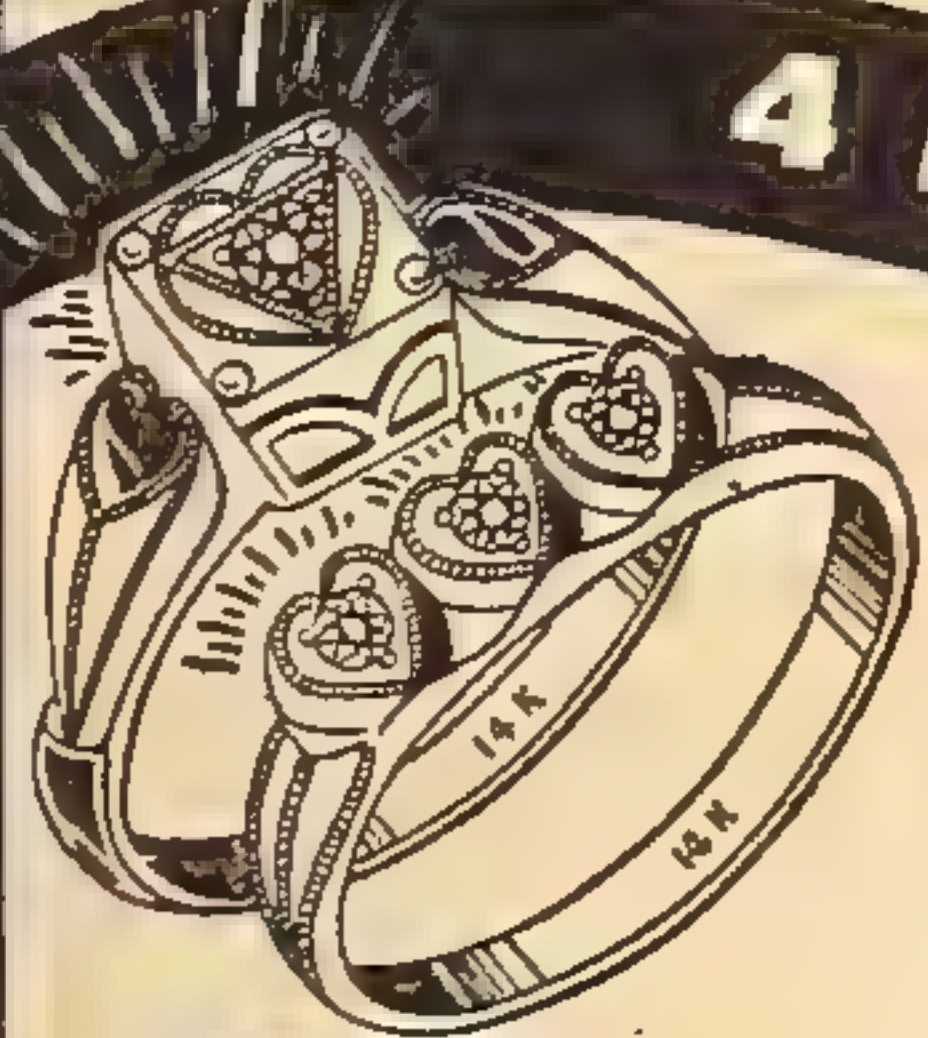
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was a very discouraged young man. But instead of loafing around home and nursing his grief, he started on the rounds of the casting agents for Broadway plays.

He had barely poked his nose into Sara Enright's office on 42nd Street, when he found himself on his way to Brock Pemberton's office on 44th Street, with a green slip in his hand, listing his name, past experience, and the part she was suggesting him for.

name twins . . .

Pemberton handed him a script of his new play, "Janie," pointed to some lines, and said, "Read them." Knowing he was up for his first Broadway part, Frank quaked in his shoes and he tried to control the nervous quiver in his voice. When he finished reading and handed the script back to Pemberton, his palms were moist with perspiration. Pemberton didn't say a word, just sat there meditatively smoking a big cigar. Frank didn't know whether to go or stay. After what seemed like an eternity, Pemberton said: "Okay. We'll let you know."

The next day Sara Enright phoned him at a friend's apartment in Greenwich Village. "You're in!" she announced. The part was practically a walk-on, but he was to understudy the part of Scooper Nolan, Janie's hometown boyfriend, who had all the laugh lines. That looked like a swell break. But Carl Gose, who played Scooper, was a healthy young man and Frank never got to do the part.

On September 10, 1942, 16-year-old Franklin Latimore Kline, Jr., as he was then known, had his first and only Broadway opening night, in "Janie" at the Henry Miller Theater. Tom Drake, incidentally, had the juvenile lead in it. The next day, Frank's name was mentioned in the reviews. An old vaudevillian, also named Frank Kline, suggested young Frank cease and desist from the use of the same name. So in the next week's Playbill, young Franklin Latimore Kline, Jr., became plain Frank Latimore.

Despite the brief time he was on stage each night in "Janie," two talent scouts, Joe Pincus of Twentieth Century-Fox, and a fellow from Warner's, took an interest in him. Warner's wanted him to come out to the coast for a few weeks and take extensive tests, all expenses and salary paid. Frank wisely profited from the experiences of other young actors who had been through that mill. They left New York in a blaze of glory and publicity, were turned down, and came back a month later as "flops" whom Hollywood had nixed. He was still young and wanted more solid stage experience—which was right up Twentieth's alley.

Talking it over with Howard Shelton, George Tobias' brother, Shelton said: "J. J. Leventhal is looking for people for 'Room Service' which he's sending around the subway circuit. Phil Loeb is playing the lead. I'll talk to him about you." Frank got the part of Leo Davis, the playwright (that's the same part another Frank—Sinatra—played in "Step Lively," a musical version of "Room Service"), and left the cast of "Janie." For several months, he toured the subway circuit.

During a scene in "Room Service," Frank's pals in the play were supposed to try to pull off his trousers, against his will. One night he forgot to wear his shorts and fought the pants-snatching with such gusto that the audience burst into applause. "If I can ever repeat the sincerity of that performance, I'll win an Oscar," he says.

When these tours were over, he got the break he'd been hoping for—a few weeks on Broadway with a long part, as Larry Field in "Dark Eyes," and then a tour

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around the country, not the subway circuit.

A week after the play quit Broadway and took to the road, starting at New Haven, Frank was asked to come to the 20th-Fox offices in New York for a screen test. He was asked to prepare any material he liked. He chose selections from "Those Endearing Young Charms." For the part, he had to wear a uniform, and it was that uniform that later got him his first screen role!

For, one day, Lew Schreiber, who's in charge of talent at Twentieth, called. "Otto Preminger has just seen the test you made, wearing an Army uniform, in New York. You're the man for the lead in his next picture, 'In The Meantime, Darling,' about Army wives near their husbands' camps."

During the shooting schedule, Frank and comedian Stanley Prager had to go to Camp Cooke, California, on location. They spent all their spare time ducking around corners to avoid meeting other soldiers head-on. Dressed as lieutenants, every GI or officer they met expected either to salute them, or be saluted by them!

At that time, Frank was seeing a lot of Audrey Long, the RKO starlet. Everyone thought it was serious, but Frank explained: "We're only good relatives." He had played Audrey's brother on Broadway in "Dark Eyes," her fiancé in "Let Us Be Gay," and her brother-in-law in another play both of them prefer to forget! He's dated Junie Haver, Jeanne Crain before she upped and eloped, Anabel Shaw, Nancy Guild. Romance isn't on his calendar right now, he says. He feels he has a long, long way to go to become a really fine actor, and that's uppermost in his mind.

charm, incorporated . . .

Before his mother went back east, she got him a Negro maid, Louella, who comes in four days a week. She's leaving soon to get married and he's praying he can get another gem like her. He dreads the thought of eating out every night in the week. When he does feel like dining out, Chinese food at the Beachcomber is his idea of something special.

When he came up to me to say good-night and thanks the night of the party, Frank looked at his Gruen and then at me: "Gee, you certainly know what time it is, Hedda," he said.

And if that isn't one of the most deftly turned compliments I've ever had, I'll eat my hats—well, one of them, anyway. Didn't I say the boy had charm? It'll take him far.

ED SULLIVAN

(Continued from page 62)

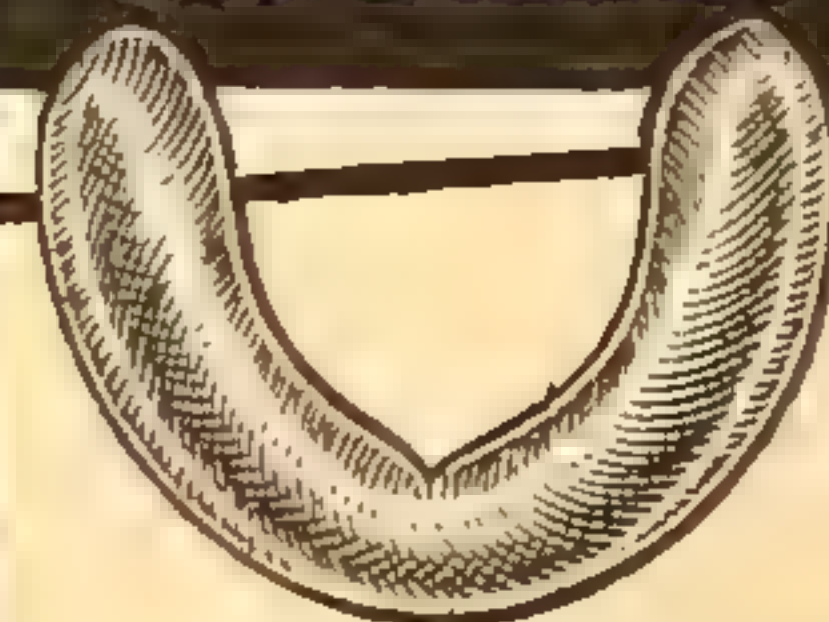
completely. But they didn't know Frank.

I said that perhaps Sinatra would do it, for the cause of selling War Bonds. When I got back to New York, I telephoned Frank at the Paramount Theater, explained the setup, outlined the necessity for it. He looked at his schedule. He had to get back to the Coast. He had to make an appearance at Cleveland.

"Okey-doke" said Sinatra, "I'll go to Richmond."

Time and again, he's done similar things, and I think that the reason for his generosity traces back to his start in show business when he won an audition on Major Bowes' program. That was in 1936, and on that eventful night, the wheel of fortune came up with his name. He sang "Night and Day," and won a 40-week vaudeville tour. It sounded better than it actually turned out to be, because the Major was never an easy man with a dol-

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lar, and Sinatra's wage, for 35 shows a week, was exactly \$60.

Then, in the Rustic Cabin, he got \$20 a week, but during those early, heartbreaking weeks, Sinatra learned about show business. He learned that it wasn't all beer and skittles, that show business could be mean and grimy. Compressed into those early months was a liberal education, the sort of education that troupers of the stage gained in stock companies of the old days. So when Sinatra became a star, he had the background of a performer to shape his judgments, and that background has flavored every decision he's made since.

If he's superstitious at all, Frank believes that his luckiest season is Christmas. It was Christmas, 1939, that Frank was signed by Tommy Dorsey; it was Christmas, 1942, that Frank clicked as a single on the New York Paramount stage; and it was in the Christmas season that Sir Stork arrived for the first time at the Sinatra house. When Nancy was three years old, Sir Stork arrived again, a little after Christmas, Jan. 10, 1944, with Frank, Jr.

Sinatra has become a great symbol to the youngsters of America. He's their champ. It is reflected whenever he appears—the kids get a certain look in their eyes. He is Young America, with a bow tie. They get a kick out of his success. They exit from theaters in a high mood after seeing his "The House I Live In."

So the Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN silver plaque crystallized all of these things. You don't have much room for writing, on a silver plaque, but when Nancy grows up, and Frank, Jr., is at college, I want them to know that these are the qualities which won that plaque for their Dad.

Now for the award to Jack Benny! You have heard before, and probably are bored to death with the radio legend, that Jack Benny made his first radio appearance on a program I was doing for Gerardine. From that first program with me, he vaulted to radio stardom, and let me tell you something: He was a "natural" in any medium of entertainment.

Let it be set down for the record that Jack Benny was a terrific money maker in vaudeville and Broadway musical comedy when he determined on a radio career. The verb "determined" is used advisedly. Benny took a holiday from the stage, where he was in the weekly four figure brackets, and told me that he was going to concentrate on radio. "I think my style of comedy will click over the mike," he said, earnestly.

Let it also be set down for the record, and to settle all discussion as to whether Jack or his writers have been responsible for his success, that Benny ALWAYS used the same comedy formula. He was always in the role of the patsy, imposed upon by his colleagues, heckled by the other members of the cast. I'm not guessing about this—because on that very first program with me, Jack Benny established himself as a patsy. That was 15 years ago, and I can still hear his opening line:

"This is Jack Benny. There will be a ten-second pause while the country says: 'Who cares?'"

It is difficult for me to give you any viewpoint, other than the viewpoint of a friend, about Jack Benny. Through the years, like old wine, Benny improves with age. He is still the same unaffected, genial, loyal guy I knew when we first met. He is still inclined to doze off in his living room chair, in the middle of a party. He is still the greatest "audience" any other comic ever has had, and he's taken me to all sorts of queer little dives to listen to some youngster whose work he enjoys.

Giving the Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN silver plaque to Jack Benny was one of the pleasantest jobs ever assigned to me. Mentally, I've been giving him silver plaques ever since I've known him.

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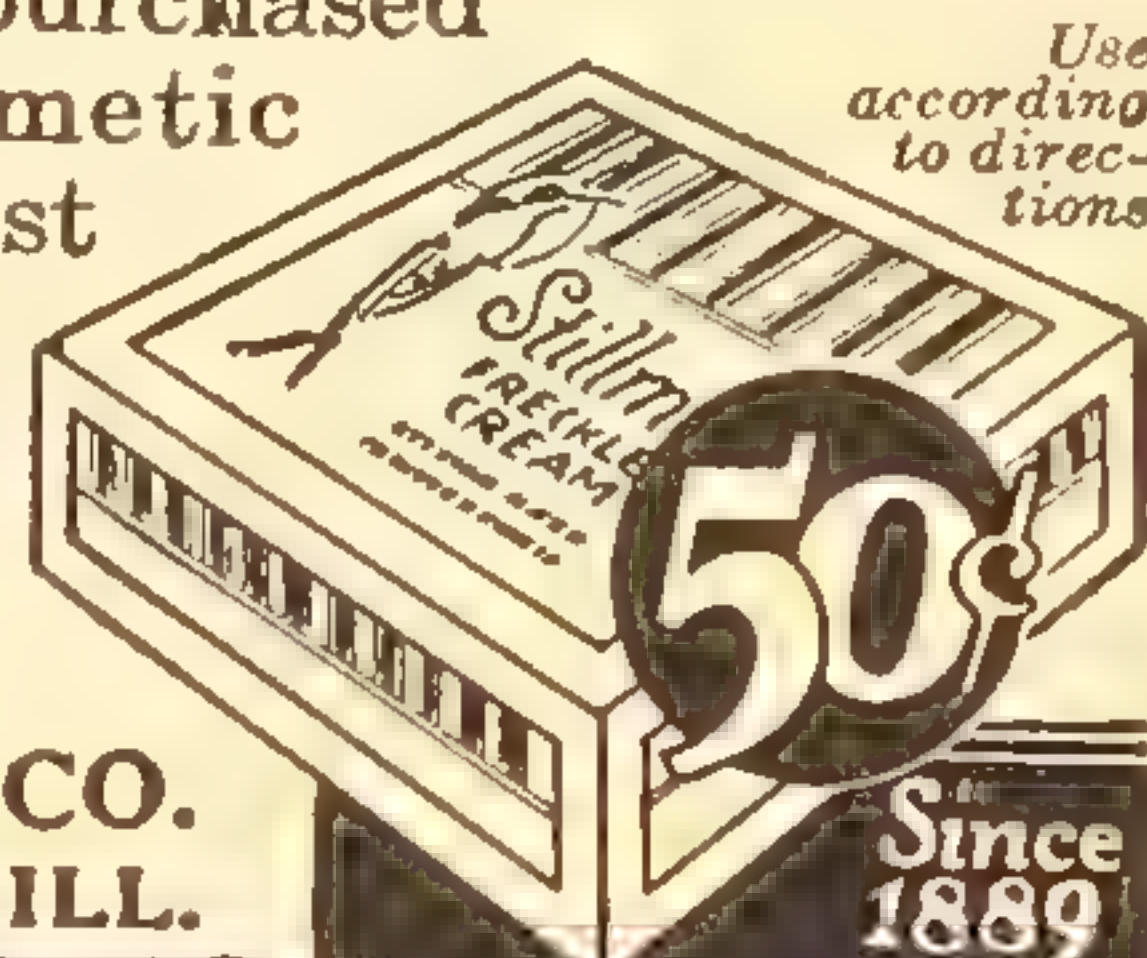
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CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

you've learned to relax with boys, your worries about saying the wrong thing, about being stuck, about being an eventual old maid, will be over.

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Has this been very heavy going, kids? We'll make up for it next month when we talk about summer romances. If you've any sort of problem at all, we'd love to lend a hand. So-oooo, put it in writing and mail it off to **Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.**

... CUTEST PER-SON-AL-ITY!

(Continued from page 57)

practically an all-time record in Hollywood. But Ross even collected a compliment from Greta Garbo—and that about cinches it.

By now, Ross goes to every party in town, and at one the Divine Swede floated in. She has been Ross' dream woman since babyhood, so he did everything but wrestle his host for an introduction. Finally he wangled it. The host led him up. "Miss Garbo," he said, "I'd like you to meet a good friend of mine, Ross Hunter."

"Hel-lo," said Greta.

Ross couldn't even squeak. He just made a gasping noise. But he had a million things he wanted to say, so he asked the host to do it over again. He'd get hold of himself this time and make snappy talk.

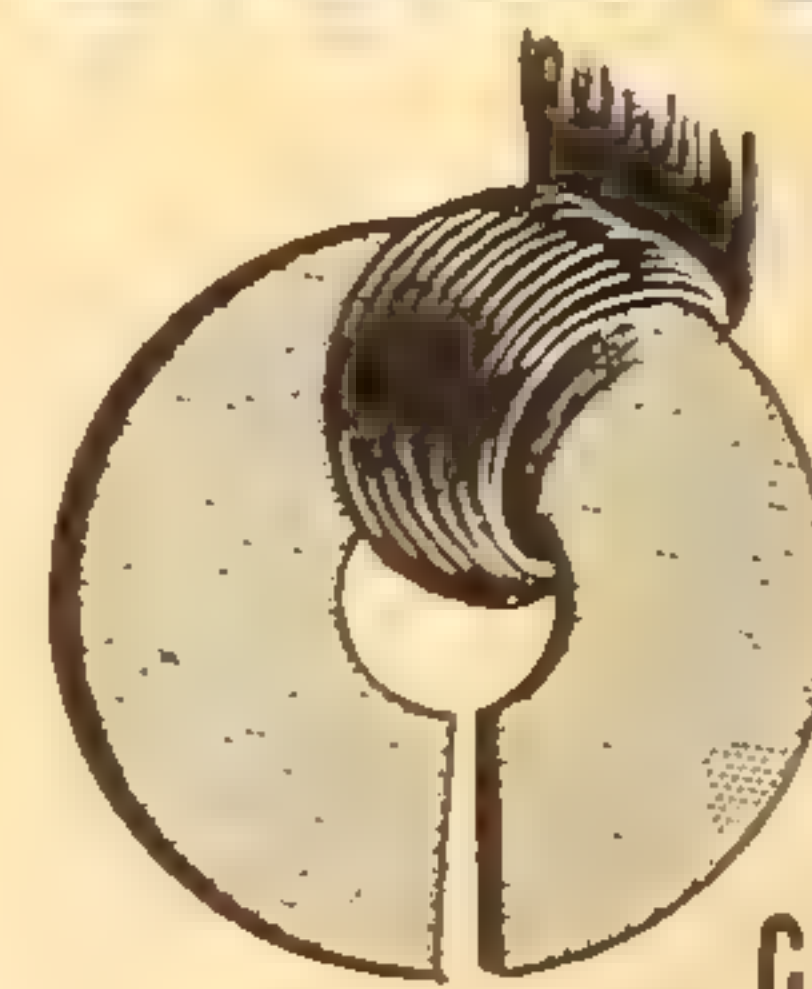
So they went through the introduction the second time—but it was just the same. Ross gagged like a sick chicken. Garbo looked him over coolly, then smiled.

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"Well," she said, "it's too bad he can't talk. But he's very pretty anyway!"

He was a whiz kid from the start. Back in Cleveland, Ohio, Ross had his own radio program when he was only eight years old, and before that the local newspapers were doing stories on "The Kid the Neighbors Liked," as they called him. Because it all began when moppet Marty Fuss started showing off around his block, and instead of wanting to swat him with a skillet, the neighbors actually looked, listened and hollered for more.

He was Martin Fuss then. It's German and you pronounce it "Foosse," like in "Moose." Just the same, Marty got tagged "Fussy" and "Fuss-Button" around the school yard, just as he got kidded in Hollywood when he first arrived. They still call him five or six different things around Hollywood, where he draws his check, because when they were digging for a glamor name everybody had a gag suggestion. The wardrobe department came up with "Bruce Fuce" and the makeup gang suggested "Russ Fuss," and today Ross is still "Bruce" and "Russ" when he walks in those places.

Anyway, Marty raised quite a fuss (excuse it, please!) when he started singing around the house in Cleveland. The milkman and the iceman and the delivery boys ganged up on the back steps and the neighbors hung out the windows, because the kid was good. Ross loved the idea himself, and thus encouraged, he'd climb up on the garage roof and give out with song and orations for clusters of kids until his folks would have to pull him down to supper. These neighborhood one-kid clam-bakes got noised around and when the newspapers wrote him up, all the neighbors told Russ' mama—"you ought to take that talented boy straight out to Hollywood!"

murder, he said . . .

He used to lock himself in his room and act out "Tom Sawyer" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" all by himself. He'd organize his chums and stage colossal productions with Ross as star, of course. Even when he played the usual childhood games, he had to get dramatic about it. Once, for instance, Ross remembers he was playing hide-and-seek, when he ducked injudiciously into a doghouse. Five outraged mutts bit the pants off him. He limped out and poured a bottle of peroxide on his wounds and of course, it foamed up.

"Hydrophobia!" cried Ross. "I'm dying!" So, instead of telling his mama, he called up a funeral parlor and told them to come get him. By the time they had arrived, Ross had written flowery farewells to all his pals and sweeties, relatives and friends, and even willed all his kiddie treasures. He had ready all the plans for the kind of funeral he wanted when the undertaker arrived. Only by then, of course, his folks found out, chased off the morticians, and gave Ross a sound whacking.

The radio program sopped up some of the show-off energy young Ross packed. It was over station WJAY in Cleveland. He won it through an amateur night contest. He sang a sugary song, "My Mom," and that was enough. It made him star of a fifteen-minute show that lasted six months. They called it "Over the Coffee Cups," and eight-year-old Ross warbled out such drippy numbers as "A Cottage For Sale," "Old Playmates," and "When the Leaves Come Tumbling Down." But he wowed the customers, and after that an RKO Circuit kiddie revue signed him on for a theater tour to sing and tap dance.

Then his dad handed Ross a body blow after the RKO tour. "That's all of this kiddie career business," said he, slamming his foot right down. "You get a solid education, my boy—that's the important thing right now." So the precocious show business splurge ended for Ross Hunter

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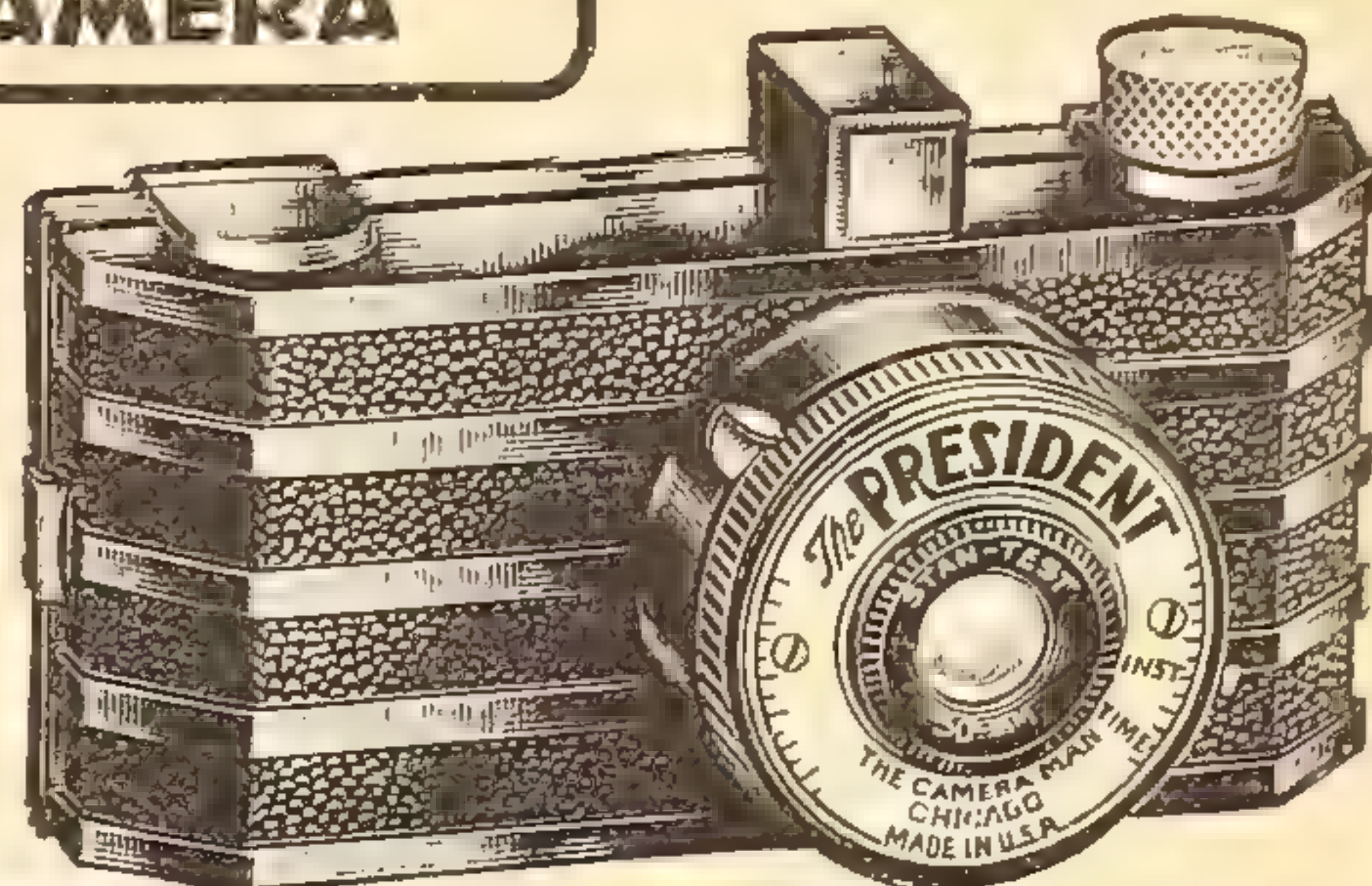
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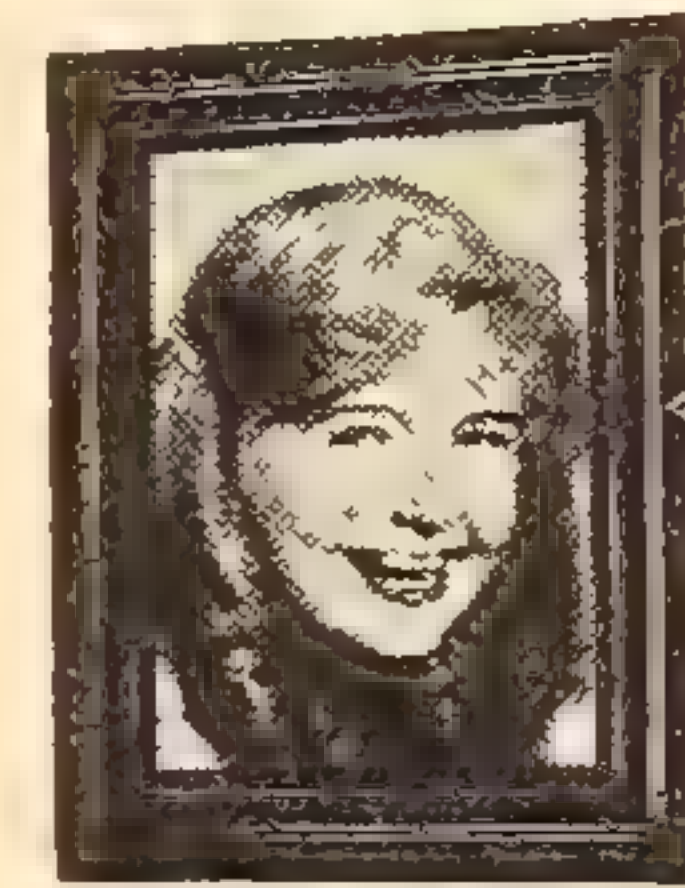
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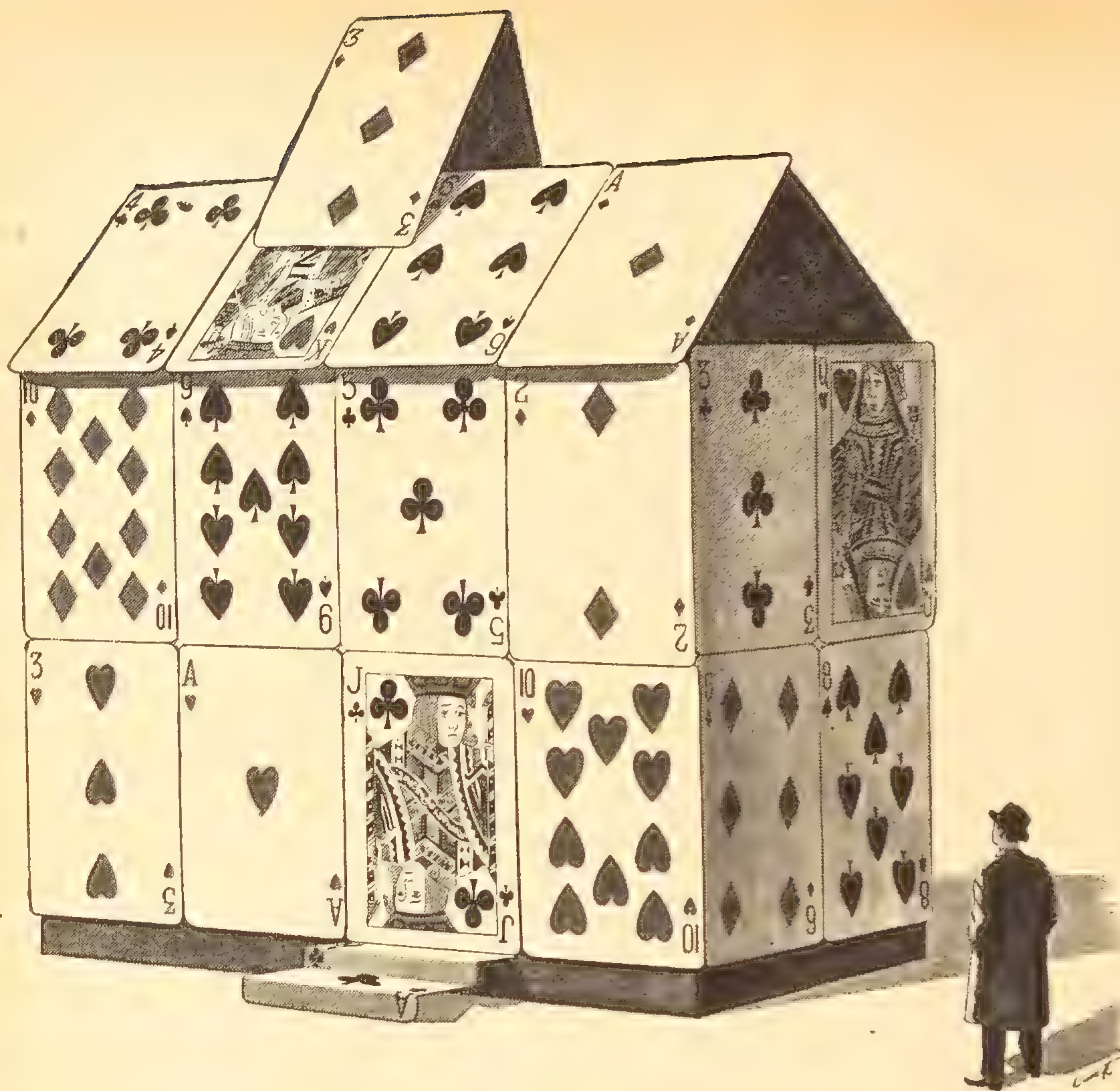
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and he's been thankful for that ever since. Because with his supercharged way of going about things, he might have ended up a tired old trouser at twenty. Instead, he buckled down to being an honor student in school.

Ross can rattle off both German and Spanish like a native today, and the funny part is, neither of his parents spoke a word. He learned it all in school, but Cleveland was progressive that way. The public schools started the kids off young in languages. That's a thing that has come in handy for Ross, by the way. When he went into the Army, they snapped him right up as an interpreter and he worked out on some German war prisoners and generally made himself useful in Intelligence. He's put the Spanish to good use, too, around Hollywood, where there's a large Mexican population. Ross buzzed out on some war bond tours and did a super salesman job in the Spanish sections around Hollywood, because he could give them a sales talk right in their own lingo.

Ross has fifty or more plays under his belt today—and every one in a Little Theater group. He was president of the drama society at Glenville High and head of the Glenville Players. He carried on through college with the Cleveland Players, the Eldred Players—a campus outfit at his alma mater, Western Reserve—the Fawn Drama Guild, the Cain Park Players, National Collegiate Players and a bunch more. He ran the gamut—and not from A to B, either—doing musicals, comedy, operetta, heavy drama, doing things like "Broadway," "The American Way," "Outward Bound," "Death Takes a Holiday," "Liliom," "The Male Animal" and "Too Many Girls"—about all the hits written.

girls, girls, girls . . .

They all added up to fun for Ross, too—although he was no one-sided drama school drip. He played baseball, basketball, tennis and handball and got around plenty with the girls. Maybe that was the trouble.

Because very early in the saga of Ross Hunter you run into—swooners. Yep, that's the thing that's badgered Ross all the way along. He's not quite sure how it all began, but he remembers even in high school plays the drama society gave, when he got into a kissing scene the females would stomp on the floor and squeal.

Anyway, Ross managed to keep his feet firmly on the ground all through this teenage worship. In fact, a couple of times he went out of his way to make things tough for himself. When he enrolled in Western Reserve, for instance, his sober-headed dad came up with an idea. "If you'll prove to me you can work your way through college," he challenged Ross, "I'll pay you back all it adds up to when you graduate."

"You're on," grinned Ross. He knew Papa Fuss had enough sugar to send him through, but the idea intrigued him. So he landed a soda jerking job in Cleveland—that's where Western Reserve is—and when that palled, he quit and took a barker's job in front of a Cleveland movie house. That was more down his extrovert alley, because he got a lot of resplendent gold braided uniform and the opportunity to bellow out in a pontifical voice, "Now showing—that stupendous, colossal, drama of love on fire in the jungle—" and stuff like that. Ross knew the names of every star in Hollywood—although he'd never been there—and every part they'd ever played. Or so he thought.

He popped off about this talent to the manager when he landed his movie house job and pretty soon he was on the spot. "Fine," glowed the manager, "I've got a great idea." He set Ross up in the lobby as a Hollywood see-all-know-all to ballyhoo the picture. The idea was: Ask this



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wizard any movie question and if you stump him—you get in free. Well, the crowd loved that—but poor Ross found out he didn't know as much as he thought he did. He got stumped plenty and crowds of free customers poured in until the house just about went broke.

But in spite of this faux-pas, he rose to usher, head usher, and assistant manager. And he managed the place before he got out of college.

Ross majored in dramatics, naturally, at Western Reserve. He took all the standard courses and played the lead in every play the Eldred Players produced. And when he was only eighteen, Hollywood first made a pass at Ross. That was when he played "Broadway" and New York talent scouts from half a dozen Hollywood studios showed up to scout it. That's how good a rep those little amateur dramatic goings-on around Cleveland pack. Paramount came right out with a contract offer to Ross and he teetered dangerously then. But again Papa Fuss said, "Nothing doing. You finish college." And again Ross is glad he did. Because, besides drama, he took a teaching course, and he's still got his teacher's certificate—just in case Hollywood doesn't like him so well in the future.

personality prof . . .

So he got a prof's job at his old high school, Glenville, teaching English and dramatics, decided to be a sobersides, save his money and wait for the call to colors. It was a peaceful prospect, but those gals again! They sat at their desks and made sheep's eyes and sighed until Ross tired of repeating questions. They left mash notes on his desk. They called him up at home. Ross doubts if anybody learned much, but he had some fun, in spite of the swooners. He staged a play with the high school faculty called "Love Rides the Rails." It was no Pulitzer Prizer, but it wowed the kids in Cleveland. Just getting a look at their teachers making clowns of themselves on the stage was big box office, and Ross collected enough dollars from that to pay for a public address system.

That's one thing about Ross Hunter. No matter where he is or what he's up to, he manages to get a show production going somewhere. A couple of months after school let out, he got one of those familiar "Greetings" from Uncle Sam. So Private Martin Fuss, U.S.A., got shifted around from here to there in his personnel and intelligence work. But wherever he landed, pretty soon the GIs were putting on a show and Private Fuss was the boss man.

He stirred up a play group right away at Camp Rosford in Toledo, Ohio, and put an all-whisker cast through "The Women." You can imagine what a riot that was, with those soldier muggs swishing and kittening through Clare Boothe's screamy satire. He worked with the U.S.O. on a bunch of other camp shows, too, and then with nothing to do with himself at night, Ross traveled into Toledo and acted with the Toledo Playhouse. That added up to Hollywood bite Number Two. And this time the talent scouts came all the way from New York to see nobody but Private Fuss in the Playhouse's production of "Jason." Ross was pretty flattered and when they all said, "Let us know when you get out of the Army; we'll make a test," he thought that was pretty okay.

But before he ever got around to that, Ross spent almost two years in uniform—until a nasty spill in an obstacle course cracked him up a bit and they gave him a medical discharge. Broadway got postponed even after he had his "ruptured duck," because there was a bad teacher shortage at home. Glenville High beckoned again and Ross answered. This time he thought he'd grown old and sedate enough to have some awesome dignity

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that would scare the swooners out of their bobby socks. Was he wrong!

He even grew a fuzzy blond mustache and put on massive horn-rimmed cheaters this time to make him feel ancient and forbidding. It didn't work.

It was pretty awful. The brazen swooners mobbed him in the halls and thought up all kinds of scandalous romantic tricks. But what did it was when they got behind a band and paraded up and down in the high school halls with banners emblazoned, "Down with Sinatra—Up with Fuss!"

old, cold romeo . . .

The principal called Ross then. "I'd like to talk with you, Mister Fuss," he said. "Uh-ha—you're a very good teacher, and the Lord knows we need teachers," sighed that worthy. "But certainly you understand we can't have this sort of thing going on."

Ross got it. It was a polite way of being canned.

He transferred to a boy's reform school next—and that was a mistake. He had to spend most of his days wrestling the pupils. The kid's last fight took place at another co-ed school in a factory district and it was the same old story with the swoons. Class barriers didn't mean a thing to that Ross Hunter appeal. He finally decided he'd better get into another profession—until he grew old and cold—and that's how Ross happened to take a crack at Broadway. As usual, he rigged up a hard way bet. This time his older sister, Fritz, also a teacher, figured out the forfeit. She bet brother Ross \$100 that he couldn't take that amount to New York and make it last until he landed a Broadway job.

Well, that was one bet Ross lost. He took the century note and braved the Big City for the first time on a Christmas leave from his hectic prof's desk. It was a nutty thing to do, but Ross is a little teched at times. Or maybe he was still dramatizing himself, which is more likely. Anyway, he holed up in a tiny room on West 79th Street and stormed Broadway like a hurricane. But they took the wind out of the wonder boy all right, all right. Ross never even got inside a producer's office and pretty soon he was living on orange juice and hot dogs.

He finally got his foot inside Radio City, and when he proved he could be four different voices in one show, playing everything from a treble-voiced tot to a bass old

man, he was in. That brought on Hollywood Bite Number Three—the one that sent Hunter to Movieland at last.

He was auditioning for a Cornelia Otis Skinner show when a flock of those New York studio scouts swarmed into the show—not to scout Ross Hunter at all, but a younger radio actress. They forgot her when they saw their old playmate from Toledo and Cleveland. Columbia, Twentieth Century, Paramount, International and Warner scouties all chorused, "When did you get out of the Army?" So Ross found himself in a scout scramble, but Columbia came up first with a test. Ross turned on the charm in a love scene from "The Eve of St. Mark" and then went back to Cleveland and his pupils. He had a contract there, too, that needed two weeks notice to drop. No sooner had he put back on his horn-rimmed glasses than the wire came. "Your test a big success. Contract at your price on the way. Report Hollywood two weeks." So that's what Ross did, to a chorus of schoolgirl groans.

For a long time Ross was called "1035" around Columbia, the production number of "Louisiana Hayride." That Martin Fuss monicker made the studio big shots wince—so until they decided on "Ross Hunter" they'd just yell at him—"Hey, 1035—you're in the next shot." He soon discovered, too, that those vague allusions the Columbia people muttered in New York about playing with Rita Hayworth in "Tonight and Every Night" were pipe dreams. But you can't keep a Personality down. "Louisiana Hayride" may not have advanced the art of the cinema, but clowning with Canova, Ross looked plenty swoony.

He got his unique personality over in every B that followed, and maybe you've never heard of half of them, but just the same, Ross drags in those 2,000 fan letters every week now and last Christmas he bagged 3,000 presents from his admirers.

That's just a sample of the Hunter hex on celluloid. In person, you can double that in spades. When Ross Hunter arrived in Hollywood a little over two years ago, he didn't know one soul in town. Today his phone rings like a five-alarm fire from dawn to midnight and what he needs most is a social secretary.

Like I say, I can't go to a party anywhere but what I run smack into the big lug, surrounded by pals and their pretties. He's

got a friendliness you can't resist that's genuine, and it's not always aimed at Those Who Count—although Ross is a natural politician, too. But I'm thinking of the night not so long ago when he ducked into Ciro's with Janie Withers on his arm. A couple of girl fans came up for his autograph.

"Gee," said one, "it must be wonderful in Ciro's." Well, Ross knew it was just another bar and night club, but he knew what glamor would make it to a girl's eyes. "Come in with us and have dinner," he boomed, cracking the grin. That's Jane's kind of a trick, too, so they took them both in and although the girls were both so excited they couldn't eat a bite, they had the time of their lives.

Ross is one star I know who is actually nutty about his fans, by the way. He can't sometimes understand how come they like him, since he's never been in a big picture, and that makes him twice as grateful. He corralled all his local Hollywood fans on the last picture he made, "Out of the Depths," herded them on to the set and tossed them a big luncheon at Columbia. He sets aside three hours every day to wade through his stack of mail and answer them personally. He's got one of the hottest fan clubs in the country and he sits up nights writing poems for their paper, "Hunter Highlights."

He plays the field in the romance department—he'd have to; the girl who went steady with rambling Ross would wear herself to a frazzle—and right now it's a circuit between Audrey Totter, Louise Albritton, Diana Lynn, Adele Jergens and pretty Mickey Kies. But Ross has dozens more, and because everybody likes him, Ross has been "married" more times in the gossip columns than any young stag in town. To Jane Withers, to Sally Bliss, to Adele Jergens, to a half-dozen others.

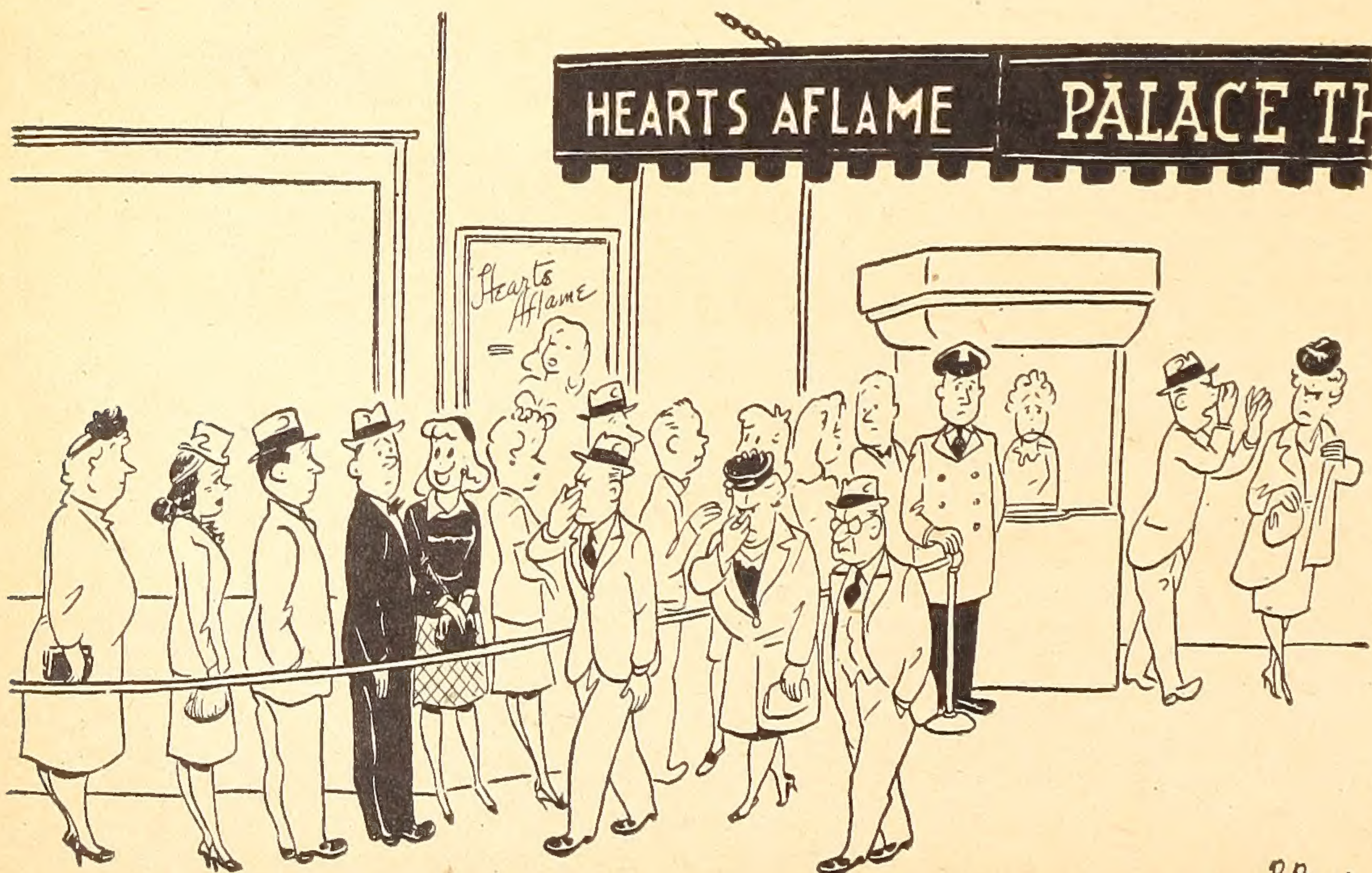
Ross still lives in the hotel room where he landed the day he hit Hollywood. It's at the Plaza Hotel, right smack at Hollywood and Vine, the heart of Movieland, and it suits him fine. There's enough room to store his 150 loud sport shirts and his symphony and boogie classics which keep the neighbors awake.

hey-hey burner . . .

But Ross isn't really at home long enough to get claustrophobia in a hotel cubbyhole. He's either at his best pal, Andy Russell's, place or Kurt Kreuger's, or Sonny Tuft's or somewhere, playing charades or cooking up a crazy act of some kind. He whirls his girls around all over town hunting his favorite dish, Mexican food, usually ending up at the Spanish Kitchen or on Olvera Street. He's also a nut on ballet and any kind of a dance act that comes to town is a must with Ross. He's not a regular night clubber, but when he does take in a Hollywood spot, Ross gets his money's worth. He doesn't smoke and he doesn't drink—his biggest weaknesses are gooey ice cream sundaes—so he has plenty of high calorie energy to work off. Tennis, sailboating, bowling and the other sporting events he loves can't use it up.

He went into Mocambo one night with Jane Withers, where Emil Coleman had a stunt of playing numbers and handing out champagne to couples who matched them with the proper dance. Up came a baffling rhythm, but Ross grinned confidently and dragged Jane out on the floor. He made it rock with some exotic gyrations and he won his case of champagne. It was one nobody certainly had ever heard of and it's a cinch you haven't either—a Bohemian czaratska—and let's hope that's the way you spell it. Ross knew it because he had a Bohemian pal back in Cleveland. The things that guy can do! Keep your eye on Ross Hunter—he'll do fine!

MODERN SCREEN



Bob Brown

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